

EXERCISES

for the

Memory and Understanding,

&c.



Holland (T) of Bolton in the Moors
and (J).

EXERCISES

for the

Memory and Understanding:

consisting of

SELECT PIECES

in

PROSE & VERSE;

together with

A SERIES OF EXAMINATIONS

relative to

ARTS, SCIENCE, AND HISTORY.

~~~~~

*By Thomas & John Holland.*

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THIRD EDITION.



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EXERCISES

Grammar and Orthography

SELECTED

PROSE & VERSE

SERIES OF EXAMINATIONS

FOR THE



THIRD EDITION



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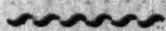
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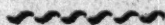
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ENTERTAINING PIECES.

LESSON I.

There is one God, and there is none but he: He is great, and wise, and good. He made us, and all things which we see: He made the sun to give light to us in the day time, and the moon and stars to shine in the night: He made this world on which we dwell; the land, and the sea, and the sky, and all the things which are in them; both trees and plants to grow out of the earth, and men and beasts to live on the land, and birds to fly through the air, and worms to live in the ground, and fish to swim in the sea.

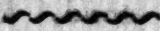
LESSON II.

This God is very good, and does good at all times: He takes care of all things, which he has made; and when men do what is right, he gives them good things, and makes them glad, that they have done right.

O then let me love God, for he hath made me, and he is good to me at all times: he gives me bread to eat, and clothes to keep me from the cold; he guards me from harm all the day long, and keeps me safe, while I sleep in the night. God makes me glad, for he is good to all; I will then do good to all; for that will please God.

LESSON III.

God sees and knows all things, which he has made, for God is every where: he sees me, when I rise from my bed; when I go out to work or play, he is with me at the same time; and when I lie down to sleep at night, he is still with me.—Though I see not the wind, yet it blows round me on all sides; so God is with me at all times, and yet I see him not.



LESSON IV.

If God is with me, and knows what I do, he must hear, too, what I say. O let me not, then, speak bad words, or call foul names, for if I do, God will not love me; but let what I say be just, and kind, and pure, and then God will be kind to me, and will hear me when I ask him to do me good. For God will give all things which he sees to be fit for them to those who ask him.



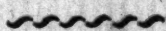
LESSON V.

But what are those good things for which I may ask God? May I pray for wealth, and power, and fine things? May I pray to be rich and great?

No; these may not be fit for me; but I may pray to be good; and if I wish and strive to be good, God will make me so.

O then, as soon as I rise from my bed, I will thus pray to God.—“O God, who hast made me, and art
“with me at all times; guard me from harm all this
“day, and keep me from all evil; make me a good
“child, and teach me to serve and please thee in all
“things.”

And when I lie down to rest, I will say, "O God,
 "I thank thee, that thou hast kept me from harm
 "this day; I pray thee be good to me still, and let
 "me sleep in peace this night; and when I rise
 "from my bed, teach me to do more good than I
 "have done to-day."



Child unwilling to go to School.

There was a little boy; he was not a big boy, for if he had been a big boy, I suppose he would have been wiser; but this was a little boy, not higher than the table, and his papa and mamma sent him to school. It was a very pleasant morning; the sun shone, and the birds sung in the trees. Now this little boy did not much love his book, for he was but a silly little boy as I told you; and he had a great mind to play instead of going to school. And he saw a bee flying about, first upon one flower, and then upon another; so he said, Pretty bee! will you come and play with me? But the bee said, No, I must not be idle, I must go and gather honey. Then the little boy met a dog, and he said, Dog! will you play with me? But the dog said, No, I must not be idle, I am going to catch a hare for my master's dinner, I must make haste and catch it. Then the little boy went by a hay-rick, and he saw a bird pulling some hay out of the hay-rick, and he said, Bird, will you come and play with me? But the bird said, No, I must not be idle, I must get some hay to build my nest with, and some moss, and some wool. So the bird flew away. Then the little boy saw a horse, and he said, Horse! will you play with me? But the horse said, No, I must not be idle, I must go and plough, or else

there will be no corn to make bread of. Then the little boy thought with himself, what, is nobody idle? then little boys must not be idle either. So he made haste and went to school, and learned his lesson very well, and the master said he was a very good boy.



The Three Cakes.

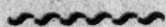
There was a little boy whose name was Harry; and his papa and mamma sent him to school. Now Harry was a clever fellow, and loved his book, and he got to be first in his class. And his mamma heard that he had got first in his class. So his mamma got up one morning very early, and called Betty the maid, and said, Betty, I think we must make a cake for Harry, for he has learned his book very well. And Betty said, Yes, with all my heart. So they made a nice cake. It was very large, and stuffed full of plumbs, sweetmeats, orange and citron; and it was iced all over with sugar: it was white and smooth on the top like snow. So this cake was sent to the school. When little Harry saw it, he was very glad, and jumped about for joy, and he scarcely staid for a knife to cut a piece, but gnawed it like a little dog. So he eat till the bell rang for school, and after school he eat again, and he eat till he went to bed; nay, his bed-fellow told me, that he laid his cake under his pillow, and sat up in the night to eat some. So he eat till it was all gone.—But presently after this little boy was very sick and ill, and every body said, I wonder what is the matter with Harry? he used to be so brisk, and play about more nimbly

than any of the boys; and now he looks pale, and is very ill. And somebody said, Harry has had a rich cake, and has eat it all up very soon, and that has made him ill. So they sent for Dr. Camomile, and he gave him I do not know how much bitter stuff. Poor Harry did not like it at all, but he was forced to take it, or else he would have died, you know. So at last he got well again, but his mamma said she would not send him any more cakes.

Now there was another boy, who was one of Harry's school-fellows: his name was Peter, the boys used to call him Peter Careful. And Peter had written his mamma a very neat pretty letter—there was not one blot in it. So his mamma sent him a cake. Now Peter thought with himself, I will not make myself sick with this good cake, as silly Harry did; I will keep it a great while. So he took the cake, and tugged it up stairs. It was very heavy: he could scarcely carry it. And he locked it up in his box, and once a day he crept up stairs, and eat a very little piece, and then locked his box again. So he kept it several weeks, and it was not gone, for it was very large; but, behold! the mice got into his box, and nibbled some. And the cake grew dry and mouldy, and at last was good for nothing at all. So he was obliged to throw it away, and it grieved him to the very heart, but nobody was sorry for him.

Well; there was another little boy at the same school, whose name was Billy. And one day his mamma sent him a cake, because he had given the half-crown which she had sent him to a poor widow. So when the cake came, Billy said to his school-fellows, I have got a cake, come, let us go and eat it. So they came about him like a parcel of bees; and

Billy took a slice of cake himself, and then gave a piece to one, and a piece to another, and a piece to another, till it was almost gone. Then Billy put the rest by, and said, I will eat it to-morrow. So he went to play, and the boys all played together very merrily. But presently after an old blind fidler came into the court. He had a long white beard; and because he was blind, he had a little dog in a string to lead him. So he came into the court, and sat down upon a stone, and said, My pretty lads, if you will, I will play you a tune. And they all left off their sport, and came and stood round him. And Billy saw that while he played the tears ran down his cheeks. And Billy said, Old man, why do you cry? And the old man said, Because I am very hungry—I have nobody to give me any dinners or suppers—I have nothing in the world but this little dog; and I cannot work. If I could work, I would. Then Billy went, without saying a word, and fetched the rest of his cake which he had intended to have eaten another day, and he said, Here, old man! here is some cake for you. The old man said, Where is it? for I am blind, I cannot see it. So Billy put it into his hat. And the Fidler thanked him, and Billy was more glad than if he had eaten ten cakes.



Sun.

The Sun says, my name is Sun. I am very bright. I rise in the east; and when I rise, then it is day. I look in at your window with my bright golden eye, and tell you when it is time to get up; and I say, Sluggard, get up: I do not shine for you to lie in your bed and sleep, but I shine for you to get up,

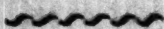
and work, and read, and walk about. I am a great traveller, I travel all over the sky ; I never stop, and I am never tired. I have a crown upon my head of bright beams, and I send forth my rays every where. I shine upon the trees, and the houses, and upon the water ; and every thing looks sparkling and beautiful when I shine upon it. I give you light, and I give you heat, for I make it warm. I make the fruit ripen, and the corn ripen. If I did not shine upon the fields, and the gardens, nothing would grow. I am up very high in the sky, higher than all trees, higher than the clouds, higher than every thing but the stars. I am a great way off. If I were to come nearer you I should scorch you to death, and I should burn up the grass, for I am hot as glowing fire. I have been in the sky a great while. Four years ago there was no Charles ; Charles was not alive then, but there was a Sun. I was in the sky before papa and mamma were alive, a great many long years ago ; and I am not grown old yet. Sometimes I take off my crown of bright rays, and wrap up my head in thin silver clouds, and then you may look at me ; but when there are no clouds, and I shine with all my brightness at noon-day, you cannot look at me, for I should dazzle your eyes, and make you blind. Only the Eagle can look at me then : the Eagle with his strong piercing eye can gaze upon me always. And when I am going to rise in the morning, and make it day, the lark flies up in the sky to meet me, and sings sweetly in the air ; and the cock crows loud to tell every body that I am coming. But the owl and the bat fly away when they see me, and hide themselves in old walls and hollow trees ; and the lion and the tiger go into their dens and caves,

where they sleep all the day. I shine in all places. I shine in England, in France, in Spain, and all over the earth. I am the most beautiful and glorious object that can be seen in the whole world.



Moon.

The Moon says, My name is Moon. I shine to give light in the night, when the Sun is set. I am very beautiful and white like silver. You may look at me always, for I am not so bright as to dazzle your eyes, and I never scorch you. I am mild and gentle. I let even the little glow-worms shine, which are quite dark by day. The stars shine all round me, but I appear to be larger and brighter than the stars, and I look like a large pearl amongst a great many small sparkling diamonds. When you are asleep, I shine through your curtains with my gentle beams, and I say, Sleep on, poor little tired child, I will not disturb you. The nightingale sings to me, who sings better than all the birds of the air. She sits upon a thorn, and sings melodiously all night long, while the dew lies upon the grass, and every thing is still and silent all around.



The Sun.

The Sun is the brightest object which the eye can behold. It gives light and heat; light, by which we find our way from place to place, and perceive the fine colours of the fields and gardens; and heat, which cheers and warms our bodies, and assists the plants and the trees; the fruits and the flowers, to

grow and ripen. The bright light of the sun is called its beams or rays. This world is a large ball always moving round: when any part of it is turned towards the sun, it is light, and it is said to be day in that place; and when it is turned from the sun, it is in darkness, which is called night. The sun is very large, though by reason of its great distance, it does not appear so to us.

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### *The Moon.*

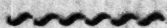
The Moon with its silver beams adorns the night, and though it serves to lengthen out the day, as it were, to those who must still pursue their labours; yet its light is not strong enough to dazzle the eyes of children and others, who may be gone to rest. The moon does not shine by its own light, but reflects that of the sun upon us, as a white wall does that of a candle. The moon turns round this earth once in twenty-nine days and a half, hence this time is called a Lunar Month, of which there are almost thirteen in a year. There are only twelve Calendar Months, namely, January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December. The number of days in every one of them, may be learned from these lines:

The month of September contains thirty days,  
 Together with April, November, and June;  
 July, August, October, December, and May,  
 With January and March, have each thirty-one:  
 In February twenty-eight only appear,  
 But twenty-nine serves to distinguish leap year.



*The Folly of Crying on Trifling Occasions.*

A little girl, who used to weep bitterly for the most trifling hurt, was one day attacked by a furious dog. Her cries reached the servants of the family; but they paid little attention to what they were so accustomed to hear. It happened, however, very fortunately, that a countryman passed by, who, with great humanity, rescued the child from the devouring teeth of the dog.



*Work the Price of Play.*

The little Laura once requested her mamma's permission to play the whole day, a request which was readily granted, from the belief that she would never make it again. Laura, however, was of a different opinion, and collected all her dolls and playthings together, for the purpose of amusing herself. For some time these did pretty well, but by degrees her cup and ball became tiresome, and her dolls insipid. She then wanted her mamma, or sisters to play with her; but her mamma took care to be busy, and her sisters were employed in their different tasks. Laura became fretful, and threw her playthings away. At noon, when the regular play-hour of her sisters returned, they would willingly have engaged Laura in their amusements; but she had tried them all before, and they had lost their power of pleasing.

It was not difficult to persuade Laura to set about her work immediately the next morning, and she would ever afterwards have regarded a whole day of play as a day of punishment.



*The Chimney-sweeper.*

Maria had been often terrified by some silly servants, with the notion, that a black-faced hobgoblin would take her away, whenever she was naughty. As she was playing one morning in the lobby, it happened that a chimney-sweeper knocked at the door, and was immediately admitted. The affrighted Maria ran directly into the first room she could find, which happened to be the kitchen. Here, however, she was pursued, as she imagined, by the object of her fear, and therefore fled into a pantry, which was just behind the fire-place. She had scarcely hid herself in a corner, before she heard the frightful man singing in the chimney, and making a great noise with his brush and scraper. Not knowing what to do, she jumped through the window, and ran terrified to the bottom of the garden, where she fell down in an arbour quite out of breath. Casting her eyes, however, to the top of the chimney, she saw Grim, flourishing his brush, and, as her affrighted imagination suggested, shouting at her. Maria made herself almost hoarse with crying out help! help! which soon brought her father to see what was the matter. She could only explain her fears by pointing to the cause of them at the top of the chimney. Her father took her into the house, and when the black man was come down, and had cleaned himself a little, he sent for his barber, whose face and clothes were consequently white with powder, and ordered both of them to come into the room at the same time. Maria was easily made ashamed of her fears, and her father took this opportunity of



informing her, that there were many nations of people entirely black, amongst whom a white man would appear as extraordinary an object as a black man does here.

### *The Advantage of Advice.*

John and Edward were each of them allowed a plot in their father's garden, to cultivate, in which they were permitted to plant whatever seeds and flowers they thought proper. Edward went to the gardener, and desired he would be so good as to tell him what things would be the best to plant, and how he should manage them. John, not a little diverted at what he thought the condescension of his brother, determined to follow his own inventions, and plucking some ripe flowers from his father's garden, thought that he would have his bed nicely ornamented immediately. As the flowers, however, were separated from their roots, they quickly faded away, and John replaced them with others, which soon shared the same fate. He grew heartily tired of this employment, it was paying, rather too dear for the pleasure of having flowers in his garden, which now through his neglect was soon covered with weeds. In a few months, John, walking by Edward's garden, saw some nice scarlet fruit growing near the ground, which, upon tasting, to his no small surprise, he found to be strawberries. Passing by it again a few weeks afterwards, he saw some bunches, both of white and red fruit, depending from small trees, which upon examination he discovered to be currants. Eat as many of them as you please, said Edward, who happened to be present, only remember, that you

might have had them in your own garden, if you had not despised the assistance of a man better acquainted with its management than yourself.

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The Little Prater.

Eliza was a very industrious little girl, and had made great progress in every part of her learning. She could read without difficulty any books which were put into her hands, and was seldom known to spell a word wrong. Her writing was very neat and straight; the beginning of sentences, and the names of persons and places were always capitals, and all her letters leaned one way. She played on the harpsichord with the hand of a master. She could find most places in the maps, and had begun to learn to draw. Her mother was equally well satisfied with her needle-work. She did not merely hold it in her hand, when she should have been working, or throw it carelessly by in the first place that offered itself. She was not deficient in duty and obedience to her parents, love and affection to her sisters, politeness to strangers, or affability to the servants. Who could think, that with all these good qualities, the little Eliza should be disliked? Yet so it was, because she was the greatest prate-apace in the world. For instance, when she was sitting down to work, she would perhaps begin, O ho! I fancy it is high time I should be doing something: what would my mamma say, should she find me sitting with my arms across, or lolling on my elbows? Indeed, here is work enough to be done, but I shall not let the grass grow under my feet. Ah, now the clock strikes

one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine. Yes, positively, nine o'clock. In two hours I must go to music; but a great deal of business may be done in that length of time. Mamma, when she observes how diligent I have been, will be sure to give me sweetmeats. Oh, what pleasure I shall have in eating them. Nothing do I like so well as sugar-plumbs, though I love dearly preserved currants, or raspberries, or strawberries, but I think sugar-plumbs better. I should like to see Miss Fanny this morning. I would shew her the nice frock my mamma has bought for me. Fanny is a funny little girl enough; I like her much; but she loves talking so, that I know not how it happens one cannot thrust a word in when her clapper is set a going. Where is my thimble? Sister, have you seen my thimble? That careless Betty must surely have swept it away, and who can work without a thimble. I cannot do any neat sewing without it, for the needle pricks my finger, and then my finger bleeds of course, and then besides the pain it gives, my work is spoiled by being spotted with red marks. Why, Betty, Betty, have you seen my thimble? Oh no, here it is, and just as if the matter were contrived on purpose, at the bottom of my work-bag.

Thus was this little girl always talking, and by this means became so extremely tiresome, that she was often sent to pass the morning alone, or ordered to dine by herself at a side table; and yet here, rather than be silent, would she contrive to hold a conversation with her knife and fork.

This habit frequently exposed her to very severe mortifications, one of which, however, at last effected her cure. During the autumn, the family had

been invited to spend some time in the country, and Eliza fully expected to be of the party; but to her very great regret, she was informed by her father, that she must stay at home; upon asking what she had done amiss, she was told, that her excessive prating was so extremely disagreeable, that he could not think of exposing his friends to be teased with it. Eliza would soon have found excuses enough for her conduct, but the chaise was at the door, and she was left to her own reflections. These had so good an effect, that when her friends returned, she ran to her father, begging his pardon for having obliged him much against his will to punish her, and promised for the future to take no more than her share of conversation. She kept her word, and has now entirely got rid of this bad habit, and is become a credit to herself, and a pleasure to her friends, who are no longer troubled with what they used to call her incessant clack.

The Snow.

Spring, long expected, at last arrived, the soft wind again warmed the air, the snow was melted, the grass was green, the flowers put forth their sweets, and the birds were every where heard singing. Louisa had been taken by her father into the country, had been delighted with the songs of the wood-lark and the thrush, and had gathered some primroses and violets; when the weather suddenly changed, the north wind blew, and the ground was covered with snow. Louisa went to bed, returning thanks in her prayers, that she had so safe a shelter from the injuries of the sea-

son. The next morning, many birds took shelter in the court-yard of her father, as they could find neither grain nor worm to appease their hunger. Louisa saw them, ran into her papa's room, and begged that he would let her fetch some corn for those birds, which they had heard sing so delightfully the day before. This request was no sooner granted, than away flew Louisa, and soon came back with her hands full of corn, which she threw all over the yard. The birds picked it eagerly up. Louisa was overjoyed at the sight, and desired her papa and mamma would come and partake of her joy. But these handfuls of grain were soon eaten, and the birds flew to the roof of the house, looking at Louisa, as if to say, "Have you no more for us?" Louisa understood them, and immediately ran for some more. In her way she met a boy carrying a cage full of birds, which he shook so roughly, that they were continually hurt by the wires. Louisa saw this with concern, and enquired what he would do with them. He told her, that if nobody bought them, he should give them to his cat. Louisa, with her father's consent, bought them all, and put them into an empty room. The boy, well pleased, told his comrades of a young lady who would buy all their birds. Many were soon brought, Louisa purchased them all. Pleasing herself with the hope that they would repay her in the summer for her care during the cold weather; she closed her eyes with this thought, and dreamt she was in a very beautiful wood, where every tree was peopled with birds, hopping from branch to branch, gayly warbling, or feeding their young. Louisa at the sight smiled in her sleep. She rose early in the morning to get food for her visitors, but was not quite so hap-

py as she had been the night before. She knew she had but very little money left in her purse, and she was fearful lest the wicked boys should give all their birds to the cats. She took out her purse to see how much there was; but great was her amazement when she found it full. She flew to her father, and eagerly told him what had happened. "My dear child," said he, "you have never given me so much pleasure as at this moment; continue to assist all suffering creatures, and as fast as you empty your purse, you shall again find it filled." She now saw she had an hundred pensioners to nourish, and never had her dolls or her playthings afforded her half so much delight. During a week, Louisa continued to feed the little hungry animals. At length the snow melted, the fields again looked green, and the birds, which had not ventured from the house tops, now spread their wings towards the woods. But those which were in her bird room, were still her guests. At the return of the sun they flew to the windows, and in vain endeavoured to get out. Louisa had no idea of their misery, till her father told her, he thought they looked unhappy, and that perhaps they had left some of their companions in the woods, whom they wished to rejoin. Louisa, struck with the thought, directly opened the windows, which the birds instantly perceiving, immediately quitted the room. Her father, taking her in his arms, said, "you have done right, my child, these little prisoners will go and find their companions again, and will fly before them; just as you run before me when I have been absent a few days, and will tell them, how well they have been preserved during the winter."

The Canary Bird.

Who will buy my fine canary birds? cried a man in the street, where Jamima lived. Jamima, who was above half way through the window, was delighted to see them hop from perch to perch, and wished with her whole heart, that she could call one of them her own. She ran to her papa, and begged he would give her leave to buy one. "And what, my dear," said her papa, "would you do with it?" "Why," says she, "I am sure, papa, you will buy me a cage to put it in; and you cannot believe how happy I shall be to see it, and hear it sing: and I will be so good, I will never want bidding twice to do any thing, which mamma or you desire me." "That, my dear, is a very great inducement, but I am afraid, if you buy one of these birds, I shall have the mortification of seeing it starved." "Oh! dear papa," cried she, "I would sooner be starved myself. I will feed it every morning before I touch a single morsel." "You are very giddy, Jamima, but however, I am willing to oblige you."

They then ran to the man, and bought the prettiest bird which they could find. Mr. Godfrey made his daughter a present of a cage, and Jamima was one of the happiest girls in the world. Every bit of sugar which she could get was given to Darling, and his cage was full of plaitain, and a variety of good things. Darling repaid this kindness by singing her his sweetest songs. She invited all her little playmates to come and look at her pretty bird. It was as yellow as gold, she said, and had a black tuft at the top of its head, just like the feathers in her mamma's hat.

By degrees, however, Darling's songs became familiar: her father gave her a book of prints, and she was so delighted with them, that poor Darling was forgotten. Nearly a week had now passed, and Darling had neither fresh seed nor biscuit. He sung all the pretty songs which Jamima had taught him on the bird organ: he even made fresh ones for her himself, but in vain. On her birth-day, her grandfather made her a present of a great jointed doll. This doll, which she called Columbine, completed the downfall of Darling. She did nothing all day but dress and undress this painted baby. The poor bird was well off, if towards evening she gave it a little groundsel, but it was often forgotten till the next morning. One day, Mr. Godfrey, happening to cast his eyes up to the cage, saw poor Darling stretched at the bottom, panting for breath: his feathers stood upon an end, and he was almost dead. "Jamima," said Mr. Godfrey, in an angry tone, "what is the matter with your bird?" Jamima, colouring, said, "Why, papa, it is—the thing is—why I happened to forget,"—and trembling she ran for the box of seed.

"O poor little bird," cried Mr. Godfrey, "into what cruel hands hast thou fallen; if I had but foreseen it, thou shouldst never have been bought." All the company cried out, "Alas, poor bird!" Mr. Godfrey ordered fresh seed and water to be put into the cage. Jamima ran up stairs, and spent the rest of the day in weeping. The next morning, Mr. Godfrey desired the servant would take it to Master Mercy, a little careful boy, who he hoped would not forget the bird. Jamima intreated her papa not to send it away, and made many promises to take more

care of it in future. Mr. Godfrey was at length persuaded, but not without giving Jamima a severe reproof. "This poor little animal," says he, "is shut up in a cage, and has not the power of providing for its own wants, neither can it make any body understand its language. If ever, Jamima, you make it suffer either from hunger or thirst."—At these words a shower of tears trickled down her cheeks, she took her papa's hand, and kissed it; but shame would not let her speak. Jamima was once more the mistress of Darling, and all her griefs were forgotten. In about a month, Mr. Godfrey and his lady went into the country. "My dear girl," said he, "be sure you do not forget Darling." "O no, papa," and away she ran and fed it. In a little time some of her play-fellows came, she shewed them her doll, and they made themselves quite happy by playing about the gardens. Darling was forgotten. The two following days were spent much in the same manner. Alas, poor Darling! but who could think of him in the midst of such amusements? On the fourth day, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey came home. Mr. Godfrey had no sooner kissed his child, than he enquired after Darling. "O he is very well, papa!" said she and immediately ran to the cage; but, alas! poor Darling was dead. She wrung her hands, she screamed, she cried, but all in vain. She would have given all her playthings to have brought it back to life. "Poor little animal!" cried Mr. Godfrey, "how painful has been thy death. Had I but destroyed thee myself, thy sufferings would have been but for a moment: thou art happy, however, in being delivered from such a mistress." He then took the bird, and gave orders to have it stuffed, and hung in

the saloon. Jamima did not dare to look at it, and if her eyes accidentally caught it, they were filled with tears; so that she begged her papa to let it be taken away. Mr. Godfrey consented, but whenever she did any thing wrong, the bird was again put into its place: and she heard the whole family exclaim, "Poor bird, how cruel was thy death!"

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### *Hot Cockles.*

WILLIAM AND HENRY.

H. William, all our companions have left us, and I am still in a humour for play. What game shall we chuse?

W. As we are only two, I am afraid we should not be much diverted with any.

H. Let us play at something, however, till supper is ready.

W. You must shew your genius, then, by contriving a game for two.

H. What do you think of blind-man's buff?

W. That is a game that would never end. It would not be as if a dozen were playing, of whom some are always off their guard. We could easily shun each other, or if either of us were caught, we could not guess wrong.

H. That is true, indeed. Well, what do you say to Hot Cockles?

W. That would be the same, you know, we could not possibly be mistaken.

H. Perhaps we might. Let us try, however.

W. With all my heart. Come, I will be the hot cockles first, if you like.



H. Put your right hand on the bottom of this chair, now stoop down, and lay your face quite close upon it, that you may not see. That is right, now put your hand on your back ; but I hope your eyes are shut.

W. Yes, that they are. Play away.

H. Well, master, what have you to sell?

W. Hot cockles, hot.

H. Who struck?

W. Why, who could, you little goose, but yourself?

H. Yes, yes, but with which hand?

W. Ah, I never dreamt of that. I must guess, however. With the right.

H. No. No, it was with the left, so you may go to your trade again.

### *The Ugly Beauty.*

MARY AND JANE.

J. Mary, have you seen my sister's new dog?

M. Not yet, dear cousin.

J. Then you have a great pleasure still to come, for she is the drollest little creature in the world.

M. Indeed! What is her name?

J. Would you believe it? Beauty.

M. A very pretty name indeed.

J. Yes, but she is much prettier than her name.

M. How is she so very pretty?

J. She is not much bigger than my hands closed together.

M. I love a little dog.

J. And then one hardly knows what to take her for, a greyhound or a spaniel.

M. That is quite funny, I protest.

J. If you could only see her tail, it is like a tea-pot handle, and her ears that sweep the ground, and her long long hair as soft as silk; curling about her eyes, and muzzle, and the wee little tiny face which peeps out underneath. O she is quite a picture!

M. Is she black or white?

J. Not either, but something of a coffee colour.

M. That makes me think of what I like for breakfast; but I very seldom get it. They hardly ever give me any thing but milk.

J. What, milk, and nothing else?

M. Yes, bread with it; but let us return to Beauty.

J. Why, she can do more tricks than any harlequin. They have taught her to hold out her paw, and she distinguishes the right-hand from the left. If any one throws down a glove, she will run and bring it to the owner, without ever being wrong.

M. That is very clever indeed.

J. And then she will sometimes pretend to be dead: she lies down upon her side, and does not get up again without a signal from my sister. If you put a stick between her paws, she will stand like a centinel, and mount guard; and what is best of all, she will dance a minuet better than you could dance one yourself.

M. Well, that is wonderful, and she must surely have had a charming education; but tell me, Jane, is she gentle and good-natured?

J. I cannot say much as to that; for when she sees a stranger in the house, she will bark and snarl



at him, and it is difficult to hinder her from running at his legs to bite him.

M. That would be the very thing, at night, if she were to keep the house.

J. And sometimes, too, she will take it in her head to go and teaze papa's great dog without occasion, and she never sees him eating any thing, but she will instantly run, and snatch it from him if she can; but Jowler, luckily, is exceedingly good-natured.

M. How! does she do all this?

J. Yes, truly.

M. And do you call her Beauty?

J. Yes; she is so funny and comical.

M. Indeed, Jane, I should never fancy her, however funny and comical she may be; for my papa has often told me, that ill-nature and a bad temper will make any one frightful. Oh the ugly Beauty, out upon her!

### *The Farmers' Sons.*

JOHN AND THOMAS.

J. Here I am, come to look at this grand house, but I am afraid that I am come too late, and that its fine inhabitants are arrived. Well, faint heart, says the proverb, never yet won fair lady. Let me make haste and examine every thing before I am sent about my business. They say that nothing is certain but death and the taxes, but that they will shew me the door if I am seen is no less certain; had I not better save them the trouble by going away directly? No, it is too late for that, somebody is coming.

T. Good morning, little boy, what are you doing here by yourself.

J. I came to have looked at the house, sir, but I was just going away lest I should be turned out.

T. Turned out? Why, my little fellow, we are come to live here, and hope that those who live in the village will love us, and consider us as fellow-villagers. Would you turn me out if I was to call at your house?

J. No, certainly.

T. Then do not think us less kind than you would be. My father is neither more nor less than the first farmer in the place.

J. And mine, to be sure, is the oldest. But are you not Sir William Harrington's son?

T. Yes. But he considers the title of Farmer as a much more honourable one, for the title of knight conveys only the idea of a man living in a fine house, and eating, and drinking, and sleeping; but a farmer cultivates the ground, raises corn for himself and for others, therefore, as two farmers' sons, let us shake hands. I will shew you the paintings and finery here, and some day I will call upon you, to shew me the various things which are used by the farmer and gardener.

J. That I will with all my heart.

T. Come along then.

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The Boy and the Nettle.

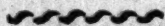
A little boy, playing in the fields, chanced to be stung by a nettle, and came crying to his father: he told him, he had been hurt by that nasty weed sever-

al times before; that he was always afraid of it; and that now he did but just touch it, as lightly as possible, when he was so severely stung. Child, says he, your touching it so gently and timorously is the very reason of its hurting you. A nettle may be handled safely, if you do it with courage and resolution; if you seize it boldly, and gripe it fast, it will never sting you.



The Dog and the Shadow.

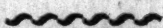
A hungry spaniel, who had stolen a piece of flesh from a butcher's shop, was carrying it across a river. The water being clear and the sun shining brightly, he saw his own image in the stream, and fancied it to be another dog with a more delicious morsel. Upon which unjustly and greedily opening his jaws to snatch at the shadow, he lost the substance.



The Fox and the Raven.

A fox observing a raven perched on the branch of a tree, with a fine piece of cheese in her mouth, began to consider how he might possess so delicious a morsel. Dear madam, said he, I am very glad to have the pleasure of seeing you this morning: your beautiful shape, and shining feathers, are the delight of my eyes; and would you be so good as to favour me with a song, I doubt not but your voice is equal to the rest of your accomplishments. Deluded with this flattering speech, the delighted raven opened her mouth, in order to give him a specimen of her pipe, when down dropt the cheese; which the fox

immediately snatching up, bore away in triumph, leaving the raven to lament her credulous vanity at her leisure.



The Boys and the Frogs.

On the margin of a large lake, which was inhabited by a great number of frogs, a company of boys happened to be at play. Their diversion was duck and drake; and whole volleys of stones were thrown into the water, to the great annoyance and danger of the poor terrified frogs. At length one of the most hardy, lifting up his head above the surface of the lake, said, Ah, dear children, why will ye learn so soon the cruel practices of your race? Consider, I beseech you, that though this may be sport to you, it is death to us.



The Lark and her Young.

A lark having built her nest in a field of corn, it grew ripe before her young were well able to fly. Her fears for their safety made her charge them, while she went out to procure them food, to listen to any discourse which they might hear about reaping the field. On her return, they told her, that the farmer and his son had been there, and had agreed to send to some of their neighbours, to assist them in cutting it down the next day. And so they depend, it seems, upon neighbours, said the mother: very well: then I think we do not need to be afraid of to-morrow. The next day she went out, and left the same charge as before. When she returned, they

acquainted her that the farmer and his son had again been there, but as none of their neighbours came to their assistance, they had put off reaping till the next day, and intended to send for help to their friends and relations. I think we may yet venture another day, said the mother; but be still careful to let me know what passes in my absence. They then informed her, that the farmer and his son had a third time visited the field; but as neither friend nor relation had regarded their summons, they were determined to come the next morning, and cut it down themselves. Nay then, replied the lark, it is time to think of removing: for as they now depend only upon themselves for doing their own business, it will certainly be performed.



The Farmer and his Sons.

A wealthy old farmer, perceiving that he had not long to live, called his sons together to his bedside. My dear children, said the dying man, I leave it with you as my last request, not to part with the farm, which has been in our family these hundred years: for to disclose to you a secret which I received from my father, there is a treasure hidden somewhere in the grounds; though I could never discover the particular spot where it lies. However, as soon as the harvest is gotten in, spare no pains in the search, and I am well assured you will not lose your labour. The wise old man was no sooner laid in his grave, and the time he mentioned arrived, than his sons went to work, and turned over and over every foot of ground belonging to their farm; the conse-

quence of which was, that though they did not find the object of their pursuit, yet their lands yielded a far more plentiful crop than those of their neighbours. At the end of the year, when they were settling their accounts, and dividing their profits, I would venture a wager, said one of the brothers, that this was the concealed wealth my father meant. I am sure, at least, we have found that "Industry is a real treasure."



The Bee and the Spider.

The bee and the spider once entered into a warm debate which was the better artist. The spider urged her skill in the mathematics; and asserted that no one was half so well acquainted as herself with the construction of lines, angles, squares, and circles: that the web she daily wove was a specimen of art inimitable by any other creature in the universe: and besides, that her works were derived from herself alone, the product of her own bowels; whereas the boasted honey of the bee was stolen from every herb and flower of the field; nay, that she had obligations even to the meanest weeds. To this the bee replied, that she was in hopes the art of extracting honey from the meanest weeds would at least have been allowed her as an excellence; and that as to her stealing sweets from the herbs and flowers of the field, her skill was there so apparent, that no flower ever suffered the least diminution of its fragrance from so delicate an operation. Then as to the spider's vaunted knowledge in the construction of lines and angles, she believed she might safely rest the

merits of her cause, on the regularity alone of her combs ; but since she could add to this, the sweetness and excellence of her honey, and the various purposes to which her wax was applied, she had nothing to fear from the comparison of her skill with that of the weaver of a flimsy cobweb ; for the value of every art, she observed, is chiefly to be estimated by its use.



The Camelion.

Two travellers happened on their journey to be engaged in a warm dispute about the colour of the camelion. One of them affirmed it was blue ; that he had seen it with his own eyes, upon the naked branch of a tree, feeding on the air, in a very clear day. The other strongly asserted it was green, and that he had viewed it very closely and minutely on the broad leaf of a fig-tree. Both of them were positive, and the dispute was rising to a quarrel : but a third person luckily coming by, they agreed to refer the question to his decision. Gentlemen, said the arbitrator, with a smile of great self-satisfaction, you could not have been more lucky in your reference, as I happened to have caught one of them last night : but indeed you are both mistaken, for the creature is totally black. Black ! impossible ! Nay, replied the umpire, the matter may soon be decided, for I immediately inclosed my camelion in a little paper box, and here it is. So saying, he opened his box, and behold it was as white as snow. The positive disputants looked equally surprised and confounded : while the reptile, with the air of a philosopher, thus

admonished them: "Ye children of men, learn diffidence and moderation in your opinions. It is true, you now happen to be all in the right, and have only seen me in different lights: but in future, allow others to have eye-sight as well as yourselves; and never condemn any man for judging of things as they appear to his own view."

The Stag drinking.

A stag, quenching his thirst in a clear lake, was struck with the beauty of his horns, which he saw reflected in the water. At the same time, observing the slenderness of his legs: "What a pity it is," said he, "that so fine a creature should be furnished with so despicable a set of spindleshanks! what a truly noble animal should I be, if my legs were in any degree answerable to my horns!" In the midst of this soliloquy, he was alarmed with the cry of a pack of hounds. He immediately fled through the forest, and left his pursuers so far behind, that he might probably have escaped; but taking into a thick wood, his horns were entangled in the branches, where he was held till the hounds came up, and tore him in pieces. In his last moments, he thus exclaimed:—"How ill do we judge of our true advantages! the legs which I despised would have borne me away in safety, if my favourite antlers had not caused my ruin."

The Country Maid and her Milk-pail.

When we suffer ourselves to be amused by the uncertain hope of improving our condition, we frequently sustain real losses, by not attending to those affairs in which we are employed.

A country maid was walking slowly along, with a pail of milk upon her head, when she fell into the following train of reflections: "The money for which I shall sell this milk, will enable me to increase my stock of eggs to three hundred, which, allowing for what may prove addle, and what may be destroyed by vermin, will produce at least two hundred and fifty chickens. The chickens will be fit to carry to market about Christmas, when poultry always bears a good price: so that by May-day I cannot fail of having money enough to purchase a new gown. Green—let me consider—yes, green becomes me best, and green it shall be. In this dress I will go to the fair, where all the young fellows will strive to have me for a partner: but I shall perhaps refuse every one of them, and with an air of disdain toss from them." But heedlessly acting with her head what thus passed in her imagination, down came the pail of milk, and with it the whole of her imaginary happiness.

The Spider and the Silkworm.

A spider busied in spreading his web, was asked by an industrious silkworm, to what end he spent so much time and labour, in making so many lines and circles? The spider angrily replied, Do not disturb

me, thou ignorant thing: I transmit my ingenuity to posterity, and fame is the object of my wishes. Just as he had spoken, a chamber-maid, coming into the room to feed her silkworms, saw the spider at his work; and with one stroke of her broom, swept him away, and destroyed at once his labours, and his hopes of fame.

The Boy and the Filberts.

A certain boy, put his hand into a pitcher, in which were great plenty of figs and filberts; he grasped as many as his fist could hold, but when he endeavoured to pull it out, the narrowness of the neck prevented him. Unwilling to lose any of them, yet unable to draw out his hand, he burst into tears, and bitterly bemoaned his hard fortune. An honest fellow, who stood by, gave him this wise and seasonable advice:—Grasp only half the quantity, my boy, and you will easily succeed.

Industry and Sloth.

How many live in the world as useless as if they had never been born! They pass through life like a bird through the air, and leave no track behind them; waste the prime of their days in deliberating what they shall do; and bring them to a period, without coming to any determination.

An indolent young man, being asked why he lay in bed so long, jocosely and carelessly answered—
“Every morning of my life I am hearing causes. I have two fine girls, whose names are Industry and

Sloth, close at my bedside, as soon as I awake, pressing their different suits. One intreats me to get up, the other persuades me to lie still; and then they alternately give me various reasons why I should rise, and why I should not. This detains me so long, as it is the duty of an impartial judge to hear all that can be said on either side, that before the pleadings are over, it is time to go to dinner."



The partial Judge.

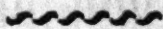
A farmer came to a neighbouring lawyer, expressing great concern for an accident which had just happened. One of your oxen, continued he, has been gored by an unlucky bull of mine, and I should be glad to know how I am to make you reparation. Thou art a very honest fellow, replied the lawyer, and wilt not think it unreasonable that I expect one of thy oxen in return. It is no more than justice, said the farmer, to be sure; but what did I say?—I mistake—It is your bull which has killed one of my oxen. Indeed! says the lawyer, that alters the case: I must enquire into the affair; and if—And if! said the farmer—the business would have been concluded without an if, had you been as ready to do justice to others, as to exact it from them.



Jupiter and the Herdsman.

A herdsman missed a young heifer out of his grounds, and after having sought for it a long time in vain, he betook himself at last to his prayers.

Great Jupiter, said he, shew me but the villain who has done me this injury, and I will give thee in sacrifice the finest kid from my flock. He had no sooner uttered his petition, than turning to the corner of a wood, he was struck with the sight of a monstrous lion, preying on the carcase of his heifer. Trembling and pale, O Jupiter! cried he, I offered thee a kid if thou wouldst grant my petition; I now offer thee a bull, if thou wilt deliver me from the consequence of it.



The Cat, the Cock, and the young Mouse.

A young mouse, who had seen very little of the world, came running one day to his mother in great haste—O mother, said he, I am frightened almost to death! I have seen the most extraordinary creature that ever was. He has a fierce angry look, and struts about upon two legs. A strange piece of flesh grows upon his head, and another under his throat, as red as blood. He flapped his arms against his sides, as if he intended to rise into the air; and stretching out his head, he opened a sharp-pointed mouth so wide, that I thought he was going to swallow me up: then he roared at me so horribly, that I trembled every joint, and was glad to run home as fast as I could. If I had not been frightened away by this terrible monster, I was just going to commence an acquaintance with the prettiest creature which you ever saw. She had a soft fur skin, thicker than ours, and all beautifully streaked with black and grey; with a modest look, and a demeanour so humble and courteous, that I thought I could have fallen in love with her. Then she

had a fine long tail, which she waved about so prettily, and looked so earnestly at me, that I do believe she was just going to speak to me, when the horrid monster frightened me away. Ah, my dear child, said the mother, you have escaped being devoured, but not by that monster of whom you was so much afraid, which was only a bird, and could have done you no harm. But the sweet creature of whom you seem so fond, was a cat, who, notwithstanding that artful countenance, destroys our race, not merely for food, but even for diversion. Learn from this incident, my dear, never to rely on outward appearances.



The Farmer and his Dog.

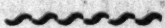
A farmer who had just stepped into the field to mend a gap in one of his fences, found, at his return, the cradle, in which he had left his only child asleep, turned upside down, the clothes all torn and bloody, and his dog lying near it, besmeared also with blood. Taking it for granted that the creature had destroyed his child, he instantly dashed out his brains with a hatchet in his hand: when turning up the cradle, he found his child unhurt, and an enormous serpent lying dead on the floor, killed by that faithful dog whose courage and fidelity in preserving the life of his son, deserved a very different treatment. These affecting circumstances afforded him a striking lesson, how dangerous it is to give way to sudden passion.



The Blind Man and the Lame.

Almost all the connections of society take their rise from our want of assistance.

A blind man, being stopped in a bad piece of road, met with a lame man, and intreated him to guide him through the difficulty into which he was gotten. How can I do that, replied the lame man, since I am scarcely able to drag myself along? but as you appear to be very strong, if you will carry me, we will seek our fortunes together. It will then be my interest to warn you of any thing which may obstruct your way: your feet shall be my feet, and my eyes yours. With all my heart, returned the blind man; let us render each other our mutual services. So taking his lame companion on his back, they, by means of their union, travelled on with safety and pleasure.



The Ant and the Caterpillar.

As a caterpillar was advancing very slowly along one of the alleys of a beautiful garden, he was met by a pert lively ant, who tossing up her head with a scornful air, cried, Prithee get out of the way, thou poor creeping animal, and do not presume to obstruct the paths of thy superiors, by wriggling along the road, and besmearing the walks which were intended for them. Poor creature! thou lookest like a thing half made, which Nature not liking, threw by unfinished. I could almost pity thee, methinks; but it is beneath one of my quality to talk to such mean creatures as thou art: and so, poor crawling wretch, adieu.

The humble caterpillar, struck dumb with this disdainful language, retired, went to work, wound himself up in a silken cell, and after some time came out a beautiful butterfly. When observing the scornful ant passing by, Proud insect, said he, stop a moment, and learn from the state in which you now see me, never to despise any one on account of the condition in which he is placed ; since the time may soon come, when in this life, or in a better, he may be exalted above those, who now look down upon him with contempt.

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*The Dove and the Ant.*

We should always be ready to serve our fellow-creatures, since we know not how soon we may stand in need of the services of the meanest.

A dove was sipping from the banks of a rivulet, when an ant, who was at the same time trailing a grain of corn along the edge, fell into the brook. The dove, observing the helpless insect struggling in vain to reach the shore, was touched with compassion ; and, plucking a blade of grass, dropped it into the stream ; by means of which, the poor ant, like a ship-wrecked sailor upon a plank, got safe to land ; when perceiving a fowler just going to discharge his piece at her deliverer, she crept up his foot, and stung him on the ankle. The sportsman starting, caused a rustling among the boughs, which alarmed the dove, who flew away, and escaped.

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The Diamond and the Glow-worm.

A diamond happened to fall from the solitaire of a young lady, as she was walking one evening on a terrace in the garden. A glow-worm, who had beheld it sparkle in its descent, as soon as the gloom of night had eclipsed its lustre, began to mock and to insult it. Art thou that wondrous thing, who vauntest of thy prodigious brightness? Where now is all thy boasted brilliancy? Alas, in evil hour has fortune thrown thee near my superior blaze! Conceited insect, replied the gem, that owest thy feeble glimmer to the darkness which surrounds thee: know, my lustre bears the test of day, and even derives its chief advantage from that distinguishing light, which discovers thee to be a dark and paltry worm.

The Hounds in Couples.

A huntsman was leading forth his hounds one morning to the chace, and had linked several of the young dogs in couples, to prevent their following every scent, and hunting disorderly, as their own inclinations and fancy should direct them. Among others it was the fate of Jowler and Vixen to be thus yoked together. Jowler and Vixen were both young and inexperienced; but had for some time been constant companions, and seemed to have entertained a great fondness for each other; they used to be perpetually playing together, and in any quarrel which happened, always took one another's part;

it might have been expected, therefore, that it would not be disagreeable to them to be still more closely united. However, in fact, it proved otherwise : they had not been long joined together, before both parties were observed to express great uneasiness. If one chose to go this way, the other took the contrary ; if one was pressing forward, the other was sure to lag behind ; Vixen pulled back Jowler, and Jowler dragged along Vixen : Jowler growled at Vixen, and Vixen snapped at Jowler : till at last it came to a downright quarrel between them ; and Jowler treated Vixen in a very rough manner, without any regard to the inferiority of her strength, or the tenderness of her sex. As they were thus vexing each other, an old hound, who had observed all that passed, came up, and thus reproved them : “ What silly puppies you are, to be worrying one another at this rate ? What hinders your going on quietly together ? Cannot you each consult the other’s inclination a little ? or, at least, try to make a virtue of necessity, and submit to what you cannot remedy : you cannot get rid of the chain, but you may make it sit easy upon you. I am an old dog, and let my age and experience instruct you : when I was in the same circumstances with you, I soon found, that thwarting my companion was only tormenting myself ; and my yoke-fellow happily came into the same way of thinking. We endeavoured to join in the same pursuits, and to follow one another’s inclination ; and so we jogged on together with ease and quiet, with comfort and pleasure, finding that mutual compliance is attended with a satisfaction and delight, beyond what liberty itself can give.



The Sensitive Plant and the Thistle.

A thistle happened to spring up very near a sensitive plant, and observing her extreme bashfulness and delicacy, thus addressed her. Why are you so modest and reserved, my good neighbour, as to withdraw your leaves at the approach of strangers? Why do you shrink, as if afraid, from the touch of every hand? take example and advice from me: if I liked not their familiarity, I would make them keep their distance, nor should any saucy finger provoke me unrevenge. Our tempers and qualities, replied the other, are very different: I am neither able nor willing to give offence, which you, it seems, take no pains to avoid. My desire is to live in peace and quietness: and though my humility may now and then expose me to uneasiness, it tends on the whole to preserve my tranquility. But your ill temper and angry disposition, will probably, some time or another be the cause of your destruction. While they were thus conversing, the gardener came with his little spaddle, to lighten the earth round the stem of the sensitive-plant; but perceiving the thistle, he thrust his instrument through it, and tossed it out of the garden.



The Bear.

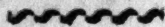
A bear, having an inclination to see the world, travelled from forest to forest, and from one kingdom to another, making many profound observations in his way. Happening to come into a farmer's yard, he saw a number of poultry drinking at a pool.

Observing that at every sip, they turned up their heads towards the sky, he enquired the reason. They told him, that it was their way of returning thanks to heaven for the benefits which they received; and that it was an ancient and religious custom, which they did not think it right to omit. Here the bear burst into a fit of laughter, mimicking and ridiculing them in the most contemptuous manner. On this the cock, with a bold and becoming spirit, thus addressed him. As you are a stranger, sir, you perhaps may be excused the indecency of this behaviour; but let me tell you, that none but a bear would ridicule any religious ceremony whatever, in the presence of those who think it important.



The two Lizards.

As two lizards were basking under a south wall, How contemptible, said one of them, is our condition! We exist, it is true, but that is all: for we hold no sort of rank in the creation, and are utterly unnoticed by the world. Why was I not rather born a stag, to range at large, the pride and glory of some royal forest? It happened, that in the midst of these unjust murmurs, a pack of hounds was heard in full cry after the very creature he was envying, who, being quite spent with the chace, was torn in pieces by the dogs in sight of our two lizards. And is this the lordly stag, whose place you wish to hold? said the wiser lizard to his friend; let his sad fate teach you to bless providence for placing you in that humble situation, which secures you from the dangers of a more elevated rank.



Echo and the Owl.

The vain mistake the flatteries of their own imagination, for the voice of fame.

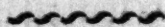
A solemn owl, puffed up with vanity, sat repeating her screams at midnight, from the hollow of a blasted oak. And whence, cried she, proceeds this awful silence, unless it be to favour my superior melody? Surely the groves are hushed in expectation of my voice, and when I sing, all nature listens. An echo, resounding from an adjacent rock, replied immediately, "all nature listens." The nightingale's song, resumed she, is indeed musical, but mine is sweeter far. The voice confirming her opinion, replied, "is sweeter far." Why then am I diffident, continued she, why do I fear to join the tuneful choir? The echo repeated, "join the tuneful choir." Roused by this empty phantom of encouragement, she on the morrow mingled her hootings with the harmony of the groves. But the tuneful songsters, disgusted with her noise, and affronted with her impudence, unanimously drove her from their society, and still continue to pursue her wherever she appears.



The Boy and the Butterfly.

A boy, smitten with the colours of a butterfly, pursued it from flower to flower with great pains. First he tried to surprise it among the leaves of a rose; then to cover it with his hat, as it was feeding on a daisy; now he hoped to secure it, as it rested on a sprig of myrtle; and now he grew sure of it,

when he saw it loiter on a bed of violets. But the fickle fly, continually changing one blossom for another, still eluded his attempts. At length, observing it half buried in the cup of a tulip, he snatched it with violence, and crushed it almost to pieces. The dying insect, seeing the poor boy somewhat chagrined at his disappointment, addressed him in the following manner : Learn, for the benefit of thy future life, that pleasure is but like a painted butterfly ; which, though it may amuse thee in the pursuit, if embraced with too much ardour, will perish in thy grasp.



The Old Man and his Ass.

An old man and a little boy were driving an ass to the next market to sell. What a fool is this fellow, (said a man upon the road) to be trudging it on foot with his son, that his ass may go light ! the old man, hearing this, set his boy upon the ass, and went whistling by the side of him. Why, sirrah ! (cried a second man to the boy) is it fit for you to be riding while your poor old father is walking on foot ? The father, upon this rebuke, took down his boy from the ass, and mounted himself. Do you see (said a third) how the lazy old knave rides along upon his beast, while his poor little boy is almost crippled with walking ? The old man no sooner heard this, than he took up his son behind him. Pray, honest friend, (said a fourth) is that ass your own ? Yes, said the man. One would not have thought so, replied the other, by your loading him so unmercifully. You and your son are better able to carry the

poor beast, than he you. Any thing to please, said the owner; and alighting with his son, they tied the legs of the ass together, and by the help of a pole tried to carry him upon their shoulders over the bridge which led to the town. This was so entertaining a sight, that the people ran in crouds to laugh at it; till the ass, not liking the over-complaisance of his master, burst asunder the cords which tied him, slipped from the pole, and tumbled into the river. The poor old man made the best of his way home, ashamed and vexed, that by endeavouring to please every body, he had pleased nobody, and lost his ass into the bargain.



The Diamond and the Loadstone.

A diamond of great beauty and lustre, observing not only many other gems of a lower class ranged together with him in the same cabinet, but a loadstone placed not far from him, began to question him how he came there; and what pretensions he had to be ranked among the precious stones: he, who appeared to be a mere flint: a sorry, coarse, rusty-looking pebble; without the least shining quality to advance him to such an honour; and desired him to keep his distance, and pay a proper respect to his superiors. — I find, said the loadstone, you judge by outward appearances; and it is your interest that others should form their judgment by the same rule. I must own, I have nothing to boast of in that respect; but I may venture to say, that I make amends for my outward defects, by my inward qualities. The great improvement of navigation, in these latter ages,

is entirely owing to me. It is owing to me, that the distant parts of the world are known and accessible to each other ; that the remotest nations are connected, and all in a manner united into one common society ; that by a mutual intercourse they relieve one another's wants, and all enjoy the several blessings peculiar to each. Great Britain is indebted to me for her wealth, her splendor, and her power ; and the arts and sciences are, in a great measure, obliged to me for their late improvements, and their continual increase. I am willing to allow you your due praise in its full extent ; you are a very pretty bauble ; I am delighted to see you glitter and sparkle ; I look upon you with pleasure and surprise : but I must be convinced that you are of some sort of use, before I acknowledge that you have any real merit, or treat you with that respect which you seem to demand.

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### *The discontented Bee.*

A bee complained to Jupiter of the numerous evils to which she was exposed. Her body was weak and feeble, yet was she condemned to get her living by perpetual toil ; she was benumbed by the cold of winter, and relaxed by the heat of summer. Her haunts were infested with poisonous weeds, and her flights obstructed by storms and tempests. In short, what with dangers from without, and diseases from within, her life was rendered one continual scene of anxiety and wretchedness. Behold now, said Jupiter, the frowardness and folly of this unthankful race ! The flowers of the field I have spread before

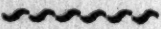
them as a feast, and have endeavoured to regale them with an endless variety. They now revel on the beds of thyme and lavender, and now on the still more fragrant banks of violets and roses. The business of which they complain, is the extraction of honey; and to lessen their toil, I have allowed them wings, which readily transport them from one banquet to another. Storms, tempests, and noxious weeds, I have given them sagacity to shun; and if they are misled, it is through the perverseness of their inclinations. But thus it is with bees, and thus with men: they see only half my designs, and yet complain that my decrees are rigid: they ungratefully overlook the advantages, and magnify the inconveniencies of their station. But let my creatures pursue their happiness through the paths marked out by nature; and they will find their pains far overbalanced by their pleasures.

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The Toad and the Ephemeron.

As some workmen were digging marble in a mountain of Scythia, they discovered a toad of an enormous size in the midst of a solid rock. They were very much surprised at so uncommon an appearance, and the more they considered it, the more their wonder increased. It was difficult to conceive by what means this creature had preserved life, and received nourishment in so narrow a prison. It was still more difficult to account for its birth and existence in a place so totally inaccessible to all of its species. They were ready to conclude, that it was formed with the rock in which it had been bred, and that it

was as old as the mountain itself. In the mean time the toad, swelling and bloating with pride and self-importance, at last began :—Yes, you behold in me a specimen of the antediluvian race of animals. I was begotten before the flood; and who is there among the present upstart race of mortals, that shall dare to contend with me in nobility of birth, or in dignity of character? An Ephemeron, sprung that morning from the river Hypanis, as it was flying about from place to place, chanced to be present, and observed all that passed with great attention and curiosity. Vain boaster, said the ephemeron, what foundation hast thou for pride, either in thy descent, merely because it is ancient, or in thy life, because it hath been long? What good qualities hast thou received from thy ancestors? Insignificant even to thyself, as well as useless to others, thou art almost as insensible as the block in which thou wast bred. Even I, who had my birth from the scum of the neighbouring river, at the rising of this day's sun, and who shall die at its setting, have more reason to value myself upon my condition, than thou hast to be proud of thine. I have enjoyed the warmth of the sun, the light of the day, and the purity of the air; I have flown from stream to stream, from tree to tree, and from the plain to the mountain: I have provided for posterity, and shall leave behind me a numerous offspring to people the next age of to-morrow; in short, I have fulfilled the design of my being, and I have been happy. My whole life, it is true, will be but twelve hours: but even a single hour, well improved, is to be preferred to a thousand years of mere existence, spent, like thine, in sloth, ignorance, and stupidity.



The Peacock.

The peacock, who was at first distinguished only by a crest of feathers, petitioned Juno, that he might be honoured also with a train. As this bird was a particular favourite, Juno readily enough assented; and his train was ordered to surpass that of every fowl in the creation. The bird, proud of his appearance, thought proper to assume an equal dignity of gait and manners. The common poultry of the farm-yard were astonished at his magnificence; and even the pheasants beheld him with envy. But when he attempted to fly, he found that he had sacrificed his activity to ostentation; and that he was encumbered by the pomp in which he placed his glory.



The Sensitive-plant and the Palm-tree.

The sensitive plant being brought out of the greenhouse on a summer's day, and placed in a beautiful grove, adorned with forest trees, and curious plants, began to give itself great airs, and to treat all who were about it with petulance and disdain. How could the gardener think of setting me among a parcel of trees? gross, inanimate things, mere vegetables, and perfect stocks! Surely he does not take me for a common plant, when he knows, that I have the sense of feeling in a more exquisite degree than he has himself. It really shocks me to see to what wretched low company he has introduced me: it is more than the delicacy of my constitution, and the extreme tenderness of my nerves, can bear. Pray, Acacia, stand a little farther off, and do not presume

quite so much upon your idle pretence of being my cousin. Good Citron, keep your distance, I beseech you; your strong scent quite overpowers me. Friend Palm-tree, your offensive shade is really more than I am able to support. The lofty palm-tree, who was shooting up his head with the more vigour under the weight that was hung upon it, rebuked the impertinent creature in the following manner. Thou vegetable fribble! learn to know thyself, and thy own worthlessness and insignificance. Thou valuest thyself on a false delicacy, the very defect of thy nature. What art thou good for, who shrinkest at a touch, and droopest at a breath of air; feeble and barren, a perpetual torment to thyself, and wholly useless to others? Whereas we, whom thou treatest with such disdain, make a grateful return to man for his care of us: some of us yield him fruit, others are serviceable to him by their strength and firmness; we shade him from the heat of the sun, and we defend him from the violence of the winds. I am particularly distinguished for my hardiness and perseverance, my steadiness and constancy: and on account of those very qualities which thou wantest, and affectest to despise, have the honour to be made the emblem of victory, and the reward of the conqueror.



The Tulip and the Rose.

A tulip and a rose were near neighbours in the same garden. They were both very beautiful, but the rose had more than an equal share of the gardener's attention. Delighted as he was with its deli-

cious odour, he appeared to the tulip to be always kissing and caressing it. The envy and jealousy of rival beauties are not easily to be concealed. The tulip, vain of its external charms, and unable to bear the thought of being forsaken for another, remonstrated in these words against the gardener's partiality. Why are my beauties thus neglected? Are not my colours more bright, more various, and more inviting, than any which that red-faced thing has to display? Why, then, is she to engross your whole affection, and thus for ever to be preferred? Be not angry, my fair tulip, said the gardener, I acknowledge thy beauties, and admire them as they deserve. But there are found in my favourite rose such internal charms, that I enjoy a banquet in their fragrance, which beauty alone cannot pretend to furnish.

The Dove.

A dove, who had a mate and young ones, spying the cage door open, was driven by a sudden impulse to fly out into an adjacent grove. There, perched upon the bough of a sycamore, he sat as it were wrapt in deep contemplation; not recovering from his reverie, until the owner drew nigh unseen, and brought him back to his little family.

Art thou not ashamed, then said his mate, thus to desert thy helpless offspring? Art thou not base to abandon me, for the company of birds to whom thou art a stranger? Could I have harboured such a thought? I, who have been ever constant to our first engagement, and must have died of mere despair, hadst thou not returned to my embraces? But

how, alas! returned? Not, as it seems, by choice, but ensnared by dint of artifice, and brought hither by constraint.

Have patience, replied the rambler, and hear the plea of thy repentant mate. Witness all ye powers of wedlock, ye who know what passes in the hearts of doves, if ever, before this unhappy moment, I felt a wish to part from thee! The door, so seldom open, allowed but one moment for deliberation, and I happened to decide amiss. When removed to yonder wood, the air of liberty breathed so sweetly, that, with horror I speak it, I felt a suspense about returning to the cage. Pardon, I pray thee, this one crime, and be assured I will never repeat it. And that thou mayest more readily pardon me, know, that the love of liberty burns ever the strongest in the bosoms that are most open to conjugal affection, and the love of their young.

The Drop of Water.

A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflection: "Alas! what an inconsiderable creature am I in this prodigious ocean of waters; my existence is of no concern in the universe: I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am less than the least of the works of God." It so happened, that an oyster, which lay in the neighbourhood of this drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the midst of its humble soliloquy. The drop, says the fable, lay a great while hardening in the shell, till by degrees it was

ripened into a pearl, which falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the Persian diadem.

Let none, however mean or insignificant he may think himself, dare to give way to the thought, that he is neglected by his Creator. Every station, as far as it is providential, is appointed with the most consummate wisdom; and a Lazarus, though despised by this ill-judging world, if humble and faithful in the station assigned him, will be found of infinite value in the day when the great Judge of the earth shall make up his jewels.



The Westminster Scholars.

In Westminster School there is a curtain, which used to be drawn across the room, to separate the upper school from the lower. A youth happened, by some mischance, to tear the above-mentioned curtain. The severity of the master was too well known for the criminal to expect any pardon for such a fault; so that the boy, who was of a meek temper, was terrified to death at the thoughts of his appearance; when his friend, who sat next to him, bade him be of good cheer, for that he would take the fault on himself. He kept his word accordingly. As soon as they were grown up to be men, the civil war broke out, in which our two friends took the opposite sides, one of them following the parliament, the other the royal party.

As their tempers were different, the youth, who had torn the curtain, endeavoured to raise himself

on the civil list ; and the other who had borne the blame of it, on the military : the first succeeded so well, that he was in a short time made a judge under the protector. The other was engaged in the unhappy enterprize of Penruddock and Groves in the west. Every one knows that the royal party was routed, and all the heads of them among whom was the curtain champion, imprisoned at Exeter. It happened to be his friend's lot at that time to go the western circuit. The trial of the rebels, as they were then called, was very short, and nothing now remained but to pass sentence on them ; when the judge, hearing the name of his old friend, and observing his face more attentively, which he had not seen for many years, asked him, if he was not formerly a Westminster scholar ; by the answer, he was soon convinced that it was his former generous friend ; and, without saying any thing more at that time, he made the best of his way to London, where, employing all his power and interest with the protector, he saved his friend from the fate of his unhappy associates.



The Gypsey.

As the trekschuyt, or passage-boat, which carries people from Leyden to Amsterdam, was putting off, a boy, running along the side of the canal, desired to be taken in ; which the master of the boat refused, because the lad had not quite money enough to pay the usual fare. An eminent merchant, being pleased with the looks of the boy, and secretly touched with compassion towards him, paid the money for him,

and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak readily in three or four languages, and learned upon further examination, that he had been stolen away when he was a child by a gypsey, and had rambled ever since with a gang of those strollers up and down several parts of Europe. It happened that the merchant, whose heart seems to have inclined towards the boy, by a secret kind of instinct, had himself lost a child some years before. The parents, after a long search for him, gave him up for drowned in one of the canals with which that country abounds; and the mother was so afflicted at the loss of a fine boy, who was her only son, that she died of grief. Upon laying together all particulars, and examining the several moles and marks by which the mother used to describe the child when he was first missing, the boy proved to be the son of the merchant whose heart had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him. The lad was very well pleased to find a father who was so rich, and likely to leave him a good estate; the father, on the other hand, was not a little delighted to see a son return to him, whom he had given over for lost, with such a strength of constitution, sharpness of understanding, and skill in languages. Our linguist, having received such extraordinary rudiments towards a good education, was afterwards trained up in every thing that becomes a gentleman; wearing off, by little and little, all the vicious habits and practices to which he had been used in the course of his perigrinations; nay, it is said, that he has since been employed in foreign courts upon national business, with great reputation to himself, and honour to those who sent

him, and that he has visited several countries as a public minister, in which he formerly wandered as a gypsey.



The Sultan Mahmoud.

The Sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad, and by his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the Persian empire. The visier to this great sultan, (whether an humourist or an enthusiast, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain dervise to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth, but the visier knew what it was he said. As he was one evening with the emperor, on their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of an heap of rubbish. I would fain know, says the sultan, what those two owls are saying to one another? listen to their discourse, and give me an account of it. The visier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the sultan, sir, says he, I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is. The sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing the owls had said. You must know then, said the visier, that one of these owls has a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the daughter, in my hearing, Brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daugh-

ter fifty ruined villages for her portion. To which the father of the daughter replied, Instead of fifty, I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to Sultan Mahmoud; whilst he reigns over us, we shall never want ruined villages.

The story says, the sultan was so touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the good of his people.



*A Letter written by the Ambassador of Bantam,
in the Reign of Charles II.*

“ Master,

“ The people, where I now am, have tongues farther from their hearts than from London to Bantam, and thou knowest the inhabitants of one of these places do not know what is done in the other. They call thee and thy subjects, barbarians, because we speak what we mean; and account themselves a civilized people, because they speak one thing and mean another: truth they call barbarity, and falsehood politeness. Upon my first landing, one who was sent from the king of this place to meet me, told me, That he was extremely sorry for the storm I had met with just before my arrival. I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himself upon my account; but in less than a quarter of an hour he smiled, and was as merry as if nothing had happened. Another who came with him told me by my interpreter, He should be glad to do me any service that lay in his power. Upon which I desired him to carry one of

my portmanteaus for me ; but instead of serving me according to his promise, he laughed, and bid another do it. I lodged, the first week, at the house of one, who desired me to think myself at home, and to consider his house as my own. Accordingly, I the next morning began to knock down one of the walls of it, in order to let in the fresh air, and had packed up some of the household goods, of which I intended to have made thee a present : but the false varlet no sooner saw me falling to work, but he sent word to desire me to give over, for that he would have no such doings in his house. I had not long been in this nation, before I was told by one, for whom I had asked a certain favour from the chief of the king's servants, whom they here call the Lord Treasurer, that I had eternally obliged him. I was so surprised at his gratitude, that I could not forbear saying, what service is there which one man can do for another, that can oblige him to all eternity ! However, I only asked him for my reward that he would lend me his eldest daughter during my stay in this country ; but I quickly found that he was as treacherous as the rest of his countrymen.

“ At my first going to court, one of the great men almost put me out of countenance, by asking ten thousand pardons of me for only treading by accident on my toe. They call this kind of lie a compliment ; for when they are civil to a great man, they tell him untruths, for which thou wouldest order any of thy officers of state to receive an hundred blows upon his foot. I do not know how I shall negociate any thing with this people, since there is little credit to be given to them. When I go to see the king's scribe, I am generally told that he is not

at home, though perhaps I saw him go into his house almost the very moment before. Thou wouldest fancy that the whole nation are physicians, for the first question they always ask me, is, How I do? I have this question put to me above a hundred times a day. Nay, they are not only thus inquisitive after my health, but wish it in a more solemn manner with a full glass in their hands, every time I sit with them at table, though at the same time they would persuade me to drink their liquors in such quantities as I have found by experience will make me sick. They often pretend to pray for thy health also in the same manner; but I have more reason to expect it from the goodness of thy constitution, than the sincerity of their wishes. May thy slave escape in safety from this double-tongued race of men, and live to lay himself once more at thy feet in the royal city of Bantam!"



Androcles and the Lion.

Androcles was the slave of a noble Roman, who was proconsul of Africa. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have put him to death, had he not found an opportunity to escape out of his hands, and flee into the desert of Numidia. As he was wandering among the barren sands, and almost dead with heat and hunger, he saw a cave in the side of a rock. He went into it, and finding at the farther end of it a place to sit down upon, rested there for some time. At length, to his great terror, a huge overgrown lion entered at the mouth of the cave, and seeing a man at the upper end of it, immediate-

ly made towards him. Androcles gave himself over for lost; but the lion, instead of treating him as he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and with a complaining kind of voice fell to licking his hand, Androcles after having recovered himself a little from the fright he was in, observed the lion's paw exceedingly swelled by a large thorn that stuck in it. He immediately pulled it out, and by squeezing the paw very gently, made a great deal of corrupt matter run out of it, which probably freed the lion from the great anguish he had felt some time before. The lion left him upon receiving this good office from him, and soon after returned with a fawn which he had just killed. This he laid down at the feet of his benefactor, and went off again in pursuit of his prey.

Androcles, after having soddened the flesh of it by the sun, subsisted upon it till the lion had supplied him with another. He lived many days in this frightful solitude, the lion catering for him with great assiduity. Being tired at length of this savage society, he resolved to deliver himself up into his master's hands, and suffer the worst effects of his displeasure, rather than be thus driven out from mankind. His master, as was customary for the proconsuls of Africa, was at that time getting together a present of all the largest lions that could be found in the country, in order to send them to Rome, that they might furnish out a show for the Roman people. Upon his poor slave's surrendering himself into his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to Rome, as soon as the lions were in readiness to be sent, and that for his crime he should be exposed to fight with one of the lions in the amphitheatre, as usual, for the diversion of the people. This was al-

so performed accordingly. Androcles, after such a strange run of fortune, was now in the area of the theatre, amidst thousands of spectators, expecting every moment when his antagonist would come out upon him. At length a monstrous lion leaped out from the place where he had been kept hungry for the show. He advanced with great rage towards the man, but on a sudden, after having regarded him a little wistfully, he fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet with all the signs of blandishment and caresses. Androcles, after a short pause, discovered that it was his old Numidian friend, and immediately renewed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were very surprising to the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and the lion to be given up into his possession. Androcles returned at Rome the civilities which he had received from him in the desarts of Africk. Dion Cassius says, that he himself saw the man leading the lion about the streets of Rome, the people every where gathering about them, and repeating to one another, This is the lion who was the man's host; this is the man who was the lion's physician."

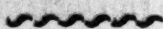


Charity without Expence.

Eugenius is a man of an universal good-nature, and generous beyond the extent of his fortune; but withal so prudent in the œconomy of his affairs, that what goes out in charity is made up by good management. Eugenius has what the world calls

two hundred pounds a year, but never values himself above nine score, as not thinking he has a right to the tenth part, which he always appropriates to charitable uses. To this sum he frequently makes other voluntary additions, insomuch that in a good year, for such he accounts those in which he has been able to make greater bounties than ordinary, he has given above twice that sum to the sick and the indigent.

Eugenius prescribes to himself many particular days of fasting and abstinence, in order to increase his private bank of charity, and sets aside what would be the current expences of those times for the use of the poor. He often goes on foot where his business calls him, and at the end of his walk gives a shilling, which in his ordinary methods of expence, would have gone for coach-hire, to the first necessitous person that has fallen in his way. I have known him, when he has been going to a play, or an opera, divert the money which was designed for that purpose, to an object of charity whom he has met in the street; and afterwards pass his evening in a coffee-house, or at a friend's fire-side, with much greater satisfaction to himself than he could have received from the most exquisite entertainments of the theatre. By these means he is generous without impoverishing himself, and enjoys his estate by making it the property of others.



Tenderness of Mothers.

Mark that parent hen! said a father to his child.
With what anxious care does she call together

her offspring, and cover them with her wings ! The kite is hovering in the air, and, disappointed of his prey, may perhaps dart upon the hen herself, and bear her off in his talons !

Does not this sight suggest to you the tenderness and affection of your mother ? Her watchful care protected you in the helpless period of infancy, when she nourished you with her milk, taught your limbs to move, and your tongue to lisp its unformed accents. In childhood she has mourned over your little griefs ; has rejoiced in your innocent delights ; has administered to you the healing balm in sickness ; and has instilled into your mind the love of truth, of virtue, and of wisdom. Oh ! cherish every sentiment of respect for such a mother. She merits your warmest gratitude, esteem, and veneration.

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### *The Dervise.*

A dervise, travelling through Tartary, being arrived at the town of Balk, went into the king's palace by mistake, thinking it to be a public inn or caravansary. Having looked about him for some time, he entered a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it, after the manner of the eastern nations. He had not been long in this posture, before he was observed by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place ? The dervise told them he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravansary. The guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the house he was in was not a caravansary, but the king's palace. It happened



that the king himself passed through the gallery during this debate, and smiling at the mistake of the dervise, asked him, how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a caravansary? Sir, said the dervise, give me leave to ask your majesty a question or two. Who were the persons, that lodged in this house, when it was first built? The king replied, His ancestors. And who, said the dervise, was the last person that lodged here? The king replied, His father. And who is it, said the dervise, that lodges here at present? The king told him, That it was he himself. And who, said the dervise, will be here after you? The king answered, The young prince his son. Ah sir, said the dervise, a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a palace, but a caravansary.



### *Labour.*

Labour, the offspring of Want, and the mother of Health and Contentment, lived with her two daughters in a little cottage, by the side of a hill, at a great distance from town. They were totally unacquainted with the great, and had kept no better company than the neighbouring villagers; but having a desire to see the world, they forsook their companions and habitation, and determined to travel. Labour went soberly along the road with Health on her right-hand, who, by the sprightliness of her conversation, and songs of cheerfulness and joy, softened the toils of the way: while Contentment went smiling on the

left, supporting the steps of her mother, and by her perpetual good humour increasing the vivacity of her sister.

In this manner they travelled over forests, and through towns and villages, till at last they arrived at the capital of the kingdom. On their entrance into the great city, the mother conjured her daughters never to lose sight of her; for it was the will of Jupiter, she said, that their separation should be attended with the utter ruin of all three. But Health was of too gay a disposition to regard the counsels of Labour: she suffered herself to be debauched by Intemperance, and at last died in child-birth of disease. Contentment, in the absence of her sister, gave herself up to the inticements of Sloth, and was never heard of afterwards: while Labour, who could have no enjoyment without her daughters, went every where in search of them, till she was at last seized by Lassitude in her way, and died in misery.



### *Respect due to Old Age.*

It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him, that they would accommodate him, if he came where they sat: the good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was, to sit close and expose him, as he stood, out of countenance, to the whole audience.



The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were particular places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practise it.



### *Modesty rewarded.*

A certain cardinal, by the multitude of his generous actions, gave occasion for the world to call him, The Patron of the Poor. This ecclesiastical prince, had a constant custom, once a week, to give public audience to all indigent people, in the hall of his palace, and to relieve every one according to their various necessities, or the motions of his own goodness. One day a poor widow, encouraged by the fame of his bounty, came into the hall of this cardinal, with her only daughter, a beautiful maid, about fifteen years of age. When her turn came to be heard amongst a croud of petitioners, the cardinal observing the marks of an extraordinary modesty in her face and carriage, as well as in that of her daughter, encouraged her to tell her wants freely. She, blushing, and not without tears, thus addressed herself to him: My lord, I owe for the rent of my house five crowns, and such is my misfortune, that I have no

way left to pay it, except that which would break my heart, (and my landlord threatens to force me to it) which is, to prostitute this my only daughter, whom I have hitherto with great care educated in the principles of virtue. What I beg of your eminence is, that you would be pleased to interpose your authority, and protect us from the violence of this cruel man, till by honest industry we can procure the money for him. The cardinal, moved with admiration at the woman's virtue and modest request, bid her be of good courage: then he immediately wrote a billet, and giving it into the woman's hand, Go, said he, to my steward, and he will deliver thee five crowns to pay thy rent. The widow, overjoyed, returned the cardinal a thousand thanks, went directly to the steward, and gave him the note. When he had read it, he told out fifty crowns. She, astonished at the circumstance, and not knowing what the cardinal had written, refused to take above five crowns, saying, she mentioned no more to his eminence, and she was sure it was some mistake. On the other hand, the steward insisted on his master's order, not daring to call it in question. But all the arguments he could use were insufficient to prevail on her to take any more than five crowns. Wherefore, to end the controversy, he offered to go back with her to the cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before that munificent prince, and he was fully informed of the business; It is true, said he, I mistook in writing fifty crowns, give me the paper, and I will rectify it. Upon which he wrote again, saying to the woman, So much modesty and virtue deserve a recompence: here I have or-



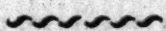
dered you five hundred crowns; what you can spare of it, lay up as a dowry to give with your daughter in marriage.



### *Example of Veracity.*

A Spanish cavalier, having assassinated a Moorish gentleman, instantly fled from justice. He was vigorously pursued; but availing himself of a sudden turn in the road, he leaped, unperceived, over a garden wall. The proprietor, who was also a Moor, happened to be at that time walking in the garden; the Spaniard fell upon his knees before him, acquainted him with his case, and in the most pathetic manner, implored concealment. The Moor listened to him with compassion, and generously promised his assistance. He then locked him in a summer-house, and left him, with an assurance that, when night approached, he would provide for his escape. A few hours afterwards, the dead body of his son was brought to him; and the description of the murderer exactly agreed with the appearance of the Spaniard, whom he had then in custody. He concealed the horror and suspicion which he felt; and retiring to his chamber, remained there till midnight. Then going privately into the garden, he opened the door of the summer-house, and thus accosted the cavalier. Christian, said he, the youth whom you have murdered was my only son. Your crime merits the severest punishment. But I have solemnly pledged my word for your security; and I disdain to violate even a rash engagement with a cruel enemy. He conducted the Spaniard to the stables, and furnishing

him with one of his swiftest mules, Fly, said he, whilst the darkness of the night conceals you. Your hands are polluted with blood; but God is just; and I humbly thank him that my faith is unspotted, and that I have resigned judgment unto him.



### *The Party-coloured Shield.*

In the days of knight-errantry and paganism, a British prince set up a statue to the goddess of victory, in a point where four roads met; in her right-hand she held a spear, and rested her left on a shield, the outside of which was of gold, and the inside of silver. On the former was inscribed, To the goddess ever favourable; and on the other, For four victories obtained over the Picts. It happened one day, that two knights, completely armed, the one in black and the other in white armour, arrived from opposite parts of the country at this statue, about the same time; and as neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to read the inscriptions, and to observe the excellence of its workmanship. After contemplating it for some time, This golden shield, says the black knight,—Golden shield, cried the white knight, (who was observing the other side) why, if I have any eyes, it is silver. I know nothing of your eyes, replied the black knight, but if ever I saw a golden shield in my life, this is one: Yes, replied the white knight, smiling, it is very probable, indeed, that they should expose a shield of gold in so public a place; I wonder that even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for the devotion of some people who pass this way; yet, by the date, this has been here above



three years. The black knight could not bear the smile, with which this was delivered, and grew so warm, that a challenge ensued ; they both therefore turned their horses, and rode back a sufficient space for their career ; then fixed their spears in their rests, and flew at each other with great fury. Their shock was so rude, and the blow so effectual, that they both fell to the ground, much wounded and bruised. A druid, who was travelling that way, found them in this condition. The druids were the physicians as well as priests of the times ; he staunched their blood, applied a balm to their wounds, and brought them as it were from death to life. He then enquired into the cause of their quarrel. Why this man, said the black knight, will have it that yonder shield is silver. And he will have it, replied the other, that it is gold. Ah ! said the druid, my brethren, you are both of you in the right, and both in the wrong ; had either of you given himself time to look upon the opposite side of the shield, as well as upon that which first presented itself to his view, all this passion and bloodshed might have been avoided ; however, there is a very good lesson to be learned on the occasion, Never to enter into any dispute for the future, till you have considered each side of the question.

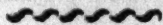


### *The Two Sisters.*

I know two sisters, who are good-humoured, good sort of persons, yet whose manners and dispositions are so extremely opposite, that the task of pleasing them is rendered very difficult and troublesome.

The eldest is a very jolly free-hearted girl, yet so great an enemy to all kinds of form, that you seldom see her with so much as a pin in her gown; while the youngest, who thinks in her heart that her sister is no better than a SLATTERN, runs into the contrary extreme, and is, in every thing which she does, an absolute FIDFAD. She takes up almost as much time to put on a gown, as her sister does to dirty one. The eldest is too thoughtless to remember what she has to do, and the youngest is so tedious in doing it, that the time is always elapsed, in which it was necessary for it to be done. If you lend any thing to the eldest, you are sure to have it lost; or if you would borrow any thing of the youngest, it is likely she will refuse it, from an opinion that you will be less careful of it than herself. Whatever work is done by one sister, is too slight to hang together for an hour's wear; and whatever is undertaken by the other, is generally too nice and curious to be finished.

As they are constantly bed-fellows, the first sleep of the eldest is sure to be broken by the youngest, whose usual time for undressing and folding up her clothes, is at least an hour and a half, allowing a third part of that time for hindrances, occasioned by her elder sister's things, which lie scattered every where in her way. If they had lovers, the eldest would lose her's by saying YES too soon, and the youngest by saying NO too often. If they were wives, the one would be too hasty to do any thing right, and the other too tedious to do any thing pleasing: or if they were mothers, the daughters of the eldest would be playing at taw with the boys, and the sons of the youngest dressing dolls with the misses.





*Damon and Pythias.*

When Damon was sentenced, by Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, to die on a certain day, he prayed permission to retire, in the mean time, to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended most peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition, of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the condition, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon. He immediately offered himself to confinement in the room of his friend; and Damon was, accordingly set at liberty.

The king, and all his courtiers, were astonished at this action, as they could not account for it, on any allowed principles. Self-interest, in their judgment, was the sole mover of human affairs: and they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of country, and the like, as terms, invented by the wise, to impose upon the weak. They, therefore, imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly; to a defect of understanding merely, and by no means to any virtue, or good quality of heart.

When the day destined for the execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his dungeon. Having reproached him for the extravagance of his conduct, and rallied him for some time on his madness, in presuming, that Damon, by his return, would prove as romantic as himself—"My lord," said Pythias, with a firm voice, and noble aspect, "I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend

should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord. I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods, to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours; and suffer him not to arrive, till, by my death, I have redeemed a life, a thousand times of more consequence, of more estimation, than my own; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. O! suffer me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon." Dionysius was awed and confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the still more affecting manner in which they were uttered. He felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth; but it served rather to perplex than to deceive him. He hesitated. He would have spoken. But he looked down: and retired in silence.

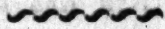
The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth; and walked, amidst the guard, with a serious, but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne, drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the demeanor of the prisoner. Pythias came. He vaulted lightly on the scaffold, and beholding for some time the apparatus of death, he turned, and with a placid countenance, thus addressed the assembly. "My prayers are heard. The gods are propitious. You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come: he could not conquer impossibilities. He will be here to-morrow: and the blood which is shed to-day, will have ransomed the life of



my friend. O! could I erase from your bosoms, every doubt, every mean suspicion, of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death, even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble—that his truth is unimpeachable—that he will speedily approve it—that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods. But I hasten to prevent his speed.—Executioner, do your office.” As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to arise among the remotest of the people. A distant voice was heard. The croud caught the words; and “stop, stop the executioner,” was repeated by the whole assembly. A man came at full speed. The throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a steed of foam. In an instant, he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias straitly embraced. “You are safe,” he cried; “you are safe, my friend, my beloved! the gods be praised, you are safe! I, now, have nothing but death to suffer: and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches, which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own.” Pale, and almost speechless, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents; “fatal haste!—cruel impatience!—what envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour?—But I will not be wholly disappointed.—Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you.”

Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered the whole scene with astonishment. His heart was touched; his eyes were opened: and he could no longer refuse his assent to truths, so incontestably proved by facts. He descended from his throne.

He ascended the scaffold. "Live; live; ye incomparable pair!" he exclaimed. "Ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue! —Live happy! live renowned! And, O! form me by your precepts, as you have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship."

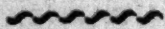


### *Lætitia and Daphne.*

A friend of mine has two daughters, whom I shall call Lætitia and Daphne; the former is one of the greatest beauties of the age in which she lives; the latter is in no way remarkable for any charms in her person. Upon this one circumstance of their outward form, the good and ill of their life seem to turn. Lætitia has not, from her very childhood, heard any thing else but commendations of her features and complexion: by which means she is no other than nature made her, a very beautiful outside. The consciousness of her charms has rendered her insupportably vain and insolent towards all who have to do with her. Daphne, who was almost twenty before one civil thing had ever been said to her, found herself obliged to acquire some accomplishments to make up for the want of those attractions which she saw in her sister. Poor Daphne was seldom submitted to in any debate wherein she was concerned; her discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good sense of it, and she was always under a necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while Lætitia was listened to with partiality; and appro-



bation sat on the countenances of those with whom she conversed, before she communicated what she had to say. These causes have produced suitable effects, and Lætitia is as insipid a companion as Daphne is an agreeable one. Lætitia, confident of favour, has studied no arts to please; Daphne, despairing of any inclination toward her person, has depended only on her merit. Lætitia has always something in her air which is sullen, grave, and disconsolate. Daphne has a countenance which appears cheerful, open, and unconcerned.



### *The Whistle.*

When I was a child, at seven years of age, my friends one holyday filled my pocket with halfpence. I ran directly towards a shop where they sold toys for children; but being charmed with the sound of a whistle, on which a boy, whom I met, was playing, I offered him all my money for it, and came home highly pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family with its noise. My brothers and sisters, on my telling them the bargain which I had made, told me, I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind how many good things I might have bought with the rest of the money, and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation, and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me; and the impression continued so much upon my mind, that when I have been tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I have said to myself, Do not give too much for the whistle, and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for their whistles.

When I saw any one too ambitious of court-favours, sacrificing his time, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and, perhaps, his friends, to attain them, I have said to myself, This man gives too much for his whistle.

When I saw another fond of popularity, employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, He pays indeed, says I, too much for his whistle.

When I met a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of mind and fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, Mistaken man, said I, you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure ; you give too much for your whistle.

If I saw one fond of expence and shew, of fine clothes, furniture, and equipage, all above his fortune, for which he contracted debts, and ended his life in prison. Alas, said I, he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.

When I saw a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl, married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, What a pity it is, said I, that she has paid so much for a whistle.

In short, I imagine, that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimate which they make of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.



*A Petition.*

I address myself to all the friends of youth, and conjure them to direct their compassionate regard to my unhappy fate, in order to remove the prejudices of which I am the victim. There are twin sisters of us, and the two eyes of man do not more resemble, nor are capable of being upon better terms with each other, than my sister and myself, were it not for the partiality of our parents, who make the most injurious distinctions between us. From my infancy I have been led to consider my sister as a being of a more elevated rank. I was suffered to grow up without the least instruction, while nothing was spared in her education. She had masters to teach her writing, drawing, music, and other accomplishments; but if by chance I touched a pencil, a pen, or a needle, I was bitterly rebuked, and more than once was I beaten for being awkward, and wanting a graceful manner. It is true, my sister associates me with her upon some occasions; but she always makes a point of taking the lead, calling upon me only from necessity, or to figure by her side.

But think not that my complaints are instigated merely by vanity. No, my uneasiness is occasioned by an object much more serious. It is the practice in our family, that the whole business of providing for its subsistence falls upon my sister and myself. If any indisposition should attack my sister, and I mention it in confidence that she is subject to the gout, the rheumatism, and cramp, without making mention of other accidents, what would be the fate of our poor family? Alas! we must perish from

distress, for it would not be in my power even to scrawl a suppliant petition for relief, having been obliged to employ the hand of another in transcribing the request which I have now the honour to prefer to you.

Condescend, therefore, to make my parents sensible of the injustice of an exclusive tenderness, and of the necessity of distributing their care and affection among all their children equally.

I am, with profound respect,

your obedient servant,

The Left Hand.



### *Economical Project.*

About the middle of March last, I was in a large company, where every one was complaining of the high price of candles; and an enquiry was made, whether it would not be more economical to adopt the use of oil, as a means of lessening one article of family expence.

I went home and to bed, with my head full of the subject, when an accidental noise awakening me about six in the morning, I was surprised to find my room filled with light. I imagined at first that a number of lamps had been brought into it; but rubbing my eyes, I perceived that the light came in at the window. I got up, and looked out to see what might be the occasion of it, when I saw the sun just rising above the horizon, and pointing his rays into my chamber, my servant having omitted the preceding evening to close the shutters.

I looked at my watch, which goes very well, and



found that it was but six o'clock, and still wondering that the sun should rise so early, I looked into the almanack, where I found it to be the hour given for his rising on that day, and that he was to rise earlier every day till towards the end of June; but that at no time of the year did he retard his rising longer than eight o'clock. Those who, like me, have been accustomed to lie long in bed, will perhaps be astonished, when they hear of the sun's rising so early, and especially when I assure them, that he gives light as soon as he rises. I am convinced of this, I am certain of the fact, for I saw it with my own eyes, and having repeated the observations the three following mornings, I found that it was always the same.

This event has given rise in my mind to several important reflections. I considered, that if I had not been awakened so early in the morning, I should have slept four hours longer by the light of the sun, and in exchange have lived four hours longer the following night by candle light, and the latter being a much more expensive light than the former, I made a calculation how much might be saved by every one's rising through the year with the sun, and I found the sum to be immense.

I believe, therefore, all who have common sense, as soon as they have learnt from this paper, that it is day-light when the sun rises, will contrive to rise with him; and to compel the rest, I would propose the following regulations. Let a tax be laid upon every lodging-room, which is provided with shutters to keep out the light of the sun. Let no one be out of their houses after sun-set, and no family be permitted to burn more than one pound of candles per

week. Every morning, as soon as the sun rises, let all the bells in every church be set a ringing ; if that is not sufficient, let cannon be fired in every street to wake the sluggards effectually, and make them open their eyes to their true interest ; for I consider it as next to impossible, that a sensible people should live by the smoaky, unwholesome, and expensive light of candles, if they really knew that they might have as much pure light of the sun for nothing.



### *Sloth contrasted with Industry.*

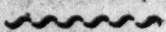
The Sloth is an animal of South America, so ill formed for motion, that a few paces are often the journey of a week ; and so indisposed to move, that he never changes his place, but when impelled by the severest stings of hunger. He lives on the leaves, fruit, and flowers of trees, and often on the bark itself, when nothing besides is left for his subsistence. As a large quantity of food is necessary for his support, he generally strips a tree of all its verdure in less than a fortnight. Being then destitute of food, he drops down, like a lifeless mass, from the branches to the ground. After remaining torpid some time, from the shock received by the fall, he prepares for a journey to some neighbouring tree, to which he crawls with a motion almost imperceptible. At length arrived, he ascends the trunk, and devours, with famished appetite, whatever the branches afford. By consuming the bark he soon destroys the life of the tree, and thus the source is lost, from which his subsistence is derived.

Such is the miserable state of this slothful animal.



How different are the comforts and enjoyments of the industrious Beaver? This creature is found in the northern parts of America, and is about two feet long and one foot high. The figure of it somewhat resembles that of a rat. In the months of June and July the beavers assemble, and form a society, which generally consists of more than two hundred. They always fix their abode by the side of a lake or river; in order to make a dead water in that part, which lies above and below, they erect with incredible labour, a dam or pier, perhaps fourscore or a hundred feet long, and ten or twelve feet thick at the base. When this dike is completed, they build their several apartments, which are divided into three stories. The first is below the level of the mole, and is, for the most part, full of water. The walls of their habitations are perpendicular, and about two feet thick: if any wood project from them, they cut it off with their teeth, which are more serviceable than saws. By the help of their tails, they plaister all their works with a kind of mortar, which they prepare of dry grass and clay mixed together. In August or September they begin to lay up their stores of food; which consist of the wood of the birch, the plane, and of some other trees. Thus they pass the gloomy winter in ease and plenty.

These two American animals, contrasted with each other, afford a most striking picture of the blessings of industry, and the penury and wretchedness of sloth.



*Masque of Nature.*

Who is this beautiful Virgin that approaches, clothed in a robe of light green? She has a garland of flowers on her head, and flowers spring up wherever she sets her foot. The snow which covered the fields, and the ice which was in the rivers, melt away when she breathes upon them. The young lambs frisk about her, and the birds warble in their little throats to welcome her coming; and when they see her, they begin to choose their mates, and to build their nests. Youths and maidens, have ye seen this beautiful Virgin? If ye have, tell me who is she, and what is her name.

Who is this that cometh from the south, thinly clad in a light transparent garment? Her breath is hot and sultry; she seeks the refreshment of the cool shade; she seeks the clear streams, and the crystal brooks, to bathe her languid limbs. The brooks and rivulets fly from her, and are dried up at her approach. She cools her parched lips with berries, and the grateful acid of all fruits; the seedy melon, the sharp apple, and the red pulp of the juicy cherry, which are poured out plentifully around her. The tanned hay-makers welcome her coming; and the sheep shearer, who clips the fleeces of his flock with his sounding shears. When she cometh, let me lie under the thick shade of a spreading beech tree,—let me walk with her in the early morning, when the dew is yet upon the grass,—let me wander with her in the soft twilight, when the shepherd shuts his fold, and the star of evening appears. Who is she that cometh from the south? Youths and



maidens, tell me, if you know, who is she, and what is her name?

Who is he that cometh with sober pace, stealing upon us unawares? His garments are red with the blood of the grape, and his temples are bound with a sheaf of ripe wheat. His hair is thin and begins to fall, and the auburn is mixed with mournful grey. He shakes the brown nuts from the tree. He winds the horn, and calls the hunters to their sport. The gun sounds. The trembling partridge and the beautiful pheasant flutter, bleeding in the air, and fall dead at the sportsman's feet. Who is he that is crowned with the wheatsheaf? Youths and maidens, tell me, if ye know, who is he, and what is his name?

Who is he that cometh from the north, clothed in furs and warm wool? He wraps his cloak close about him. His head is bald; his beard is made of sharp icicles. He loves the blazing fire high piled upon the hearth, and the wine sparkling in the glass. He binds skates to his feet, and skims over the frozen lakes. His breath is piercing and cold, and no little flower dares to peep above the surface of the ground, when he is by. Whatever he touches turns to ice. If he were to stroke you with his cold hand, you would be quite stiff and dead, like a piece of marble. Youths and maidens, do you see him? He is coming fast upon us, and soon he will be here. Tell me, if you know, who is he, and what is his name?



*The Bull Fight.*

It is a common employment amongst the Spaniards at Buenos Ayres, to hunt cattle down for their subsistence. The hunter mounts his fleetest horse, and takes with him a strong cord of a considerable length: when he sees one of the wild kine, which he destines for his prey, he pursues it at full speed, and never fails to overtake it by the superior swiftness of his horse. While he is thus employed, he holds the cord ready, at the end of which a sliding noose is formed; and when he is at a convenient distance, throws it from him with so certain a hand, that the beast is entangled by one of his legs, after which it is impossible for him to escape.

That you may form the clearer idea of what a man is capable of executing, with courage and address, I will relate a most extraordinary incident to which I was witness, during my residence in that part of the world. A certain man, a native of the country, had committed some offence, for which he was condemned to labour several years in the galleys. He found means to speak to the governor of the town, and besought him to change the nature of his punishment. I have been brought up, said he, a warrior, and fear dishonour, but not death. Instead of consuming my strength and spirits in such an ignominious employment, let me have an opportunity of atchieving something worthy to be beheld, or of perishing like a brave man in the attempt. In a few days a solemn feast is to be celebrated, at which you will not fail to be present, attended by all your people. I will there, in the presence of the whole city, encounter the fiercest bull you can procure. I desire no assist-

I



ance but my horse, no weapons but this cord; yet thus prepared I will meet his fury, and take him by the head, the horns, the feet, as you shall direct. I will then throw him down, bridle him, saddle him, and vault upon his back; in this situation, you shall turn out two more of the fiercest bulls you can find, and I will attack them both, and put them all to death with my dagger, the instant you shall command. The governor consented to this brave man's request, more from curiosity to see so extraordinary a spectacle, than from the opinion that it would be attended with success. When the appointed day arrived, the inhabitants of all the city assembled, and took their seats in a vast building which surrounded a considerable open space, destined for this amazing combat. The brave American then appeared, alone, on horseback, armed with nothing but his cord; and, after riding round the place, and saluting the company, he waited intrepidly for his enemy. Presently, an enormous bull was let loose, who, as soon as he beheld the man, attacked him with all his fury. The American avoided his shock with infinite dexterity, and galloped round the bull, who, in his turn, betook himself to flight. The valiant horseman pursued his flying enemy, and, while he was thus engaged, desired the governor to direct where he would have him seized. He replied, it was a matter of indifference to him; and the American instantly throwing his noose, which he held ready all the time, caught the bull in his flight by one of his hinder legs; then galloping two or three times round the animal, he so enveloped him in the snare, that, after a few violent efforts to disengage himself, he fell to the earth. He then leaped lightly from

his horse, and the animal, who had been perfectly trained up to this kind of combat, stood still and kept the cord extended ; while his master advanced to the bull, and put him to death in an instant, by stabbing him with his dagger behind the horns. All the assembly uttered a shout of admiration, but the conqueror, told them that what they had seen was nothing, and, disentangling his cord from the slaughtered beast, he composedly mounted his horse, and waited for a new and more formidable enemy. Presently the gate of the torillo was opened, and a bull, much more furious than the last, rushed out, whom he was ordered to bridle and saddle, according to his engagement.

When the champion perceived this second enemy approach, he waited for him with the same intrepidity he had discovered before, and avoided his formidable shock by making his horse wheel nimbly round the bull. When he had thus baffled his fury, and put his enemy to flight, he chased him some time as he had done the former, till he drove him near to the middle of the enclosed space, where a strong post had been firmly fixed into the ground. As soon as he approached this spot, he threw the unerring noose, and, catching the bull by the horns, entangled him as he had done before, and dragged him with some difficulty to the stake. To this he bound him down so closely that it became impossible for the creature either to resist or stir. Leaping then from his horse, who remained immoveable as before, he took a saddle, which had been left there on purpose, and girded it firmly upon the back of the bull ; through his nostrils he thrust an iron ring, to which was fixed a cord which he brought over his neck as a bridle ;



and then, arming his hand with a short pike, he nimbly vaulted upon the back of this new and terrible courser.

The creature all this time did not cease to bellow with every expression of rage, which had not the least effect upon the mind of this valiant man. On the contrary, coolly taking a knife, he cut the cord which bound him to the stake, and restored him to perfect liberty. The creature, thus disengaged, exerted every effort of strength and fury to throw his rider, who kept his seat undaunted in spite of all his violent agitations. The gates of the torillo were then thrown open, and two other furious bulls rushed out, and seemed ready to attack the man; but, the instant they perceived the manner in which he was mounted, their rage gave way to terror, and they fled precipitately away. The other bull followed his companions, and bore his rider several times round the amphitheatre in this extraordinary chace. This spectacle had already lasted some time, to the admiration of all present, when the governor ordered the man to complete the business by putting all the bulls to death. He, instantly, drawing his knife, plunged it behind the horns of the bull on which he rode, who immediately dropped down dead, while the conqueror, disengaging himself as he fell, stood upright by the slaughtered animal. He then mounted his horse again, who had been placed in safety at some little distance, and pursuing the chace as before, with his fatal noose, dispatched both the surviving animals without the least difficulty.



### *Gardening.*

A garden is a place where vegetables are cultivated for the use of man. It is enclosed by walls, pales, or hedges, generally cut straight and close, and which often serve to dry clothes upon. A garden is divided by grass or gravel walks, into beds and borders. The gardener wears a blue apron, has a spade and trowel to dig with, a fork with which he takes up manure, a hoe to cut down the weeds, a rake and riddle to strew the soil over the seeds, a pruning-knife, a watering-can to sprinkle the ground with, a roller to smooth the walks, and a wheel-barrow to convey the soil and manure from place to place. There are three sorts of gardens; the kitchen, the flower, and the fruit-garden, or orchard. Beauty, being the principal design of the flower-garden, it should be in full view of the house; but plenty and convenience being the objects of a kitchen garden, it should be placed behind. The kitchen-garden yields roots, as potatoes, carrots, turnips, parsnips, and onions; pulse, as peas, beans, and french, or kidney-beans; large and small herbs, as cabbages, brocoli, cauliflower, artichokes, asparagus, spinach, beets, celery, endive, balm, sage, mint, marjoram, winter savory, penny-royal, thyme, and parsley; sallads, as lettuces, mustard, cresses, and radishes. All these are raised from seeds, roots, or slips, taken from the parent plant. The flower-garden is successively adorned by the snowdrop, crocus, tulip, auricula, polyanthus, violet, lilac, laburnum, daisy, narcissus, lupine, carnation, rose, balsam, ranunculus, wall and stock gillyflower, sunflower, holyoak, lily, mignonette, tuberose, jessamine, golden rod, and Michaelmas daisy,



and the sweet-scented heart's-ease, southern-wood, lavender and myrtle. These are raised from seeds, roots, slips, suckers, and layers, and are called annual, or perennial, according to the length of their lives. Fruit is procured from small plants, as strawberries; from shrubs, as currants, gooseberries, raspberries; from trees, as cherries, plumbs, apricots, nectarines, peaches, apples, and pears. Some of these are raised from cuttings, planted in moist earth; apples and pears are grafted, a branch of the kind intended to be produced, being put into the cleft stock of a growing crab-tree; plumbs, peaches, nectarines, and apricots, are inoculated, which consists in putting the bud of one tree within the bark of another. A garden should be open to the south, and well sheltered on the north and east. Plants from warmer climates are raised by artificial heat, as cucumbers and melons, on hot-beds, which are formed by large heaps of manure, covered with glasses. The finer species of fruit are fastened to walls, which are heated by stoves. If it be wished to raise tropical plants, such as pine-apples, and grapes, or other fruit, at an early season, buildings are erected, roofed with glass, which are called hot-houses. Those who deal in fruit, are called fruiterers. The art of gardening is termed horticulture, and the study of plants, botany.

### *Buildings.*

Buildings are constructed of stone, brick, mortar, wood, and slate. Stone is gotten out of the earth; the place is called a quarry. It is at no great depth from the surface, so that when the turf is removed,

it can easily be split by means of gunpowder, or iron wedges. Blocks of stone may be sawn, if kept continually wet. They are wrought with a mallet and chissel, polished by being rubbed upon one another, kept to the square with a rule and plummet, or to any degree of the circle, by a pair of compasses. Workers in stone are called masons, and generally wear a leathern apron. Stone is valued for its durability, whiteness, splitting easily in any direction, and standing the water. The best stone in England comes from Portland, on the coast of Dorsetshire. Bridges, churches, large houses, pillars, doors and window cases, are usually made of stone. A bridge is built to support a road over a river, and consists of piers and arches. A pier is an upright pillar, on each side of an arch. If the water be deep, a great number of wooden piles are first driven to the bottom of the river, in order to support the pier. Sometimes a caisson, or wooden frame, is let down to the bottom, in which, when the water is pumped out, the builders work as upon dry ground. The arch, which is of a semi-circular form, is supported by a frame carried from pier to pier, till it is finished. The centre stone is called the key stone, on which its security depends. A fine bridge is one of the greatest efforts of human art. The most remarkable are the Rialto at Venice, Pontypridd in Glamorganshire, and Westminster bridge across the Thames. Churches, mosques, and synagogues, are places of worship amongst Christians, Mahometans, and Jews. The roofs of mosques are formed into domes, and ornamented with minarets or small steeples, at the top of which is placed a crescent, or half-moon. Churches are usually built in an oblong form, with



a chancel, or choir, at the east, and a steeple at the western end. If the steeple be of an uniform thickness, it is called a tower; if it terminate in a point, it is a spire, and is usually crowned with a vane, or weather-cock. The roofs of churches are frequently flat, covered with sheets of lead, and supported by pillars. The principal church in a diocese is called a cathedral. The most celebrated structures of this kind are St. Peter's, in Rome, built by Michael Angelo; and St. Paul's, in London, by Sir Christopher Wren, on the scite of the old edifice, which was burnt down in the great fire of 1666, in the reign of Charles the Second.

Bricks are made of clay, hardened by fire. The clay is first tempered, or softened, by being frequently turned over with a wooden spade. It is then conveyed upon a barrow, previously sprinkled with sand, to a table, where it is made into a proper shape in a mould; dried upon the ground, on a place where the turf has been taken off by a push-plow, made up into a kind of wall, and when sufficiently dried by the wind and sun, the bricks are burnt in a kiln or oven. A brick-kiln is formed by alternate layers of brick and small-coal. Bricks are sold by the thousand, are liable to a duty, and are conveyed in carts to the place where they are wanted. They are cemented together with mortar, which is a composition of lime, sand, and water, well mixed together, by being trampled upon with the feet.

*The Christmas Gift.*

HARRIET AND MARY ANN.

H. Oh, Mary Ann, I wish it was Christmas! I can hardly sleep for thinking of the nice presents we shall then have given to us.

M. Have but a little patience, a month will soon be over.

H. Yes; but do not you remember, when my mamma called us last Christmas-day, to receive our presents, how delighted she was, She seemed as much pleased with giving, as we were with receiving them.

M. I fancy that there must be some secret pleasure in giving, with which we are unacquainted; so I have been thinking, Harriet, that it would be worth while for us to procure this pleasure.

H. Yes, but how?

M. You know to-morrow is the fair. We have nothing to do but to rise early, finish our tasks, and be very good, and I dare say my mamma will let us go in the afternoon.

H. Well, and what then?

M. Each of us have money, you know, which we call our own.

H. Yes. I have a crown, and you have nine shillings.

M. We will take half of this money to buy some things to give to the gardener's children, at Christmas.

H. Yes, but the "poor woman's children who come hither to weed, must not be forgotten. Oh! how delighted they will be. I dare say, that they have never had a Christmas-box.



M. But I have been thinking, Harriet, that if we give them this money, it would be, properly speaking, my mamma who gave and not we, as it was from her that we received it.

H. That is true; but what then can we give which is really our own.

M. Perhaps we can manage to get something. I have been for some time working a pair of ruffles for my papa; and you may easily knit a pair of garters in a fortnight. Now, my papa always pays us for our work, and twice as much as it is worth.

H. Yes, that he always does; but then the fair is to-morrow.

M. Well, we can borrow the money of ourselves, you know, and pay it back before we make the presents; so that it will indeed be we ourselves who give them.

H. Oh how I wish that Christmas was but here, that we might compare the pleasure of giving and receiving!

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Mutual Dependence.

MARIA, HARRIET, AND JANE.

H. I lately heard a remark, which greatly surprised me, that persons of rank and fortune should be called dependants, rather than those of the labouring classes.

M. It was a very just remark, however. The farmer, the gardener, and the artisan, are dependant on their labour alone; they, therefore, who purchase this labour with money, are dependant upon them.

H. But persons of fortune are certainly superior to those who are obliged to work for their living.

M. In some respects, and these too very important ones, the labourer is much superior to persons of rank. He is healthy, robust, and strong; can endure the heat of summer, the rigour of winter, and the fatigue of labour, whilst the affluent often faint beneath the summer's heat, shiver with the wintry blast, and are unable to endure toil and hardship.

H. But you cannot call me a dependant on others. If I want bread, I have money to purchase it. I pay for it, and then it is my own.

M. But if every one thought himself rich enough to live without labour, bread itself would be wanting. Let us try to recollect what a variety of art and labour is necessary to furnish us with this plain and common article of diet. Perhaps Jane can tell us what the farmer and his assistants do in order to raise corn.

J. They plough the ground, sow the grain, reap the corn when ripe, thresh it, and separate the chaff from the wheat.

M. What instruments are used for these various operations?

J. The plough, and the harrow, the sickle, the cart, the flail, and the winnower.

M. True; but that we may form some estimate of the number of persons to whom we are indebted even for our bread, let us try to recollect how many are requisite for the formation of the plough alone.

H. The plough, I think, is made of iron and wood.

M. It is. Iron is got out of the earth, and, perhaps, brought from Sweden, or America. The ore

must be calcined, fused, cast, and wrought into bars, in order to prepare the metal for the smith, who is to fashion it. These processes cannot be carried on without furnaces, bellows, charcoal, and a variety of tools and conveniences, which again require numerous workmen, and you see miners, shipwrights, sailors, smelters, coakers, and blacksmiths, unite their labours to complete the iron-work of the plough.

H. I really never thought that such a number of persons were necessary for its formation.

M. Yet we have considered only one of the materials. The other part of the plough is generally made of the wood of the ash, and the oak, and employs the planter, feller, sawyer, and carpenter, besides all the artificers, who furnish them with their several implements. But let us suppose the wheat ripe, and separated from the chaff, it is then put into sacks, and sent to the mill. These sacks are made of hemp, which passes through a number of hands, before it reaches the weaver, whose loom, shuttle, and reed, are again the production of a variety of artists. The same observations might be made of a mill, the machinery of which consists of so many parts, that I should tire you, were I to enumerate them.

J. We have now gotten flour, but we shall find many other things necessary in order to make it into bread.

H. Why, what must be done at it for that purpose?

J. It must be mixed with water, yeast, and salt, and then baked in an oven.

M. Yes; and in order to procure yeast, the whole

process of brewing is necessary, as it is generally obtained from the fermentation of beer. Salt is either dug from the earth, in a chrystalline form, as at Northwich, or is obtained from springs of brine, or from sea-water, and you may imagine what a number of persons are necessary for its preparation. When the bread is mixed, the baker must be provided with a shovel, with faggots, and an oven, and every one of these furnish employment for different species of art and industry.

J. The remarks which you have been making, do not apply to bread alone, but to every other article of food, the conveniences of dwelling, and the varieties of dress. I have heard that, in the making of a pin, trifling as is its value, no less than eighteen different persons are employed.

H. Why, really, I shall imagine myself of very great consequence, now I find what a number of persons work for me.

M. You should rather ask yourself, what do I in return for the benefits which I receive from others? Surely we ought to treat those who labour for us with kindness, and never with supercilious contempt, consider ourselves as their superiors, because our parents can support us in a more affluent manner. It is only by our superior knowledge, and by the proper application of that knowledge, that we can render ourselves worthy of our situation and advantages.



The Silent Companions.

MARY AND ELIZA.

M. I am glad I have found you at last, Eliza. I have been looking for you all morning; have you been in this room long?

E. Yes, I have been here ever since breakfast.

M. What, by yourself? I am very sorry I did not come sooner. I have gotten a new doll, which I have been trying to dress; come, let us play with it, for I am sure you must be very dull from having been so long alone.

E. Hold, little chatter-basket, not so fast. I have had company with me; and if you like it, I will give you an account of the habitation, dress, and manners of my companions, in which there is something very peculiar; and if you should get acquainted with a good selection of them, they would render you highly valued and esteemed.

M. You are surely jesting with me. Companions, did you say? Why, nobody has been here this morning.

E. The companions I allude to are of a very peculiar sort. They live in houses which seldom reach the ground, though they are often raised seven or eight stories high, and are very pleasant habitations, with glass doors to the front. The inhabitants are seldom more than eighteen inches tall, or less than three, but they consist of all sizes between these two; and what is very remarkable, after they come into the world, they do not grow in size, and seldom change their clothing.

M. You have certainly been playing with dolls; for what, besides, can answer this description?

E. You are mistaken, Mary, and have not yet found out my companions. I will give you a description of their dress, and then you shall guess again.

M. Pray do, I shall like to know more about them.

E. Their clothes are not changed every day, as with us; but when they come into the world, a suit is made for them to last the whole of their lives, and they are cut and squeezed, till it fits them quite tight and close. Like the ancient Britons, their clothes are commonly made of the skin of some animal; of calf-skin, if it is intended to be rough and strong; or, if for finery, of some thinner kind: these are made smooth, nicely coloured and ornamented, frequently with gold. They very seldom use silver, unless it be for buckles to fasten their garments before.

M. I am quite puzzled now; I think I never saw such creatures as you have been describing.

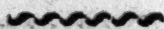
E. Yes, you have frequently seen them, and as you grow older, I hope you will like them, and be well acquainted with their use. In this, they differ greatly from one another, and it is always considered as a proof of a good understanding to make a proper selection of them. Some will perhaps say a great deal, and yet, when they have done, you may be never the wiser; while others will convey much instruction in a few words. The length of their lives is very different. Some scarcely see the light, others exist a day, a month, or a year; but if they are so fortunate as to live an hundred years, their chance for life encreases in proportion, and it is possible they may never die.

M. This is very strange !

E. From some or other of them may be learned all sciences, arts, and languages, for they are very communicative, and to their acquaintance, tell all they know : but for this purpose, the perfect knowledge of twenty-six little characters is necessary, with which, in some order or other, they are entirely filled.

M. I am sure now I have found out what you mean. These twenty-six characters are the letters of the alphabet, and they are books which you have been describing. I will try to remember what you have said of them : it has been a riddle to me long, but is now quite plain.

E. Yes. You are right, and now I will go with you to look at your doll.



The Lame Girl.

ANN AND MARY.

A. Oh Cousin, I wish I could run as fast as you can.

M. I wish so too indeed, Cousin, but since you cannot, let us try to find some advantages in your inability to do so.

A. I shall be very 'glad of that, for I am sometimes apt to repine at it, I confess.

M. In the first place, then, literally speaking, you cannot so often run into scrapes as we do.

A. But I cannot so easily get out of them, if they happen to occur.

M. Then, whenever your mamma makes a party for us into the country, you are sure of a snug seat

in the chaise, while we must either stay at home, or walk, whatever be the weather.

A. True, but then parties into the country do not happen every day.

M. Again, when any amusements are contrived, you are sure to be remembered, and very properly, while we are left to provide them for ourselves.

A. I am sometimes afraid lest this partiality should make me fretful, and not able to bear little disappointments.

M. It hardly can, while you are aware of this consequence. Besides, you know, your absence from church and school is excused, while we are made to do double work for ours.

A. But perhaps this may tend to make me idle.

M. There is no great danger of that, since, as you cannot make use of your legs as freely as we do, you make it abundantly up in the use of your hands.

A. I hope I do what I can, and now, indeed, I begin to perceive that our deficiencies, in one respect, are made up by advantages in another, instances of which might be very easily enumerated.

M. I fancy the benefits and inconveniences of life are much more equally balanced than we are apt to suppose. It is at least our wisdom always to look on the bright side of objects. I have heard that the celebrated Mr. Wedgewood, who had the loss of his real leg supplied by one of cork, used to make very merry with his wooden limb. Whenever, said he, I come to a wet place, too wide for me to step over, I put my insensible leg into the middle of it, and am not then afraid of being wet-shod; or if I sit next to the fire at tea, I place the same leg opposite the kettle, and am in no danger of being scalded.

A. There is a story told of Foot, the comedian, who had a leg similar to that of Mr. Wedgewood; and in order to reprove a person, who was boasting of what he could do, offered to lay him a wager, that he could hold his leg in a tub of hot water longer than the gentleman could, a superiority which he found no difficulty in acquiring.

M. You remind me of a captain of a man of war, who, having lost his wooden leg in an engagement, and consequently falling down, one of the sailors asked him, if he should call for the surgeon: No, no, said the honest tar, a carpenter will serve my turn.



Modes of Travelling.

SARAH, MARIA, AND ELIZA.

E. I wish that we had some pleasanter method of going to school, than this dull and tiresome one of walking.

S. What mode would you prefer, Eliza?

E. I do not know. Maria would like to ride upon a horse the best, I dare say.

M. No, I should not, unless we could avoid going through the town, for the street is not the proper place to gallop in, you know.

S. Well, what would you think of a carriage, then?

E. Oh, my mamma will never go to the expence of keeping the horses and servants necessary for a coach.

M. Besides, there will be the duty, you know.

E. What duty?

M. Why, a tax paid to government for every wheel.

E. Then we must never hope for any thing more than a gig, which would be but half a security against bad weather.

M. Well, for my part, I should like a boat above all things, if there was but a canal all the way.

S. That would do very well, if we lived in Venice.

E. Why so, Sarah?

S. You must know, Eliza, Venice is a city in Italy, built upon seventy-two islands, where every family which can afford keeps a gondola.

E. What is that?

S. It is a kind of boat, with a room in front, large enough to hold four persons; the boatmen are called gondeliers; they do not sit, and pull the oar to them, as our boatmen do when they row, but they stand, and push it from them, so that, consequently, they see the way which they are to go.

M. Is not Venice the place where they have annually the custom of marrying the sea?

S. It is.

E. That must be an odd kind of ceremony. How is it performed?

S. The Doge, or principal magistrate, goes out into the Adriatic sea, to a considerable distance, attended by a great number of gondolas, and drops a ring into the water.

M. It must be a pleasant sight enough.

S. It is, as well as the view of a large city, apparently rising out of the water (for the continent is four or five miles off); so that if you wish to go in-

to the country, you must take a gondola for the purpose.

M. Are the islands far from one another?

S. No; most of them are joined by bridges. There is a famous one, called the Rialto, of one arch, all of marble, having shops on each side.

M. Holland and China are famous places for travelling by water, are they not?

S. Yes; I believe there are almost as many canals as roads. Indeed, in China, the country is so populous, that they cannot spare land for both, if a story which I lately read, be true.

E. Do tell it us, Sarah.

S. A traveller through China thus expresses himself. "Every spot capable of cultivation, was covered with corn; and in one place, we saw several patches of tillage, where the declivity seemed to be wholly inaccessible; but judge our surprise, when we saw a peasant labouring on one so steep, that we could not conceive how he was capable of standing. Upon examining farther, we found that he had a rope fastened round his middle, which was secured at the top of the mountain, by which this hardy cultivator let himself down to any part of the precipice, where a few yards of ground gave him encouragement to plant his vegetables, or sow his corn. In this manner he had decorated the mountain with little cultivated spots all around. Near the bottom, on a hillock, he had erected a wooden hut, surrounded with a small piece of ground, planted with a few necessary vegetables, where he supported, by his hazardous industry, a wife and family."

M. They have a similar method of catching birds in Norway, and at St. Kilda, where there is a rock

nearly three quarters of a mile high, on the sides of which multitudes of birds build their nests. The bird-catcher is let down amongst them from the top, seated upon a stick, to which a rope is fastened, and takes as many of the young and eggs as he can get.

E. What a dangerous employment! I should think that the rope would sometimes loosen the stones above, and bring them upon his head.

E. This is sometimes the case; so that if the excellence of food depend upon the danger and difficulty with which it is procured, no people dine more luxuriously than the poor islanders of St. Kilda.

S. Your account reminds me of the description of a precipice by Shakespeare.

Stand still, How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast ones eyes so low.

The crows and choughs which wing the midway air,

Shew not so gross as beetles. Half-way down

Hangs one who gathers samphire. Dreadful trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.

The fishermen who walk upon the beech,

Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,

Diminish'd to her cock, her cock, a buoy,

Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge

Which on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,

Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,

Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight,

Topple down headlong.

M. Well, but Eliza, the easiest method of going to school, would be in a balloon, if we could get one.

E. I have frequently heard of balloons, but I never saw one, nor do I know what they are.

M. A balloon is a large silk ball, filled with in-

flammable air, to the bottom of which is fastened a kind of car, or boat, large enough for a man to sit in; now this air is so much lighter than common air, as to rise to a great height, just as a cork rises in water.

E. But I think we could not depend upon this vehicle bringing us safely to school, unless the wind was in a particular quarter, and even then, perhaps, it might not stop just when we wanted it.

S. Well objected, Eliza; so many accidents have occurred from machines of this kind, that they seem but little likely ever to come into use. The French, it is said, have by this means sometimes got information of the state of the armies of their enemies.

E. We are now at school, and I should not object to walking, if we could always find such pleasant conversation.

Trial of Skill.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

B. I hope you had an agreeable jaunt, Charlotte. Pray would not an account of your journey furnish some entertainment to me, who was not of the party?

S. I will give you an opportunity of judging for yourself, George; if you will afterwards favour me with an account of your adventurous expedition.

B. With all my heart; and whoever makes the best story shall have this orange, which my mamma has just given me, as a reward. As you are a lady, you must take the lead.

S. I am glad you know your proper place some-

times. We had scarcely gone a mile, before we met a drover who was bringing up a hundred sheep to town. As our coachman thought his honour concerned not to permit such a scrubby drove of cattle to usurp the road, he drove the carriage through them. The poor sheep, who are said to have honest hearts but weak heads, not knowing where to run, in their confusion got between the horses' legs, and some were even entangled in the spokes. The drover bawled to the coachman to stop; but he, deaf to all entreaties, still continued on the trot. The wind blew so fresh, that we had the glasses up. Little Robert, who, as well as my mamma and Louisa, was with us in the coach, wished to see by what means the poor sheep would free themselves. Unfortunately he forgot that it was first necessary to let down the glass, so that of course he thrust his head through the brittle crystal, which instantly broke into a thousand pieces. You may judge how quickly he drew it back again, but in so doing, he was slightly wounded in his forehead by a shiver of the glass. He put his hand to the place, and with the little blood proceeding from the wound besmeared his face all over so completely, that he looked exactly like the jolly Bacchus, at the alehouse opposite our door. Louisa, at this sight, was sure her brother must have had his nose cut off, and that it had dropped among the sheep; on which the tender-hearted little thing began to cry, Ah, my poor dear brother Robert! till mamma had, with a little scented water, wiped his face clean, and given it once more that sly look, of which you know it is possessed. Was not our setting out rather singular, do you think?

B. Not half so much so as ours, as you shall hear.

We rolled along in our carriage, with no less velocity, as I took notice, than the clouds above our heads. I blessed the memory of him who first invented this delightful way of travelling without pain or trouble; and wished that some other person might manage to complete that still more agreeable vehicle a balloon drawn by eagles. I was thinking on this subject, when suddenly I perceived the coachman in violent exercise. His great coat had slipped from off his seat on one of the front wheels, which was carrying it about its centre. After some time, he laid hold of one of the sleeves, which he pulled to him, and bawled out, My coat! my coat! I thrust my head out to see what was the matter, when my hat blew off. Richard, observing my loss from his station behind, leaned over to recover my hat, when behold his own fur cap fell off; and trying to catch it, he came down the nearest way. Happily for him, we were travelling through a dirty quagmire, otherwise I do not know what might have been the consequence; I am sure his nose and chin would have been demolished, as he fell in head first. My papa, in this confusion, was the only person who retained his senses. For letting down the fore-glass, he seized the reins, stopped the horses, and gave the coachman an opportunity of regaining his coat. But what a face did he pull, when he saw such a rent in the back, as a judge might have thrust his head through without disordering his huge wig. Richard, on the other hand, had got his mouth so filled with mud, that he could not utter a single syllable. O sister! had you seen him thus beplastered, affecting to grin, that he might convince his master he had not broken any bones, it would have made you laugh for a month to

come. He did nothing in the world but sneeze, and sputter, shake himself, and rub with his hands his coat, which had been green, but which no longer preserved that colour any where, except behind. By great good luck the maker had left the tail on his fox-skin cap, and by that it was discovered, and fished up.

S. Your hat was, in the mean time, making a thousand capers through the air, I suppose?

B. It made so many somersets, I assure you, that all the brushes in the house have not been able to free it from the comfortable coat of dirt, which it then gathered.

S. How were all these disasters set to rights?

B. My papa drew consolation from his purse for the coachman, and as I observed that Richard's principal concern was about his fur-cap only, since the livery was his master's property, I tipped him such a wink, as I suppose he understood, and which restored him to good temper. But it is now your turn to proceed in your story.

S. We were to dine at the house of our nurse, you know. On our arrival we went through the house into the fields, where we proposed to take a walk. I was at a little distance from the rest, and chanced to observe three little birds, which were caught by the legs in a perfidious springe. The pretty creatures flapped their wings, imploring me, as I thought at least, to set them free, which I instantly did, to the no small regret of a little country boy, who expected to reap some advantage from the sale of these three prisoners.

B. I do not wonder. He would consider them

as his property, and you should have imitated the conduct of the Turks, by paying their ransom.

S. We had liked to have suffered for my not doing so, as you will find. The day was so delightful, that my mamma desired we might enjoy the pleasure of a rural meal, in the garden. After dinner, we had some strawberries and cream, and as Robert was lifting up his plate to his mouth, that he might save himself the trouble of dispatching matters with a spoon, a stone from an invisible hand, broke the plate, and scattered the contents on every side. Our nurse's husband, who is not a man to swoon away at every trifle, posted to the garden gate, to punish the author of this misfortune, who was no other than the little peasant who had set the springes. And now, sir, what wonderful adventures did the rest of your journey produce?

B. Strange, passing strange, I assure you. As we travelled along, we discerned a soldier by the side of the road, with one wooden leg, and the other bent under him. A crutch lay quietly at his left, and on his right hand sat a great black dog. Papa, who loves a soldier, especially if he be a cripple, gave me a shilling, which I threw very dexterously into his hat. The soldier was so loud in his thanks, that he wakened a sorry beggar woman, who lay upon a little straw not far off. She trotted after the carriage, and reached us, just as we were alighting at a neighbouring inn. Ah sir! said she to my papa, How you bestow your charity! if you give so much to a drunken fellow, what will you not afford to a poor woman, who has not for these ten years tasted any thing stronger than small beer. I'll lay a wager, before night he will have spent it all in gin. And

then, sir, did you not remark his great black dog? A beggar keep a dog! What's that but robbing other people, who deserve assistance?

S. Infamous wretch! no wonder if a soldier, exposed to all kinds of weather, should now and then drink a little gin, which he knows will warm him; and perhaps his dog was his last friend, and the steady companion of all his bad days. I hope my papa gave her nothing.

E. Only a half-penny, and you shall hear how little she deserved even that. We were shewn up stairs into a room with one window towards the road, and another towards the yard. I soon observed the beggar woman, who was seated on a block by the door, take a flask of brandy out of her pocket, and drink very heartily; she put it, however, hastily into her pocket again, upon the approach of the old soldier, who came, followed by his faithful dog, and seated himself beside her. Good woman, said he, do you intend to dine here, are you not hungry? Yes, said the hypocrite, pretending to cry, I am hungry enough, if I knew how to come at any meat. Well, replied the soldier, if that be all, I have as much as will supply us both. Upon which he pulled out some bread and cheese, and desired her to help herself, which she did pretty plentifully; he seemed, however, well satisfied with the remainder, sharing even that with his black associate. During their repast, the hypocritical old woman railed at the gentleman, who had come to the inn just before them, for giving her only a poor half-penny. That can't be true, or else he had only gold; for see, said he, shewing her the shilling, what his son threw me, I do not often get coin of this colour, for my purse

has had such a consumption lately, that I could have thrust it through a needle's eye this morning ; however, I cannot enjoy my good fortune alone, so if you will help me to my crutch, we will have a friendly glass together. This the old woman very officiously performed, patting every now and then the dog, and they went into the yard together.

S. I wonder you could so long refrain from exposing her.

B. It was with difficulty, I assure you. From the other window, however, we soon heard him order a gill of brandy in a couple of glasses, one of which he gave to the woman, who immediately drank it off. My papa could contain no longer, but cried out, Are you not ashamed, you hateful creature, first to abuse a poor fellow, and then drink his liquor. She did not wait to hear any more, but sneaked off, hanging down her head. The soldier, on the other hand, pulled off his hat, and said, I think, sir, you will not be angry that I am making merry by means of your bounty, give me leave to drink your health, sir, with that of the young gentleman your son. I am far from being angry with you; my honest fellow, replied my papa, on the contrary, here is half-a-crown more to make you remember us the longer. On enquiring into the character of this brave veteran, we found that, notwithstanding his seeming inability, he was the general errand-goer for the whole village; and that in winter he employed himself in making clogs for children, many of which he gave to the poorer sort, on the merry condition of their dancing for them.

S. Well, brother, I acknowledge you have earned the orange ; your last tale excels mine very much.

B. Lend me your knife, if you please, we will divide it, and then I shall eat my own half with the greater pleasure.



The Number Twelve.

PHEBE, HARRIET, MARTHA, AND LYDIA.

H. Can you tell, Lydia, how many make a dozen?

L. Twelve.

H. Can you count twelve?

L. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve.

P. Can you count twelve in letters, Martha?

M. I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII.

L. Such letters are put upon mile stones, and the beginning of chapters in the Bible, but I never knew what they meant before.

M. I have often wondered what is meant by ranging so many things under different numbers at the end of the Exercise Book.

H. Suppose Phebe and I endeavour to explain to you what are meant by those connected with the number Twelve.

M. The first are the twelve signs of the Zodiac, which are Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, Pisces.

P. From the poem of the Girdle, one would think that these signs refer to the various circumstances which happen at different times of the year. The three first marking the time when lambs, calves, and kids are born; Cancer, the backward motion of the

sun ; Leo, the great heat of July ; Virgo, harvest time ; Libra, equal days and nights ; Scorpio, pestilential diseases ; Sagittarius, the hunting season ; Capricornus, the ascent of the sun, from a goat's browsing up hill ; Aquarius, the rainy season ; and Pisces, the plenty of fish in the spring.

H. These are properly called Zodiac, or the circle of Animals.

M. I can mention the next specimen, the counties in Wales. They are Flint, Pembroke, Montgomery, Merioneth, Carnarvon, Anglesey, Radnor, Brecknock, Glamorgan, Carmarthen, Cardigan, Pembroke.

H. Three of them are inland, Montgomery, Radnor, and Brecknock.

P. Three besides these touch England ; Flint, Denbigh, and Glamorgan.

H. Wales is a very mountainous country. The chief mountains are Snowden, Plinlimmon, and Cader Idris.

P. No wonder then that the Dee, the Severn, the Wye, and the Uske rise there and run off into England. Lydia, you can tell the twelve months of the year ?

L. January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December.

P. January is so called from an old story of Janus, who is said to have had two faces, looking towards both years. February from games celebrated at Rome, called Febrialis. March either from its being a boisterous month, or from the armies going out to war, of which Mars was the god.

H. April is the blooming month. May takes its name from Maia, the mother of Mercury, who is said to

have been fond of flowers. June, July, and August from Junius Brutus, Julius and Augustus Cæsar, the two first of whom reformed the Roman Calendar.

P. The four last months mean the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth, the year originally beginning in March.

M. Any one knows that twelve are marked on the face of a clock.

H. Yes, but if you lived at Venice you would find twenty-four marked; and it is a question in some books of arithmetic, how many times the hammer strikes in a day.

P. It strikes three hundred, which is known by multiplying the sum of the extremes by the middle term.

M. It is said that there are twelve ounces in a pound Troy.

P. I used to think the famous Troy taken by the Grecians was meant, but I have been lately told that it was the city of Troyes in Champagne.

H. Inches, I think, were derived from the breadth of the thumb.

M. Then I suppose the foot is twelve times that length.

L. I know that there are twelve pence in a shilling, but do not know what are meant by the twelve Cæsars.

P. They were the first twelve emperors of Rome, Julius, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero, Galba, Otho, Vitellius, Vespasian, Titus and Domitian, all these died violent deaths except Augustus, Vespasian, and Titus.

H. It was Titus who complained that he had lost

a day, because he could not remember to have done any good in it.

P. Yes; and Caligula, who came for cockle-shells to the coast of Britain, wished that the Roman people had but one neck, that he might strike it off at a blow.

M. The twelve sons of Jacob from whom the tribes of Israel were named were Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar, Zebulun, Dan, Napthali, Gad, Asher, Joseph, and Benjamin.

H. The tribe of Joseph was divided into Ephraimites and Manassites, so called from his two sons.

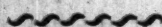
M. I think I never hear of Israelites now.

P. No. They are called Jews, many of them being of the tribe of Judah.

M. We have mentioned all now but the twelve apostles.

H. Those are easily remembered. There were two pair of brothers, Simon Peter and Andrew, James and John, another Simon and James, two Judases, Matthew the publican, Thomas who did not believe that Christ was raised from the dead, Philip, and Bartholomew.

P. Now I believe that we have gone through the whole.



Spring.

MAMMA AND LUCY.

M. What do you mean by a year?

L. You have often told me, it is the time which the earth takes in moving round the sun.

M. I am glad to hear you remember it. Do you know what are the effects of this motion ?

L. My geography book says, the change of seasons, and the lengthening and shortening of the days.

M. How many seasons are there ?

L. Four : Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. Why is the first season called Spring, mamma ?

M. Because new plants are every day springing up or growing taller, the buds burst through the tender bark of the trees, which are soon covered with fresh leaves, and adorned with blossoms ; and, as the warmth of the weather encreases, the fields and gardens are filled with flowers of every kind.

L. The first is the snow-drop, prettily described in those lines which I learned yesterday.

Already does the snow-drop dare appear,
The first pale blossom of th' unripen'd year.
As Flora's breath, by some transforming pow'r,
Had chang'd an icicle into a flow'r.
Its name and hue the scentless plant retains,
And winter lingers in its icy veins.

M. After the snow-drop comes the crocus, just peeping out of the earth, as if afraid to enter into the cold air ; and then the modest violet, concealed in the hedges, and more easily found by the scent than the sight.

L. See, see, mamma, a butterfly, now resting on the flowers, and now spreading its glittering wings to the warm sun. Butterfly, pretty butterfly, come and rest on the flower which I hold in my hand.

Whither goest thou, little simpleton ? Seest thou not that hungry bird, which watches thee ? His beak is sharpened and ready open to devour thee.

Come, come then hither, he will be afraid of me, and he will not then dare to approach thee.

I will not pull off thy wings, nor torment thee; no; thou art little and helpless, like myself; I only wish to look at thee more nearly, I want to see thy little head, and to examine thy long body, and thy spread wings, mottled and speckled with a thousand different colours: I will not keep thee long; I know thou hast not long to live; when the summer is over thou wilt be no more, and I shall then be only six years old. Thou hast not a moment to lose from enjoying this short life; but thou mayest feed and regale thyself while I look at thee.

Butterfly, pretty butterfly, come and rest on this flower which I hold in my hand.

M. It pays but little regard to your invitation, and indeed its singular method of flying keeps it pretty safe from the birds; they move in a straight line, you see, whilst the butterfly flies up and down, in a waving kind of motion, and by that means frequently escapes from them. Was this creature always a butterfly?

L. O! no, a while ago it was a caterpillar, crawling on the trees, and eating the cabbages.

M. Pray are there any other new-born creatures at this time of the year?

L. Yes, young birds in plenty; there are some linnets in the hedge at the end of the garden, ready to fly. I found the nest, when the old ones were building it, and used to lay wool and feathers near to assist them to make it, and since the young ones have been hatched, I have taken them crumbs of bread every day. The old ones are now so used to me, that they do not fly away when I come to the place.

I beat the cat to-day for going into that walk, lest it should find and eat them; and I never shewed my little brother the nest, lest he should take it.

M. I am glad to see you have been so careful of them, and that you do not deserve the character of a monster without feathers, as it is expressed by Mrs. Barbauld, in an epitaph upon a bird.

L. I like any thing which she has written; do, mamma, tell me the whole epitaph.

EPITAPH ON A GREEN-FINCH.

Here lieth,
 The body of Richard Acanthis,
 A young person of unblemished life and manners.
 He was taken in his callow infancy
 From under the wings of a tender parent,
 By the rough and merciless hands
 Of a two-legged monster without feathers.
 Though born with the most aspiring hopes,
 And unbounded love of freedom,
 He was closely confined in a grated prison,
 And scarcely ever permitted to view those fields,
 To the possession of which
 He had an ancient and undoubted charter.
 Deeply sensible of the infringement
 Of his natural and unalienable rights,
 He was often heard to complain,
 Not in rude and violent clamours;
 But in the most plaintive notes and melodious
 murmurs.
 At length, tired with repeated efforts to regain
 His liberty,
 His indignant spirit broke the prison

His body could not,
But left a lifeless heap of beauteous feathers.

Reader,

If suffering innocence can hope for retribution,
Deny not to the gentle shade of this unfortunate
captive,

The humble, though uncertain, hope
Of animating some happier form,
In some humble Elysium,
Beyond the reach of man,
The tyrant of this
lower world.

L. What does Acanthis mean?

M. I believe it is the Latin for a green-finch.

L. And what Elysium?

M. Heaven, a future state of happiness. I am glad to see you take so much notice: but we must go now, as it seems likely to rain.

L. Oh see, mamma, what a bright rainbow there is.

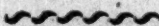
M. Yes. How many colours are there in it?

L. I do not know.

M. There are seven: violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. You may remember them by the word vibgyor, which is made from the first letter of every colour.

L. What causes a rainbow?

M. It is owing to the rays of the sun being reflected by falling rain. But let us make haste, or we shall be wet.



Summer.

SALLY AND LUCY.

- S. Gay and pleasant is the morning,
 Rich the prospect which it yields;
 Summer with her smiles adorning
 Hills and vallies, groves and fields.
 Greet the ever grateful season,
 While its pleasures you employ;
 Bounteous nature gives, and reason
 Still permits you to enjoy.

Good morning to you, Lucy, I am glad to see you prepared for a walk so early.

L. Yes, I could not resist so tempting an invitation.

S. Whither shall we go?

L. To the cold bath: to be sure, it will be the best preparation for the heat of the day. O, Sally, of what use is this intolerable heat?

S. We shall perhaps see some of its advantages, as we go along; the nearest way is through the garden. Pray have you these beautiful carnations and ranunculusses all the year?

L. No, indeed, their beauty is very short lived: they only adorn the summer months.

S. Or the tulips and auriculas which used to grow on that border? their fine glowing colours would form a nice contrast to the snow of winter.

L. Would they indeed! a very little untimely cold must make them hang their heads and droop.

S. But these roses perhaps may stand the cold of winter; their fragrance must be very pleasing, when the rest of the flowers are dead.

L. Indeed can they not; for the gardener found it difficult to rear them in the hot-house, and their smell was quite faint to what it is now.

S. Have you in winter those ripe cherries, or such fine plumbs, apricots, and nectarines, which promise so soon to become ripe?

L. No, and unless the heat shall continue, they will not come to perfection even in summer.

S. But the stout branches of the pear and apple then will surely resist the cold of winter, and present you with a succession of their well-tasted fruits?

L. So far from it, that the very leaves fall off, the trees are stripped naked and bare, and the branches are like dry bones.

S. Of what use is the heat then, Lucy?

L. O, I understand you. I will never murmur against heat any more!

S. We shall perhaps see more of its advantages presently. Behold, how busily the mowers are employed in cutting down the grass in that meadow, and the hay-makers in spreading it abroad to dry, they would find this no easy matter without the assistance of the sun; and how would the poor sheep, horses, and cows, live without hay in the winter?

L. They would fare but indifferently, I doubt. But there are certainly some disadvantages in heat. Thunder and lightening, which do so much mischief in summer, seldom happen in winter.

S. True, but then a thunder-storm makes the air much fresher and cooler.

'Tis heat which gives the rose its hue,
Which paints the glossy violet blue,
Which makes the fig and cherry shine,
And hangs ripe clusters on the vine,

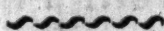
'Tis heat, assisted by the rain,
Which clothes with grass the verdant plain,
Prepares it for the mower's hand,
While smiling plenty crowns the land.

What, though the livid light'nings fly,
And thunders roll along the sky,
Rais'd by thy strong resistless power,
And sometimes damp the social hour :

Yet, 'tis thy sun's reviving ray,
Which makes the landscape green and gay ;
Which calls the powers of nature forth,
And gives to thousand creatures birth.

What though the fever raging high,
Declare thy potent energy ;
Thy milder influence imparts
Health, strength, and vigour to our hearts.

Hail ! active principle of good,
Rich source of pleasure, source of food ;
The Being who ordain'd thy power,
We love, we honour, and adore.



Address to Autumn.

Hail Autumn ! time of fruitfulness and plenty, of
in-gathering and security ! how shall we celebrate
thy bounties as we ought, or sufficiently admire that
benevolent hand, which profusely scattereth its in-
numerable blessings on the lap of earth, and feedeth
and clotheth, and cherisheth man and beast.

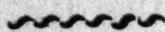
To thee we owe the vines loaded with ripe 'clusters, whose juice, though too often, alas! perverted to the purposes of folly and intemperance, serves, however, to raise the dejected head of sickness, and to cheer the drooping heart of age.

To thee we owe the orchard glowing with ruddy fruit, and contributing to banish scarcity from the winter, and heat from the summer months.

Thou crowdest the hills with flocks, thou coverest the vallies with corn, and presentest on every hand sights more grateful, prospects more truly wealthy to the eye of reason, than the rich mines of Chili teeming with gold.

At the time when the bright radiance of thy harvest moon lengthens out the day, when the barns are filled with sheaves, and the presses burst with new wine, would we sing the song of praise and thanksgiving; while our hearts, like the mild serenity of thy evenings, are calm, contented, and satisfied.

Now when our cup runneth over with blessings, would we freely share it with such as are in need, that, as thy season is ever a season of benefits, so with us it may be a season for the feelings of gratitude, and the acts of humanity.



Winter.

MAMMA AND LUCY.

L. Pray, mamma, let me stir the fire, I am so very cold.

M. This surely is not the little girl, who was complaining of heat some months ago?

L. I can scarcely believe that it ever was warm, it is so piercing cold now.

M. Ever dissatisfied! you are like the discontented ass in the fable.

L. How is that, mamma?

M. In the depth of winter, a poor ass prayed heartily for the spring, that he might exchange a cold lodging, and a heartless truss of hay, for a little warm weather, and a mouthful of fresh grass. In a short time, according to his wish, the warm weather and the fresh grass came on, but brought with them so much toil and business, that he was soon as weary of the spring as before of the winter; and he now became impatient for the approach of summer. Summer arrived; but the heat, the harvest work, and other drudgeries and inconveniences of the season, set him as far from happiness as before; which he now flattered himself would be found in the plenty of autumn. But here too he was disappointed; for what with the carrying of apples, roots, fuel for the winter, and other provisions, he was in autumn more fatigued than ever. Having thus trodden round the circle of the year, in a course of restless labour, uneasiness, and disappointment, and found no season, or station of life, without its business and its trouble, he was forced at last to acquiesce in the comfortless season of winter, where his complaint began: convinced that in this world every situation has its inconveniences.

L. Nay, but I think I should be satisfied, if I could but be warm.

M. You may soon have that wish gratified; go and run in the garden for half an hour, and you will be warm enough, I will answer for it.

L. I do not think I shall, but I will try, however.
(Lucy returns.)

M. Well, Lucy, has the experiment succeeded?

L. Yes, Ma'am, I do not want to come near the fire now.

M. Pray do not you find yourself more active and brisk, this frosty weather, than you used to be?

L. Why, really; Ma'am, I have been thinking so, and I will never again complain of cold, if I can help it.

M. I would not only have you leave off complaining, but be pleased with every season; since you may be certain every change is productive of some benefit. I have been looking out a story, in order to convince you, that every season is pleasant as well as useful. You may read it if you please.

THE SEASONS.

O that winter would last all the year, cried Frank Dawson, one day as he was returning from sliding on the ice, and throwing snow-balls. Will you write that wish upon my tablets, said Mr. Dawson, who happened to overhear him. Frank instantly complied, though his fingers were so benumbed with cold, that he could scarcely hold the pencil. Some months afterwards, as he was walking in the garden, the verdure of the meadows, the beauty and fragrance of the flowers, and the music from a neighbouring wood, induced Frank to wish as ardently for the continuance of spring, as he had before done for that of winter; and this too, at the request of his father, he inserted on another leaf of the tablets. Summer, however, advanced, and Frank, delighted with the cheerful labour of the hay-makers, with

the shearing of the sheep, and the general gaiety of the season, made the same request in favour of summer, which he had before made with respect to winter and spring. Mr. Dawson produced his tablets, and Frank, forgetting his two former requests, immediately wrote down this third petition. But autumn furnished so many new pleasures, he was allowed to gather so much ripe fruit, and was so amused with the harvest work, and with the making of cyder, perry, and mead, that his wish for the stay of autumn was uttered with more heartfelt satisfaction, than for the preceding ones. Mr. Dawson then shewed him his contradictory requests, and asked, how they could possibly be granted. Frank directly saw the absurdity, but was well enough pleased to have found, from his own experience, that every season has its pleasures and advantages.

M. Well, what do you think of this story, Lucy?

L. It is much prettier than the fable which you told me just now. But you were saying, a change of seasons was a constant benefit: of what use is the dreary winter, when the trees are all naked and bare? the ground is covered with snow, instead of grass and flowers, the water is a solid cake of ice, so strong, that people may walk upon it; and when there is not a bird to be seen, except the little red-breast, which comes to share my breakfast with me every morning.

M. True, but then the frosts of winter kill the insects, which would otherwise prey upon the trees; they also break the earth into a fine mould, through which the plants, which have, as it were, hidden themselves from the fury of the storms, are easily

able to penetrate in the spring; and the snow, like a warm woollen clothing, effectually defends the wheat from the inclemency of the weather.

L. I begin to see, that what I took for inconveniences, were but so many blessings in disguise.

M. They certainly are, if we will be so kind to ourselves as to make them so. We were designed to be happy, and it is our own fault if we be not so. Now the way to be happy, is to endeavour to improve every portion of time, which is allowed us. Remember, Lucy, that the four stages of life, are like the four seasons of the year: in childhood, as in the spring, the seeds of knowledge and virtue must be sown; in the summer of youth they must be diligently cultivated, and the weeds of folly and vice must be carefully pulled up; that in the autumn of advanced life, the good fruit may come to perfection, and render the winter of old age comfortable and pleasant.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

Mark, how the wintry clouds hang o'er
Yon frowning mountain's brow!

Mark, how the rude winds warp the stream,
And rock the leafless bough!

The painted meads, and flow'ry lawns,

Their wonted pride give o'er;

The feather'd flocks in silence mourn,

Their notes are heard no more.

Save where beneath the lonely shed,

Or desolated thorn,

The red-breast heaves his ruffled plumes,

And tunes his pipe forlorn.

Yet shall the sun's reviving ray
 Recall the genial spring ;
 The painted meads resume their pride,
 The feather'd flocks shall sing.

But not to you shall e'er return
 The pride of gaudy years ;
 When pining age, with icy hand,
 His hoary mantle rears :

When once, alas ! his churlish blast
 Shall your bright spring subdue ;
 I know not what reviving sun
 Can e'er that spring renew.

Then seize the glorious golden days,
 Which fill your cups with joy ;
 Bid every gay and social scene
 Your blissful hours employ.

Yet, ah ! where'er you bend your way,
 Let fair discretion steer,
 From folly's vain delusive charms,
 And passion's wild career.

So, when your wintry hours shall come,
 When youth and pleasure fly,
 Safe shall you ward the impending storm,
 And time's rude blasts defy :

Perpetual charms, unfading spring,
 In sweet reflection find :
 While innocence and virtue bring
 A sunshine o'er the mind.



HISTORICAL PIECES.

The History of Joseph.

Israel loved Joseph more than any other of his children, because he was the son of his old age ; and he gave him a coat of many colours. But, when his brethren saw their father's partiality to him, they hated him, and would not speak peaceably unto him. And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren. Behold, he said, we were binding sheaves in the field ; and lo ! my sheaf arose and stood upright ; and your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf. And his brethren said unto him, Shalt thou indeed have dominion over us ? And they hated him the more for his dreams, and for his words.

It happened that his brethren went to feed their father's flock in Dothan. And Joseph went after his brethren ; but when they saw him afar off, they conspired against him to slay him ; and they said one to another, We will tell our father that some evil beast hath devoured him. But Reuben wished to deliver him out of their hands ; and he said, Let us not kill him, but cast him into this pit, which is in the wilderness : and they followed his counsel, and cast him into the pit, which then contained no water. A company of Ishmaelites from Gilead pass-

ed by, at this time, with their camels, bearing spicery, balm, and myrrh, which they were carrying into Egypt. And Judah said unto his brethren, Let us sell Joseph unto the Ishmaelites, and let not our hands be upon him, for he is our brother and our flesh: and Joseph was sold for twenty pieces of silver. And his brethren killed a kid, and dipt his coat in the blood thereof: and they brought it unto their father, and said, This have we found. And Jacob knew it; and believing that Joseph was devoured by an evil beast, he rent his clothes, and put sackcloth on his loins, and refused all comfort, saying, I will go down into the grave to my son, mourning. Thus wept his father for him. But Joseph was carried into Egypt, and sold to Potiphar, the captain of Pharaoh's guard. And the Lord was with him, and prospered him; and he found favour in the sight of his master. But by the wickedness of Potiphar's wife, he was cast into the prison, where the king's prisoners were bound. Here also the Lord continued to shew him mercy, and gave him favour in the sight of the keeper of the prison. And all the prisoners were committed to his care; amongst whom were two of Pharaoh's officers, the chief of the butlers, and the chief of the bakers. And Joseph interpreted the dreams of the king's servants; and the interpretation being true, the chief butler recommended him to Pharaoh, who had dreamed a dream, which Joseph thus shewed unto him. Behold there shall come seven years of great plenty, throughout all the land of Egypt: and there shall arise after them seven years of famine; and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt, and the famine shall consume the land.

And the king said unto Joseph, Forasmuch as God hath shewn thee all this, thou shalt be over mine house ; and according to thy word shall all my people be ruled. And Joseph gathered up all the food of the seven years, and laid up the food in storehouses. Then the seven years of dearth began to come, as Joseph had foretold. But in all the land of Egypt there was bread ; and people from all countries came unto Joseph to buy corn, because the famine was sore in all the lands. Now, amongst those that came, were the ten sons of Jacob, from the land of Canaan. And Joseph saw his brethren, and he knew them, but made himself strange unto them, and spoke roughly to them, saying, Ye are spies. And they said, Thy servants are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan ; and behold the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not.

But Joseph said unto them, Ye shall not go forth hence, unless your youngest brother come hither. Let one of your brethren be bound in prison, and go ye to carry corn for the famine of your houses, and bring your youngest brother unto me. And their consciences reproached them ; and they said one to another, We are verily guilty concerning our brother, because we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear ; therefore is this distress come upon us. And they knew not that Joseph understood them, for he spake unto them by an interpreter : and he turned himself about from them, and wept ; and returned to them again, and communed with them ; and took from them Simeon, and bound him before their eyes. And they returned unto Jacob their father, in the land of Canaan, and told him what had befallen them. And

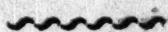
Jacob, their father, said unto them, Me have ye bereaved of my children : Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away also. But my son shall not go down with you ; for his brother is dead, and he is left alone : if mischief befall him in the way in which ye go, then shall you bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

But the famine continued sore in the land ; and when they had eaten up the corn which they had brought out of Egypt, Jacob said unto them, Go again and buy us food : and if it must be so, now take also your brother Benjamin, and arise and go unto the man. And they brought presents unto Joseph, and bowed themselves to him to the earth. And he asked them of their welfare ; and said, Is your father well ? Is he alive ? And he lifted up his eyes, and saw Benjamin his brother ; and his bowels did yearn towards his brother ; and he sought where to weep, and he entered his chamber and wept there : and he washed his face, and went out and refrained himself. Then he commanded the steward of his house, saying, Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry ; and put my cup, the silver cup, into the sack of Benjamin, the youngest. And the steward did according to the word which Joseph had spoken. As soon as the morning was light, the men were sent away, they and their asses. But Joseph commanded his steward to follow them, and to search their sacks, and to bring them back. And when Judah and his brethren were returned into the city, Joseph said unto them, What deed is this, which ye have done ? The man, in whose hands the cup is found shall be my servant ; and, as for you, get you in peace unto your father. But they said, Our father

will surely die, if he seeth that the lad is not with us; and we shall bring down the grey hairs of thy servant, our father, with sorrow to the grave. Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all those who stood by him; and he cried, Cause every man to go out from me; and there stood no man with him, whilst Joseph made himself known to his brethren. And he wept aloud, and said unto his brethren, I am Joseph, doth my father yet live? And his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence. And Joseph said unto his brethren, Come near to me, I pray you; and they came near: and he said, I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither; for God did send me before you, to save your lives by a great deliverance. Haste you, and go up to my father, and say unto him, Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord over all Egypt; come down unto me, tarry not. And thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen; and thou shalt be near unto me, thou and all thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all which thou hast: and there will I nourish thee; for yet there are five years of famine; lest thou, and thy household, and all which thou hast, come to poverty. And behold your eyes see, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that it is my mouth which speaketh unto you. And you shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and all which you have seen; and ye shall haste and bring down my father hither.

And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. Moreover, he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them;

and after that, his brethren talked with him. And the fame thereof was heard in Pharaoh's house; and it pleased Pharaoh well, and his servants. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, Invite hither thy father, and his household; and I will give them the good of the land of Egypt; and they shall eat of the fat of the land. And the spirit of Jacob was revived, when he heard these tidings; and he said, My son is yet alive; I will go and see him before I die. And he took his journey with all which he had. And Joseph made ready his chariot, and went up to Goshen, to meet Israel his father; and presenting himself unto him, he fell on his neck, and wept on his neck for some time. And Joseph placed his father and his brethren; and gave them a possession in the land of Egypt, in the best of the land, as Pharaoh had commanded.



History of Catharine.

Catharine Alexowna, born near Derpat, a little city in Livonia, was heiress to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she lived with her aged mother, in their cottage covered with straw; and both, though very poor, were very contented. Here, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labour of her hands, she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself. While Catharine spun, the old woman would sit by, and read some book of devotion; thus, when the fatigues of the day were over, both would sit down contentedly by their fireside, and enjoy the frugal meal with cheerfulness.

Though her face and person were models of perfection, yet her whole attention seemed bestowed upon her mind; her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion. Nature had furnished her not only with a ready but a solid turn of thought; not only with a strong but a right understanding. Such accomplishments procured her several solicitations of marriage from the peasants of the country; but their offers were refused; for she loved her mother too tenderly to think of a separation.

Catharine was fifteen when her mother died; she now therefore left her cottage, and went to live with the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In his house she resided, in quality of governess to his children; at once reconciling in her character unerring prudence with surprising vivacity.

The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed in dancing and music, by the masters who attended the rest of his family: thus she continued to improve till he died; by which accident she was once more reduced to pristine poverty. The country of Livonia was at this time wasted by war, and lay in a most miserable state of desolation. These calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor; wherefore Catharine, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence. Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock being entirely exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to Marienburgh, a city of greater plenty.

With her scanty wardrobe, packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey on foot: she was to walk

through a region miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the Swedes and Russians, who, as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion : but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way.

One evening, upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage by the way side, to take up her lodging for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers, who might probably have carried their insults into violence, if a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, had not come to her assistance. Upon his appearing, the soldiers immediately desisted ; but her thankfulness was scarcely greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected in her deliverer the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor, benefactor, and friend.

This was a happy interview for Catharine : the little stock of money which she had brought from home was by this time quite exhausted ; her clothes were gone, piece by piece, in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their houses ; her generous countryman, therefore, parted with what he could spare to buy her clothes, furnished her with a horse, and gave her letters of recommendation to Mr. Gluck, a faithful friend of his father, and the superintendent of Marienburgh.

Our beautiful stranger had only to appear, to be well received ; she was immediately admitted into the superintendant's family, as governess to his two daughters ; and though she was yet but seventeen, she shewed herself capable of instructing her sex, not only in virtue, but in politeness. Such was her good sense and beauty, that her master himself, in a short time, offered her his hand ; which, to his great

surprise, she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by a principle of gratitude, she was resolved to marry her deliverer only, even though he had lost an arm, and was otherwise disfigured by wounds in the service.

In order, therefore, to prevent farther solicitations from others, as soon as the officer came to town upon duty, she offered him her person, which he accepted with transport, and their nuptials were solemnized as usual. But all the lines of her fortune were to be striking: the very day on which they were married, the Russians laid siege to Marienburgh; the unhappy soldier was called to an attack, from which he was never after seen to return.

In the mean time the siege went on with fury, aggravated on one side by obstinacy, on the other by revenge. This war between the two northern powers at that time was truly barbarous: the innocent peasant, and the harmless virgin, often shared the fate of the soldier in arms. Marienburgh was taken by assault; and such was the fury of the assailants, that not only the garrison, but almost all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, were put to the sword; at length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catharine was found hidden in an oven.

She had been hitherto poor, but still she had been free; she was now to conform to her hard fate, and to learn what it was to be a slave: in this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility; and though misfortunes had abated her vivacity, she was yet cheerful. The fame of her merit and resignation reached even Prince Menzikoff, the Russian general; he desired to see her; was struck with her beauty; bought her from the soldier, her master, and placed

her under the direction of his own sister. Here she was treated with all the respect which her merit deserved, while her beauty every day improved with her good fortune.

She had not been long in this situation, when Peter the Great, paying the prince a visit, Catharine happened to come in with some dry fruits, which she served round with peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch saw, and was struck with her beauty. He returned the next day, called for the beautiful slave, asked her several questions, and found her understanding even more excellent than her person.

He had been forced, when young, to marry from motives of interest; he was now resolved to marry pursuant to his own inclinations. He immediately enquired the history of the fair Livonian, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her through the vale of obscurity, through all the vicissitudes of her fortune, and found her truly great in them all. The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his design; their nuptials were solemnized in private; the prince assuring his courtiers, that virtue alone was the properest ladder to a throne.

Thus Catharine, from the low mud-walled cottage, became empress of the largest kingdom upon earth. She, who formerly wanted a meal, was made capable of diffusing plenty through whole nations. To her fortune she owed a part of this pre-eminence, to her virtues more.

She ever after retained those great qualities which first placed her on a throne; and while the extraordinary prince, her husband, laboured for the reformation of his male subjects, she studied, in her turn,

the improvement of her own sex. She altered their dresses, introduced mixed assemblies, instituted an order of female knighthood, and, at length, when she had greatly filled all the stations of empress, friend, wife, and mother, she died regretted by all.

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### *The Defence of Socrates.*

I am accused, Athenians, of corrupting your youth, by teaching them dangerous maxims, with regard to the worship of God, and the rules of government. You know that I never made it my profession to teach, or sold my instructions. I was equally ready to communicate my thoughts to the rich or to the poor, and my aim has been to persuade young and old, that virtue constitutes true riches, and is the only pure source of enjoyment.

If to speak in this manner, be to corrupt youth, I confess, Athenians, that I am guilty. Here are present great numbers of my scholars, they would detect me, were I to declare a falsehood; or should a regard for their master keep them silent, their fathers, brothers and uncles, as good relations and citizens, would call for vengeance upon me, had I been the corrupter of their sons, their brothers, and nephews; but these are the very persons who interest themselves in my cause, and stand forth in my defence. Pass upon me what sentence you please, I can neither repent of nor change my conduct. I must obey God rather than man, and to my latest breath will never cease to exhort and reprove you, according to my custom, and tell each of you, as you come in my way, that it is a shame to have no

thought but how to amass wealth, and acquire honours and dignities, whilst you neglect the treasures of prudence, truth, and wisdom, and take no pains to render your minds as good and perfect as they are capable of being.

I am reproached with abject fear and meanness of spirit, in giving advice in private, and declining to counsel my country in your assemblies. I think I have sufficiently proved my courage, both in the field, where I have borne arms with you, and in the senate, where I opposed the violence and cruelty of the Thirty Tyrants.

And now, Athenians, I do not regard death as an evil. I consider crimes and injustice alone as evils. I will not, therefore, by mean submissions, try to lengthen out my life. I ask from the judge no favour. He sits there to do justice, by acquitting me, if innocent, or condemning me, if guilty. I will not induce him, by my supplications, to violate his oath. I am too well convinced of the being of a God; so convinced, that with cheerfulness I commit myself to him, and leave you to judge of me as ye yourselves think best.



### *Speech of Sopkonisba to Massinissa.*

The will of the gods, your valour, and good fortune, have this day put us entirely into your power. But if it be permitted a captive to lift up a supplicating voice to the lord of her life, to embrace his knees, and touch his conquering hand, I beg and entreat, by the regal dignity which we too, lately pos-



sessed; by the Numidian name, which Syphax shared with you; by the deities of this royal mansion, (may they prove more propitious to you than they have been to him!) that you would grant this one favour to a wretched suppliant:—not to subject me to the cruel and imperious dominion of a Roman; but to determine the fate of your prisoner according to your own pleasure. Had I been no other than the wife of Syphax, I would rather commit myself to the faith of a Numidian, and, like myself, a native of Africa, than to that of a stranger and a foreigner. What a Carthaginian, what the daughter of Asdrubal has to apprehend from a Roman, yourself may judge. Oh! if it be no otherwise possible, deliver me, I beseech and implore you, from the Roman power, by death.

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Queen Elizabeth to her Army.

Never were men, I think, surrounded with greater difficulties, or required to make more vigorous exertions than you are, my brave soldiers. Enemies from without, and traitors from within, have conspired to deprive you of every thing truly valuable, your liberty, your property, your religion. A powerful and ambitious prince has fitted out a vast fleet, which he has proudly called the INVINCIBLE ARMADA, to transport hither a brave and veteran army, commanded by the prince of Parma, a general of approved courage and skill: not an ally abroad, the friendship of the Scots at best precarious, and a numerous body of Papists at home, ready to join the Spanish standard on the first favourable opportunity.

But what, I pray, is the object of these mighty preparations? is it not to deprive us of that happy constitution, the price of so much blood and treasure, the glory of our isle; and to introduce that blind and cruel superstition, from which we are so lately and so happily set free? Are not these advantages worth contending for? or will you be discouraged with these apparent difficulties? or think that, because your situation is critical, it is therefore desperate? Be assured every possible measure has been adopted to oppose the enemy with spirit and success. A strong fleet, commanded by Lord Howard and Sir Francis Drake, and manned by sailors eager to sacrifice their lives in the defence of their country, is now lying in the narrow seas, where the superiority of numbers will be of least advantage; and for the rest, depend upon the affections of the people, the ability of your general, your own undaunted valour, and the protection of God. Remember that your all is at stake: you fight not, like the mercenary troops of Spain, for the glory of an ambitious monarch, but for yourselves, your wives, and your children. If, then, you have any regard for our excellent constitution, any loyalty to your sovereign, any love for liberty, any value for property, any zeal for religion, acquit yourselves like men, and meet the enemy with a determination to accept of no alternative but death or victory. Your queen will lead you to the combat, with a firm resolution not to survive the rights of her country.



General Wolfe to his Army.

I congratulate you, my brave countrymen, and fellow-soldiers! on the spirit and success with which you have executed this important part of our enterprise. The formidable Heights of Abraham are now surmounted; and the city of Quebec, the object of all our toils, now stands in view before us. A perfidious enemy, who have dared to exasperate you by their cruelties, but not to oppose you on equal ground, are now constrained to face you on the open plain, without ramparts or intrenchments to shelter them.

You know too well the forces which compose their army to dread their superior numbers. A few regular troops from Old France, weakened by hunger and sickness, who when fresh were unable to withstand British soldiers, are their general's chief dependence. Those numerous companies of Canadians, insolent, mutinous, unsteady, and ill-disciplined, have exercised his utmost skill to keep them together to this time; and as soon as their irregular ardour is damped by one firm fire, they will instantly turn their backs, and give you no farther trouble but in the pursuit. As for those savage tribes of Indians, whose horrid yells in the forest have struck many a bold heart with affright, terrible as they are with the tomahawk and scalping knife to a flying and prostrate foe, you have experienced how little their ferocity is to be dreaded by resolute men upon fair and open ground: you will now only consider them as the just objects of a severe revenge for the unhappy fate of many slaughtered countrymen.

This day puts it into your power to terminate the

fatigues of a siege, which has so long employed your courage and patience. Possessed with a full confidence of the certain success which British valour must gain over such enemies, I have led you up these steep and dangerous rocks; only solicitous to shew you the foe within your reach. The impossibility of a retreat makes no difference in the situation of men resolved to conquer or die: and, believe me, my friends, if your conquest could be bought with the blood of your general, he would most cheerfully resign a life which he has long devoted to his country.



Octavia, Portia, and Arria.

P. How has it happened, Octavia, that Arria and I, who have higher places than you in the temple of Fame, should have a lower here in Elysium? We are told that the virtues you shewed as a wife, were greater than ours. Be so good as to explain to us what were those virtues. It is the privilege of this happy place, that one can bear superiority without mortification. The jealousy of precedence died with the rest of our mortal frailties. Tell us, then, your story. We will sit down in this myrtle grove, and listen to it with pleasure.

O. Noble ladies, the pride of our sex, and of Rome, I will not refuse to obey your commands, though it recalls to my mind some scenes which my heart would wish to forget. There can be but one reason why Minos should have given a preference here to my conjugal virtues; and that is, that the trial of them was harder than yours.

A. What ! madam ; harder than to die for your husband ! We died for ours.

O. You did, for husbands who loved you, and were the most virtuous men of the ages in which they lived ; who trusted you with their lives, their honour, their fame. To outlive such husbands, is harder than to die for them, or with them. But Mark Antony, to whom my brother, for reasons of state, gave my hand, loved another, not me. And yet he has told me himself I was handsomer than his Cleopatra. Younger I certainly was ; and to men that is generally a charm sufficient to turn the scale in one's favour. I had been used to be loved : I was loved by Marcellus. Antony said he loved me, when he pledged to me his faith. Perhaps he did for a time : a new handsome woman might, from his natural inconstancy, make him forget his former attachment. He was but too amiable——His very vices had charms beyond other men's virtues. Such spirit ! such fire ! such a towering pride ! He seemed made to command ; to govern the world ; to govern it with such ease, that the weight of it did not rob him of an hour of pleasure. While his inclination for me continued, this haughty lord of mankind, who could scarcely bring his high spirit to treat my brother, his partner in empire, with proper respect, was as obedient to every wish of my heart, as the most humble lover, who ever sighed in the vales of Arcadia. Thus he seduced my affection from the manes of Marcellus, and fixed it on himself. He fixed it, ladies, (I confess it) more fondly than it ever had been fixed on Marcellus. And when he had done so, he scorned me, he left me, he returned to Cleopatra. Think who I was :—the sis-

ter of Cæsar, sacrificed to a vile Egyptian queen, the harlot of Julius, the disgrace of her sex. Every outrage was added to incense me still more. He gave her, as public marks of his love, a great part of the empire of Rome in the East. He read her love-letters openly in his tribunal, even while he was judging the causes of kings. Nay, he left his tribunal, and one of the best Roman orators pleading before him, to follow her litter, in which she chanced to pass by at that time. But, what was more grievous to me than all these demonstrations of his extravagant passion, in a letter which he wrote to my brother himself he had the assurance to call her his wife. Which of you, ladies, could have borne this?

A. Not I, madam, in truth. Had I been in your place, the dagger with which I pierced my own bosom, to shew my dear Pætus how easy it was to die, that dagger should I have plunged into Antony's heart, if piety to the gods, and respect to the purity of my own soul, had not stopped my hand. But, I believe, I should have killed myself; not, as I did, out of love to my husband, but out of shame and indignation at the wrongs I endured.

P. I must own, Octavia, that to bear such a treatment as yours was harder to a woman than to swallow fire.

O. Yet I did bear it, madam, without a complaint, which could hurt or offend the cruel man. I used my utmost endeavours to hinder my brother from making war against him on my account. Nay, more; at his return from his Parthian expedition, which his impatience to bear a long absence from Cleopatra had made unfortunate and inglorious, I went to meet him in Syria, and carried with me magnificent pre-

sents of clothes and money for his troops, a great number of horses, and two thousand chosen soldiers, equipped and armed like my brother's Prætorian bands. He sent to stop me at Athens, because his mistress was with him, and he was ashamed to see us together. I obeyed his commands: but I wrote to him, by one of his most faithful friends, a letter, expressing great resignation, and such a tenderness for him, as I thought might have power to touch his heart. My envoy served me so well, he set my fidelity in such a light, and gave such reasons to Antony, why he ought to see and receive me with kindness, that Cleopatra was extremely alarmed. All her arts were employed to prevent his seeing me, and to draw him again into Egypt.—Those arts prevailed. He sent me back into Italy, and gave himself up more weakly than ever to the witchcraft of that Circe. He added Africa to the states which he had bestowed on her before, and declared Cæsario, her spurious son by Julius Cæsar, heir to all her dominions, except Phœnicia, and Cilicia, which, with the Upper Syria, he gave to Ptolemy, his second son by her; and at the same time declared his eldest son by her, named Alexander, whom he had espoused to the princess of Media, heir to that kingdom, and king of Armenia, nay, and of the whole Parthian empire, which he proposed to conquer for him. The children which I had brought him he wholly neglected. I wept—I lamented his fate and my own;—but I never reproached him. My brother, provoked at so many indignities, commanded me to quit the house of my husband at Rome, and come into his.—I refused to obey him. I continued in Antony's house, I persisted to take the same care of his children by

Fulvia as of my own. I gave all his friends at Rome my protection, and all the assistance which was in my power. I implored my brother not to make my jealousy or my wrongs the cause of a civil war. But the injuries done to the empire and Rome, by Antony's conduct, could not be forgiven. When he found he should draw the Roman arms on himself, he sent orders to me to go out of his house. I did so, but carried with me all his children by Fulvia, except Antyllus, the eldest, who was then with him in Egypt. After his death and Cleopatra's, I took her children by him, and bred them up with my own. I married her daughter to Juba, King of Mauritania, the most accomplished and the handsomest prince in the world. I raised Julius Antonius, the second son of my husband by his first wife, to such a degree of favour and power, that, except Agrippa and the sons of Livia, he saw none above him in the court of Augustus. In short, I did for Antony's children, even those whom he had by Cleopatra, my rival, whatever Portia or Arria could have done for their children by Brutus and Thrasea, if they had survived them.

P. The sentence of Minos was very just. I thank the gods that my virtue was not put to such trials. Are not you, Arria, of the same mind?

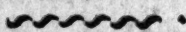
A. I am :—I confess your superiority, Octavia. Yet tell me, did not your pride and resentment entirely cure you of your passion for Antony, as soon as you saw him go back to Cleopatra? And was not all your conduct after that time the effect of cool reason, undisturbed by the agitations of jealous, unhappy, and tortured love?

O. You probe my heart very deeply. That I had

some help from my pride and resentment, I will not deny. But I was not become indifferent to my husband. His idea was dear, too dear to me still. I loved the Antony, who had been my lover and friend, more than I was angry with the Antony, who forsook me, and loved another woman. Had he left Cleopatra and returned to me again with his former affection, I should have loved him as well as before.

A. Madam, your heart is the most perfect model of conjugal virtue. The wound which I gave mine was, I own, but a scratch, compared with many which you suffered. But I do not know, whether it is not good for the world, that there are not in it many Octavias. It would too much encourage the men to use their wives ill. As too good subjects are apt to make bad kings.

P. True, Arria; the wives of Brutus and Thræsea Pætus may be allowed to have spirits a little rebellious. Octavia was bred in the court of her brother. Subjection and patience were better taught there than in our rough schools.



Mary Queen of Scots, and Elizabeth Queen of England.

E. I do not wonder that Mary of Scotland avoids me; my former ill treatment of her but too well justifies this contempt.

M. Amongst all my faults, I never was of an unforgiving disposition: my very enemies could not charge me with that: but since you condescend to own that your treatment of me was unjust, I will

frankly tell you, that I have long since forgiven you for the calamities, which you made me suffer; but give me leave to ask you, what could be your reason for using me in so harsh and injurious a manner?

E. To conceal it from you now would be as vain as unnecessary. Know then, that a jealousy of your pretensions to the crown, joined to the envy which I felt at your surpassing me so much in beauty, and in almost every accomplishment, which adorns a woman in private life, were the principal motives, which urged me to a deed, at the thought of which my soul now shudders.

M. Could motives like these influence for a moment the great mind of Elizabeth? Could a jealousy for pretensions, which were not likely to be supported, or envy at accomplishments, which, alas! more frequently betray, than exalt the owner; could these be sufficient inducements with you to prove false to our friendship, to detain me, under the specious mask of kindness, eighteen years in England, and after bringing me to a sham trial, without the least proof of my guilt, to cut off my head? Such an action, with such motives, would have tarnished the glories of your reign, if it had been a thousand times more splendid than it was.

E. This reproach I feel most sensibly, for here my conscience condemns me: but were you entirely free from blame? Did not your own imprudence and misconduct, may I not say, atrocious crimes, help to ruin you?

M. They did, I own they did. Your candour is not entirely lost upon me. The death of Darnley, my husband, of which I was the cause, my infamous

connection with Rizzio, and my still more infamous one with Bothwell, were crimes which cannot be justified, and which certainly deserved the punishment which they received. But still——

E. Let me make the inference. What right had I to inflict that punishment? I answer, None. My conduct, in this affair, was without excuse.

M. And so was mine.

E. Not quite. The harsh treatment which you received in the beginning of your reign, might in some measure account for the subsequent failings, which were so inconsistent with the general tenor of your character.



Specimen of Examination.

Why did Elizabeth dislike Mary? How did she get her into her power? How did she treat her? Why was this wrong? What relation were they to one another? To what families did each of them belong? Of what religion was Mary? Who was the chief support of that religion in Europe at that time? What attempt did he make on the dominions of Elizabeth? What preparations did she make to oppose him? Who would probably have assisted him? Which are the most proper and improper reasons for fighting?



SERIOUS PIECES.

Parents.

Consider ye who are parents, the importance of your trust; the being, which ye have produced, it is your duty to support.

Upon you also it depends, whether the children of your bosoms shall be blessings or curses to yourselves; useful or worthless members to the community.

Prepare them early by instruction, and season their minds with the maxims of truth.

Watch the bent of their inclinations, set them right in their youth, and let no evil habit gain strength with their years.

So shall they rise like the cedars on the mountains; their heads shall be seen above the trees of the forest.

Wicked children are a reproach to their parents: but they, who do right, are an honour to their grey hairs.

The soil is your own, let it not want cultivation; the seed which ye sow, that also will ye reap.

Teach them obedience, and they will bless you; teach them modesty, and they will not be ashamed.

Teach them gratitude, and they will receive benefits; teach them charity, and they will gain love.

Teach them temperance, and they will have health; teach them prudence, and fortune will attend them.

Teach them justice, and they will be honoured by the world; teach them sincerity, and their own hearts will not reproach them.

Teach them diligence, and their wealth will increase; teach them benevolence, and their minds will be exalted.

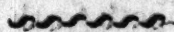
Teach them science, and their lives will be useful; teach them religion, and their deaths will be happy.

Children.

Are you blest with parents, who discover a zeal for your improvement and salvation? How thankful should you be for the mighty blessing! Would you shew that you are thankful? Do nothing to make them unhappy; do all in your power to give them delight. Ah, did you but know how much it is in your power to give them!—But who can describe the transports of a breast truly parental, on beholding a child shoot up like some fair, but modest flower, and acquire, day after day, fresh beauty and growing sweetness, so as to fill every eye with pleasure, and every heart with admiration; while, like that same flower, she appears unconscious of her opening charms, and only rejoices in the sun which cheers, and the hand which shelters her? In this manner will you repay most acceptably a part (you can never repay the whole) of that immense debt

you owe, for all the pains and fears formerly suffered, and for all the anxieties daily experienced, on your account.

Perhaps you are the only daughter, perhaps the only child of your mother, and she a widow. All her cares, all her sensations, point to you. Of the tenderness of a much-loved and lamented husband, you are the sole remaining pledge. On you she often fixes her earnest melting eye; with watchful attention she marks the progress of your rising virtues; in every softened feature, she fondly traces your father's sense and probity. Something within her whispers, you shall live to be the comfort and prop of her old age, as you now are her companion and friend. What emotions swell her labouring soul! But lest, by venting them in your company, she should affect you too much, she silently withdraws to pour them forth in tears of rapture; a rapture only augmented by the sweetly-sad remembrance, which mingles with it, while at the same time it is exalted and consecrated doubly, by ardent vows to heaven for your preservation and prosperity. Is there any one who can think of this with indifference? Is there any one who can reverse the description, suppose herself the impious creature, who could break a widowed mother's heart, and support the thought?



Brothers and Sisters.

Ye are the children of one father, provided for by his care; and the breast of one mother hath nourished you.

Let the bonds of affection, therefore, unite thee with thy brothers, that peace and happiness may dwell in thy father's house.

And when ye separate in the world, remember the relation which bindeth you to love and unity.

If thy brother is in adversity, assist him; if thy sister is in trouble, forsake her not.

So shall the fortunes of thy father contribute to the support of his whole race; and his care be continued to you all in your love to each other.

Application.

Since the days, which are past, are gone for ever, and those, which are to come, may not come to thee; it behoveth thee to employ the present time without regretting the loss of that, which is past, or too much depending on that, which is to come.

This instant is thine, the next is in the womb of futurity, and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.

Whatsoever thou resolvest to do, do it quickly. Defer not till evening, what the morning may accomplish.

Idleness is the parent of want and of pain; but the labour of virtue bringeth forth pleasure.

The hand of diligence defeateth want; prosperity and success are the attendants of the industrious woman.

She riseth up early, and lieth down late; she exerciseth her mind with contemplation, and her body with action, and preserveth the health of both.

The slothful woman is a burden to herself, her hours hang heavy on her hands, she loitereth about, and knoweth not what she would do.

Her days pass away like the shadow of a cloud, and she leaveth behind her no mark for remembrance.

Her body is diseased for want of exercise, she wisheth for action, but hath not the power to move. Her mind is in darkness, her powers are confused; she longeth for knowledge, but hath no application.

She would eat of the almond, but hateth the trouble of breaking its shell.

Her house is in disorder, her servants are wasteful and riotous, and she runneth on towards ruin; she seeth it with her eyes, she heareth it with her ears, she shaketh her head, and wisheth, but hath no resolution; till ruin cometh upon her like a whirlwind, and shame and repentance descend with her to the grave.



Emulation.

If thy soul thirsteth for honour, if thy ear hath any pleasure in the voice of praise, raise thyself from the dust whereof thou art made, and exalt thy aim to something that is praise-worthy.

The oak that now spreadeth its branches towards the heavens, was once but an acorn in the bowels of the earth.

Endeavour to be first in thy calling, whatever it be; neither let any one go before thee in well-doing; nevertheless, do not envy the merits of another, but improve thine own talents.

Scorn also to depress thy competitor by dishonest or unworthy methods ; strive to raise thyself above him only by excelling him : so shall thy contest for superiority be crowned with honour, if not with success.

By a virtuous emulation the spirit of man is exalted within him ; he panteth after excellence, and rejoiceth as a racer in the course.

He riseth like the palm-tree, in spite of oppression ; and, as an eagle in the firmament of heaven, he soareth aloft, and fixeth his eye upon the glories of the sun.

The examples of eminent men are in his visions by night ; and his delight is to follow them all the day long.

He formeth great designs ; he rejoiceth in the execution thereof ; and his name goeth forth to the ends of the world.

But the heart of the envious man is gall and bitterness ; his tongue spitteth venom ; the success of his neighbour breaketh his rest.

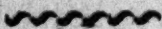
He sitteth in his cell repining ; and the good that happeneth to an other is to him an evil.

Hatred and malice feed upon his heart ; and there is no rest in him.

He feeleth in his own breast no love of goodness ; and therefore believeth his neighbour is like unto himself.

He endeavours to depreciate those who excel him ; and putteth an evil interpretation on all their doings.

He lieth on the watch, and meditates mischief ; but the detestation of man pursueth him ; he is crushed as a spider in his own web.



Sincerity.

O thou who art enamoured with the beauties of Truth, and hast fixed thy heart on the simplicity of her charms, hold fast thy fidelity unto her, and forsake her not: the constancy of thy virtue shall crown thee with honour.

The tongue of the sincere is rooted in his heart; hypocrisy and deceit have no place in his words.

He blusheth at falsehood, and is confounded; but in speaking the truth he hath a steady eye.

He supporteth as a man the dignity of his character; to the arts of hypocrisy he scorneth to stoop.

He is consistent with himself; he is never embarrassed; he hath courage in truth, but to lie he is afraid.

He is far above the meanness of dissimulation; the words of his mouth are the thoughts of his heart.

Yet with prudence and caution he openeth his lips; he studieth what is right, and speaketh with discretion.

He adviseth in friendship; he reproveth with freedom; and whatsoever he promiseth shall surely be performed.

But the heart of the hypocrite is hidden in his breast. He masketh his words in the semblance of truth, while the business of his life is only to deceive.

He laugheth in sorrow; he weepeth in joy; and the words of his mouth have no interpretation.

He worketh in the dark as a mole, and fancieth he is safe; but he blundereth into light, and is exposed to full view, with his dirt on his head.

He passeth his days in perpetual constraint; his tongue and his heart are for ever at variance.

He laboureth for the character of a righteous man ;
and huggeth himself in the thoughts of his cunning.

O fool, fool ! the pains which thou takest to hide
what thou art, are more than would make thee what
thou wouldst seem ; the children of wisdom shall
mock at thy cunning ; and when thy disguise is
stripped off, the finger of derision shall point thee
to scorn.

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### *Religion.*

There is but one God, the author, the creator, the  
governor of the world, almighty, eternal, and in-  
comprehensible.

The sun is not God, though his noblest image.  
He enlighteneth the world with his brightness ; his  
warmth giveth life to the products of the earth ; ad-  
mire him as the creature, the instrument of God ; but  
worship him not.

To the One who is supreme, most wise and bene-  
ficent, and to him alone, belong worship, adoration,  
thanksgiving, and praise.

Who hath stretched forth the heavens with his  
hand ; who hath described with his finger the courses  
of the stars.

Who setteth bounds to the ocean, which it cannot  
pass ; and saith unto the stormy winds, Be still.

Who shaketh the earth, and the nations tremble ;  
who darteth his lightnings, and thunder is caused.

Who calleth forth worlds by the word of his  
mouth ; who smiteth with his arm, and they sink in-  
to nothing.

“O reverence the majesty of the Omnipotent! and think not of opposing his irresistible power.”

The providence of God is over all his works; he ruleth and directeth with infinite wisdom.

He hath instituted laws for the government of the world: he hath wonderfully varied them in all beings; and each, by his nature, conformeth to his will.

In the depth of his mind he revolveth all knowledge; the secrets of futurity lie open before him.

The thoughts of thy heart are naked to his view; he knoweth thy determinations before they are made.

With respect to his prescience, there is nothing contingent; with respect to his providence, there is nothing accidental.

Wonderful he is in all his ways; his counsels are inscrutable; the manner of his knowledge transcendeth thy conception.

“Pay, therefore, to his wisdom, all honour and veneration; and bow down thyself in humble and submissive obedience to his supreme direction.”

The Lord is gracious and beneficent; he hath created the world in mercy and love.

His goodness is conspicuous in all his works; he is the fountain of excellence, the centre of perfection.

The creatures of his hand declare his goodness, and all their enjoyments speak his praise; he clotheth them with beauty, he supporteth them with food: he preserveth them in existence from generation to generation.

If we lift up our eyes to the heavens, his glory shineth forth; if we cast them down upon the earth,



it is full of his goodness ; the hills and the vallies rejoice and sing ; fields, rivers, and woods, resound his praise.

But thee, O man, he hath distinguished with peculiar favour, and exalted thy station above all earthly creatures.

He hath endowed thee with reason to maintain thy dominion ; he hath fitted thee with language, to improve by society ; and exalted thy mind with the powers of meditation, to contemplate and adore his inimitable perfections.

And in the laws he hath ordained as the rule of thy life, so kindly hath he suited thy duty to thy nature, that obedience to his precepts is happiness to thyself.

“ O praise his goodness with songs of thanksgiving, and meditate in silence on the wonders of his love ; let thy heart overflow with gratitude and acknowledgment ; let the language of thy lips speak praise and adoration ; let the actions of thy life shew thy love to his law.”

The Lord is just and righteous ; and will judge the earth with equity and truth.

Hath he established his laws in goodness and mercy ; and shall he not punish the transgression thereof ?

O think not, bold man ! because the punishment is delayed, that the arm of the Lord is weakened ; neither flatter thyself with hopes that he winketh at thy doings.

His eye pierceth the secrets of every heart, and he remembereth them for ever ; he respecteth not the persons, nor the stations of men.

The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant ; when the soul hath shaken

off the cumbrous shackles of this mortal life, shall equally receive from the sentence of God a just and everlasting retribution according to their works.

Then shall the wicked tremble and be afraid ; but the heart of the righteous shall rejoice in his judgments.

“ O fear to offend the Lord, therefore, all the days  
 “ of thy life ; and walk in the paths which he hath  
 “ opened before thee. Let Prudence admonish thee ;  
 “ let Temperance restrain ; let Justice guide thy  
 “ hand, Benevolence warm thy heart, and Gratitude  
 “ to heaven inspire thee with devotion. These shall  
 “ give thee happiness in thy present state, and bring  
 “ thee to the mansions of eternal felicity in the para-  
 “ dise of God.”

### *On Early Rising.*

Early rising is a habit so easily acquired, so necessary for business, so advantageous to health, and so important to devotion, that, except in cases of necessity, it ought not to be dispensed with by any prudent or diligent person. The lying late in bed is one of the ills of the aged and the sick, but ought not to be an enjoyment to persons in perfect health.

If any, therefore, have been so unfortunate, as to have acquired this idle habit, let them get rid of it as soon as they can. Nothing is easier ; a habit is only a repetition of single acts, and may be broken, as it was formed, by degrees. It is a succession of short steps, which conveys us from the foot to the top of a mountain. Let a person, accustomed to sleep till



eight in the morning, rise the first week in April a quarter before eight, the second week at half past seven, the third at a quarter after seven, and the fourth at seven; let him go on in this way to the end of July, and he will accomplish a work which might at first appear difficult, and render a month equal to five weeks of his former indolent life.

Lying late in bed is an intemperance of the most pernicious kind; it impairs the health, is the cause of many diseases, and, in the end, destroys the lives of multitudes; it makes the blood forget its way, and creep lazily along the veins; it relaxes the fibres, unstrings the nerves, evaporates the animal spirits, saddens the soul, dulls the fancy, and subdues and stupifies man to such a degree, that he dislikes labour, yawns for want of thought, trembles at the sight of a spider, or at the fancies of his own imagination.

They who rise early are met by the domestic animals with peculiar pleasure; one winds and purs about him, another frisks and capers, and does every thing but speak. The stern mastiff, the plodding ox, the noble horse, the harmless sheep, the prating poultry, the dronish ass, every one, in its own way, expresses joy when he first appears. Then how incomparably fine is the dawning of the day, when the soft light comes stealing on; at first glimmers with the stars, but gradually outshines them all. How beautiful are the folding and parting of the grey clouds, drawn back like a curtain, to give us a sight of the most magnificent of all appearances, the rising of the sun. How rich is the dew, decking every spire of grass with coloured spangles of endless variety and of inexpressible beauty. Larks

mount and fill the air with a cheap and perfect music, and every bush, and every tree, every steeple, and every hovel, emits a cooing or a twittering, a warbling or a chirping, a hailing of the return of day. The solemn stillness of the morning is fit and friendly to the cool and undisturbed recollection of a man just risen from his bed, fully refreshed, and in perfect health. Let him compare his condition with that of half the world, and let him feel an indisposition to admire and adore his protector if he can. How many great events have come to pass in these six hours while I have been dead. The heavenly bodies have moved on, the great wheels of nature have none of them stood still, vegetation is advanced, the season is come forward, fleets have continued sailing, councils have been held, and, on the opposite side of the world, in broad noon-day, business and pleasure, amusements, battles, and revolutions have taken place, without my concurrence, consent, or knowledge.

### *Causes of Idleness.*

Some persons are naturally more disposed to indolence than others. The springs of action, their desires and affections, are too weak to keep them in motion. They are of a heavy and listless turn, and seem to do nothing without great reluctance. Others, to whom nature has given more active spirits, become a prey to sloth, through the fault of their parents, who neglect to lead them into any regular employments. When the young are suffered to fall into this vice, they are seldom known to get clear of it



afterwards. In such cases, I know not whether more pity is due to them, or blame to those, who had the care of their education.

Cowardice is also the parent of idleness; for, when men have conceived too low an opinion of their own abilities, they dare not venture to try them; and are disheartened by I know not what imaginary difficulties, from undertaking those things which they might have performed with ease. Such persons are described by Solomon, with a good deal of humour, when he represents the slothful man, as saying, in excuse for his idleness, "There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets." Something as improbable, as that he should meet a lion in the streets, restrains him from action, or at least serves him for a pretence to cover his laziness.

Another common cause of sloth, is a vehement love of study and contemplation. Indeed, if we pursue valuable knowledge, in order to impart it to others, or to qualify ourselves for the right conduct of life, this is so far from deserving the name of sloth, that it is one of the best and noblest employments in the world. On the contrary, if the sole end of our study be to fill our heads with useless notions, whatever pains we may take, it is no better than a specious kind of idleness; which, if it be somewhat plausible, is upon that account the more dangerous. Nay, there are some, upon whom the lessons of sound wisdom have no other effect, than to beget in them a lazy disposition. Having learned hence to despise honour and wealth, as vain, frivolous, and not worth the labour, which is required to obtain them, and having, in the mean time, no principles of virtue strong enough to carry them into action, they sink,

of course, into a state of indolence. To such persons a little ambition seems quite necessary, because nothing else can save them from sloth. Besides many are too proud to work; business is a vulgar thing, and below their rank. And in truth, it is a great pity these delicate spirits should be forced to eat, or sleep, or do any thing like ordinary people. But since cruel nature will have it so, how shall they sufficiently distinguish themselves from others, except by their laziness.

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On Flowers.

Flowers seem particularly formed to please and delight mankind. No eyes, but those of man, are sensible of their beauty. Other animals take no notice of this ornament of the earth; they confound them with the grass of the field, and trample upon the most beautiful. Man, on the contrary, beholds them with peculiar pleasure. Each part of nature unfolds them to his view. They succeed each other in a variety of pleasing forms. They rear their heads on the tops of trees, are scattered through the herbage, creep along the ground, adorn the mountains, vallies, and meadows, are gathered from amongst the woods, and make their appearance even in deserts. The earth is a garden covered with their bloom.

Nor are flowers intended only to adorn the earth. The greatest part of them, in order to render our pleasure greater, sweeten and perfume the air, and it is remarkable, that they send forth their sweetest smells in the morning, when walking is most health-

ful, and in the evening, when men need relaxation after labour. Flowers present pleasures which amuse, without corrupting the heart. The cultivation of them furnishes an amusing employment, requires only moderate labour, and is entirely a work of choice. They, in some measure, supply the want of company, melancholy dispositions brighten into gaiety and joy; sadness vanishes at the sight of them, and it is hardly possible to be dissatisfied when amongst them.



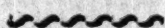
On Domestic Animals.

If custom had not given to the lion the title of the King of Beasts, reason would have bestowed it upon the horse. By terrifying and devouring animals, the lion may be called their tyrant. The horse injures no one, possesses the most amiable and serviceable qualities, is frugal in his food, generous in his dispositions, and chearful in his services to man. His docility and gentleness are unequalled, and he contributes perhaps more than any other animal to our convenience and comfort.

The sheep is one of the most inoffensive and useful creatures upon earth. There is scarcely any part which is not serviceable. His fleece employs multitudes; he lends us his own coat against the winter's cold; many are the uses of his skin; and (though it seems cruel and ungrateful to mention it) his flesh affords us a most wholesome and delicious food. The attendance upon sheep was once the employment of the best of men, and has so much contributed to the

pleasure and profit of mankind, that those have been supposed the happiest times, when flocks and herds made the wealth of their owners.

The cow enables us to cover our tables with a rich variety, and what is of still greater consequence, supplies the poor with the best nourishment, next to bread. In the winter she is fed with hay, roots, and herbs. In the summer she ranges the fields, and supplies herself, returning every evening to repay the obligation with a plentiful flow of milk; and the night is no sooner past, than she earns, by a second payment, the sustenance of the following day.



On the Being of a God.

See, here, I hold a Bible in my hand, and you see the cover, the leaves, the letters, the words; but you do not see the writers, or the printer, the letter-founder, the ink-maker, the paper-maker, or the binder. You never did see them, you never will see them, and yet there is not one of you who will think of disputing or denying the being of these men. I go farther: I affirm that you see the very souls of these men, in seeing this book, and you feel yourselves obliged to allow that they had skill, contrivance, design, memory, fancy, reason, and so on. In the same manner, if you see a picture, you judge there was a painter; if you see a house, you judge there was a builder of it; and if you see one room contrived for this purpose, and another for that, a door to enter, a window to admit light, a chimney to hold fire, you conclude the builder was a person of skill

and forecast, who formed the house with a view to the accommodation of its inhabitants. In this manner examine the world, and pity the man, who, when he sees the sign of the wheat-sheaf, hath sense enough to know that there is a joiner, and somewhere a painter; but who, when he sees the wheat-sheaf itself, is so stupid as not to say to himself, this had a wise and good Creator.



Sun-rising.

The morning light silvers the eastern edge of the sky, and foretells the approach of the sun. Fresh gales prepare his way, as if to awake all things from the slumber of the past night. The mists of the valley fly before them, and the low vapours give way to the clear air. Sober twilight, with its grey mantle, first covers the earth, but it brightens by slow degrees into clear day.

The moon and stars grow pale, as superior splendor advances upon them. The clouds are tinged with purple and gold; the forests and fields shine with the gayest colours.

Behold, the sun comes forth in his beauty, and all is one universal smile. The hills lift their green heads, and swell to catch his earliest rays.

The cock, the herald of the morning, welcomes his appearance with loud and repeated crowings.

The lark springs aloft from his low nest, and pours forth the most melodious notes. The woods are filled with songsters; from every tree and every bush, the little birds warble their tribute of joy and of praise. The flowers are revived by the return of

light, and their coloured leaves glow with fresh beauty. The convolvulus and marigold no longer mourn the absence of the bright regent of day; they open their cups to receive his warm beams, and the sun-flower pays his customary homage.

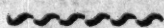
The cattle low out their pleasure amongst the meadows, and the sheep express their satisfaction by frequent bleatings on the hills.

By being thus pleased, they praise the author of pleasure; by appearing thus happy, they answer one great purpose of their being.

Shall then man alone be silent in this great chorus of nature? Shall he be sunk in sleep, when all things are alive and in action? Shall it be a rare thing with him to see the bright sun rise in its strength?

Shall he who is endowed with reason and speech, be incapable of making use of them at this time, to praise the author of all this beauty?

Let him rather shake off the oppression of sleep, let him become as it were the priest of nature, and offer for himself, and for the rest of the animal creation, the united sacrifice of joy and thanksgiving.



Sun-setting.

The sun declines from his meridian height, he seems almost to touch the land, and shines now from the level line of the horizon.

How bright the transparent windows, the verdant trees, the gilded spires, and the lofty mountains appear, whilst they reflect the glittering beams of the

evening sun. He now abates of his noon-tide splendor, and the eye can bear to receive his blunted rays.

Every object assumes a darker hue, the lively green of the groves and fields is visibly faded.—Hold your finger, so that the shadow of it may fall upon a piece of paper, and the edges of the shadow will be tinged with purple. The broad surface of the sun is increased, and he puts on a red and fiery aspect.

And behold, this great spectator stops for a moment, as if to take a last look of the beauties of the creation, and then, plunges at once behind the western hills, whilst his evening track is marked with flaming gold.

But the departure of the sun is not followed by immediate darkness, grateful twilight succeeds, and retards the approach of night.

The setting sun is the signal for the animals to retire to rest; let it be a signal for man to offer up his praises to the Almighty for the blessings of the day, and his supplications for safety and protection, during the dark and silent watches of the night.

The industrious bee returns to the hive, with her thigh loaded with the purest honey. The birds find a refuge in the thick-leaved trees, from the copious dews of the night. The cattle seek the friendly shelter of the fold, the shed, the cow-house, and the stable.

The sun has finished his course, well; the animals and vegetables have answered the purposes for which they were made. Child of reason, how has thy day been employed? has every duty been fulfilled? every task performed? hast thou been careful in the

government of thy temper; diligent in the improvement of thy faculties, and steady in the pursuit of what is excellent? If so, thy life has been prolonged to good purpose, and on thee—the sun has not shined in vain.

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*The Earth.*

O earth! the common fabric of all things, who like a kind and indulgent parent, nourishest thy children while living, and with maternal fondness hidest them in thy bosom when dead; how infinite are the ideas, which thou suggestest? how various are the prospects, which thou displayest? how innumerable are the wonders, which thou containest? Thy surface is swelled into mountains, or sunk into vallies; it is crusted with rock; it is broken into soil; or burned into sand. Thy deep recesses, thine awful cavities, thy frightful abysses, thy horrid precipices, give the mind the most sublime conceptions of the Being who originally formed them. Thy extensive plains are covered with one universal livery of corn and grass, flax and trees, herbs and flowers. Thy cultivated scenes are enlivened by cattle for labour, for food, or for clothing; whilst thy savage deserts are rendered still more wild by beasts of prey. The horse, the ass, the camel, and the reindeer, submit their neck to the yoke, or their backs to the burden. The cow feeds us with its milk, the sheep clothes us with its wool, and both, together with the deer and the goat, yield up their lives for our subsistence. The lion, the tiger, the panther,



and the leopard, prowl along the sandy deserts of Africa, whilst the wolf and the bear cross the dreary snows of the Alps and the Pyrenees, break into the sheep-fold, or urged by the strong dictate of hunger, sometimes seize upon the shepherd himself.

Happy Britain! secure by thine insular situation from the inroads of these savages, think whilst thou sittest and walkest in safety, who it is that causeth thee to differ; reflect, and be grateful. Thy gently sloping hills, thy fruitful meadows, thy populous cities, thy crowded marts, thy cultivated farms, all proclaim thee the highly favoured queen among the nations. Seated in a mild and temperate climate, thou art an equal stranger to the fervent heat of the torrid, or to the extreme rigour of the frigid zone; while thy extensive commerce supplies thee with the productions of every country under heaven. Let what thou hast plentifully received, be freely bestowed; and be thou ever the protector of liberty, the avenger of injury, and the faithful guardian of the rights of mankind.



### *Address to the Sea.*

Hail! thou inexhaustible source of wonder and contemplation!—Hail! thou multitudinous ocean! whose waves chase one another down like the generations of men, and after a momentary space, are immersed for ever in oblivion!—Thy fluctuating waters wash the varied shores of the world, and while they disjoin nations, whom a nearer connection would involve in eternal war, they circulate their

arts, and their labours, and give health and plenty to mankind.

How glorious ! how awful are the scenes thou displayest !—whether we view thee when every wind is hushed,—when the morning sun silvers the level line of the horizon,—or when its evening track is marked with flaming gold, and thy unrippled bosom reflects the radiance of the over-arching heavens !—Or whether we behold thee in thy terrors !—when the black tempest sweeps thy swelling billows, and the boiling surge mixes with the clouds,—when death rides the storm,—and humanity drops a fruitless tear for the toiling mariner whose heart is sinking with dismay !—

And yet, mighty deep ! 'tis thy SURFACE alone we view—Who can penetrate the secrets of thy wide domain ?—What eye can visit thy immense rocks and caverns, that teem with life and vegetation ?—Or search out the myriads of objects, whose beauties lie scattered over thy dread abyss ?

The mind staggers at the immensity of her own conceptions, and when she contemplates the flux and reflux of thy tides, which from the beginning of the world were never known to err, how does she shrink at the idea of that Divine Power, which originally laid thy foundations so sure, whose omnipotent voice hath fixed the limits where thy proud waves shall be stayed, and has said, hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther !





*The Folly of inconsistent Expectations.*

This world may be considered as a great mart of commerce, where fortune exposes to our view various commodities; riches, ease, tranquility, fame, integrity, knowledge. Every thing is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labour, our ingenuity, are so much ready money, which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, chuse, reject; but stand to your own judgment; and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase. Such is the force of well-regulated industry, that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally insure success. Would you, for instance, be rich? Do you think that single point worth the sacrificing every thing else to? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings, by toil and patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expence and profit. But you must give up the pleasures of leisure, of a vacant mind, of a free unsuspecting temper. If you preserve your integrity, it must be a coarse-spun vulgar honesty. Those high and lofty notions of morals, which you brought with you from the schools, must be considerably lowered, and mixed with the baser alloy of a jealous and worldly-minded prudence. You must learn to do hard, if not unjust, things; and, for the nice embarrassments of a delicate and ingenious spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of them as soon as possible. You must shut your heart against the Muses, and be content to feed

your understanding with plain household truths. In short, you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments; but must keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside either to the right hand or to the left.—“ But I cannot submit to drudgery like this—I feel a spirit above it.” It is well: be above it then; only do not repine that you are not rich.

Is knowledge the pearl of price? That too may be purchased—by steady application, and long solitary hours of study and reflection. Bestow these, and you shall be wise. “ But (says the man of letters) what a hardship is it that many an illiterate fellow, who cannot construe the motto of the arms of his coach, shall raise a fortune and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniences of life!” Was it in order to raise a fortune, that you consumed the sprightly hours of youth in study and retirement? Was it to be rich that you grew pale over the midnight lamp, and distilled the sweetness from the Greek and Roman springs? You have then mistaken your path, and ill employed your industry. “ What reward have I then for all my labours?” What reward! A large comprehensive soul, well purged from vulgar fears, and perturbations, and prejudices; able to comprehend and interpret the works of man—of God. A rich, flourishing, cultivated mind, pregnant with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and reflection. A perpetual spring of fresh ideas; and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence. Good heaven! and what reward can you ask besides?

“ But is it not some reproach upon the œconomy of Providence that such a one, who is a mean dirty



fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation?" Not in the least. He made himself a mean dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty for it; and will you envy him his bargain? Will you hang your head and blush in his presence, because he outshines you in equipage and show? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and say to yourself, "I have not these things, it is true; but it is because I have not sought, because I have not desired them; it is because I possess something better: I have chosen my lot; I am content and satisfied."

You are a modest man—you love quiet and independence, and have a delicacy and reserve in your temper, which renders it impossible for you to elbow your way in the world, and to be the herald of your own merits. Be content then with a modest retirement, with the esteem of your intimate friends, with the praises of a blameless heart, and a delicate ingenuous spirit; but resign the splendid distinctions of the world to those, who can better scramble for them.

The man whose tender sensibility of conscience and strict regard to the rules of morality, makes him fearful of offending, is often heard to complain of the disadvantages he lies under in every path of honour and profit. "Could I but get over some nice points, and conform to the practice and opinion of those about me, I might stand as fair a chance as others for dignities and preferment." And why can you not? What hinders you from discarding this troublesome scrupulosity of yours, which stands so grievously in your way? If it be a small thing to enjoy a healthful mind, sound at the very core, that does not shrink from the keenest inspection; inward

freedom from remorse and perturbation ; unsullied whiteness and simplicity of manners ; a genuine integrity

Pure in the last recesses of the mind ;

if you think these advantages an inadequate recompense for what you resign, dismiss your scruples this instant, and be a slave-merchant, a director, or—what you please.



### *On the Judgment of others.*

Be careful to refrain from all evil-speaking, detraction, and censoriousness. With regard to characters, either speak of them with tenderness, or speak not of them at all. They are of a delicate texture, and of unspeakable value : handle them, therefore, as you would the finest and richest fabrics of the loom ; display their beauties as much as you please, but conceal their imperfections, if you observe any ; and, if you can, repair, or, at least, excuse their defects, when noticed by others. It is wantonness to sully them, it is cruelty to tear out a rent. Whenever, therefore, reputations are concerned, recollect and follow that golden rule, Do as you would be done unto ; speak as you would be spoken of in a like case.



### *Reflections in a Church-yard.*

What a number of hillocks of death appear all round us ! What are the tomb-stones, but memorials of the inhabitants of the town, to inform us, how



long their lives have been, and to point out the day when it was said to every one of them, Your time shall be no longer. O may I readily learn this important lesson, that my turn is hastening too; such a little hillock shall shortly arise for me, in some unknown spot of ground; it shall cover these bones of mine in darkness, and shall hide them from the light of the sun, and from the face of man, till the heavens shall be no more.

Perhaps some kind surviving friend may engrave my name, with the number of my days, upon a plain funeral stone, without ornament, and below envy. There shall my tomb stand among the rest, as a fresh monument of the frailty of nature, and of the end of time. It is possible some friendly foot may now and then visit the place of my repose, and some tender eye may bedew the cold memorial with a tear. One or another of my old acquaintance may possibly attend there, to learn the silent lecture of mortality from my grave-stone, which my lips are now preaching aloud to the world; and if love and sorrow should reach so far, perhaps while his soul is melting in his eye-lids, and his voice scarcely finds an utterance, he will point with his finger, and shew his companion the year, the month, and the day of my decease; that solemn, that awful day, which shall finish my appointed time on earth, and put a final period to all the designs of my heart, and all the labours of my tongue and of my pen.

Think, O my soul, that whilst friends or strangers are engaged on that spot, and are reading the date of my departure hence, thou wilt be fixed under a decisive and unchangeable sentence, rejoicing in the rewards of time well improved, or suffering the long

sorrows which shall attend the abuse of it in an unknown world of happiness or misery.



### *A Tree an Emblem of Life.*

As I sat carelessly at my window, and cast my eyes upon a large acacia, which grew before me, I conceived it might aptly represent a country divided into provinces, towns, and families. The large branches might hold out the first—the smaller branches, connected with them, the second—and those combinations of collateral leaves, which specify the acacia, might represent families, composed of individuals. It was now late in the year; and the autumnal tint had taken possession of great part of the tree.

As I sat looking at it, many of the yellow leaves (which having been produced earlier, decayed sooner) were continually dropping into the lap of their great mother. Here was an emblem of natural decay—the most obvious appearance of mortality.

As I continued looking, a gentle breeze rustled among the leaves. Many fell, which in a natural course might have enjoyed life longer. Here malady was added to decay.

The blast increased; and every branch which presented itself, bowed before it. A shower of leaves covered the ground. The cup of vengeance, said I, is poured out upon the people. Pestilence shakes the land. Nature sickens in the gale. They fall by multitudes. Whole families are cut off together.

Among the branches was one entirely withered.

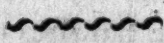


The leaves were shrivelled; yet clinging to it. Here was an emblem of famine. The nutriment of life was stopped. Existence was just supported; but every form was emaciated, and shrunk.

In the neighbourhood stretched a branch, not only shrivelled and withered, but having been more exposed to winds, was stripped almost entirely of its leaves. Here and there hung a solitary leaf, just enough to shew, that the whole had lately been alive. Ah! said I, here is an emblem of depopulation. Some violent cause hath laid waste the land. Towns and villages, as well as families, are desolated. Scarcely ten are left alive to bemoan a thousand.

How does every thing around us bring its lesson to our minds! Nature is the great book of God. In every page is instruction to those, who will read. Mortality must claim its due. Death in various shapes hovers round us.—Thus far went the heathen moralist. He had learned no other knowledge from these perishing forms of nature, but that men, like trees, are subject to death.

Better instructed, learn thou a nobler lesson.—Learn, that that God, who with the blast of winter shrivels the tree, and with the breezes of spring restores it, offers it to thee as an emblem of thy hopes. The same God presides over the natural, and moral world. His works are uniform. The truths which *nature* teaches, are the truths of *revelation* also. It is written in both these books, that that power which revives the tree, will revive thee also, like it, with increasing perfection.



*The Dead Ass.*

This, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet—this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but it was to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead on the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it for some time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle—looked wistfully at the little arrangement which he had made—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

He said he had come last from Spain, whither he had been from the farthest borders of Franconia; and had gotten thus far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know, what business could have taken so old and poor a man so long a journey from his own home.

It had pleased heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of them by the small-pox, and



the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all, and made a vow, that if heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner had gotten thus far in his story, he stopp'd to pay nature a tribute—and wept bitterly.

He said, heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eaten the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern—La Fleur offered him money—The mourner said he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass—but the loss of him—The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him—and upon this told them a long story, of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that they had scarcely either eaten or drank till they met.

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least in the loss of thy poor beast; I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.—Alas! said the mourner, I thought so, when he was alive—but now he is dead I think otherwise.—I fear, the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.—Shame on the world! said I to myself—Did we but love one another, as this poor soul loved his ass—it would be something.—



*Maria.*

## FIRST PART.

—They were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the fore-glass to hear them more distinctly—'T is Maria; said the postillion, observing I was listening—Poor Maria, continued he, (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line between us) is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers on her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune with a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four-and-twenty sous piece, when I got to Moulines—

—And who is poor Maria? said I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us; said the postillion—it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deserve, than to have her banns forbidden, by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them—

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again—they were the same notes;—yet were ten times sweeter; it is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man—but who has taught her to play it—or how she came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—



she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that service upon it almost night and day.

The postillion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, if poor Maria's had not taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting: she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, excepting two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ach, it was the moment I saw her——

——God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses have been said in the several parish-churches and convents around, for her,—but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postillion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprang out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting between her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat——and then at me——and then at her goat again, and so on, alternately——

——Well, Maria, said I, softly——What resemblance to you find?

I do intreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a beast

man is,—that I asked the question ; and that I would not have let fall an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais scattered.

Adieu, Maria !—adieu, poor helpless damsel !—some time, but not now, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived ; for that moment she took her pipe and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps, walked softly to my chaise.

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SECOND PART.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bad the postillion go on with the chaise to Moulines—and La Fleur to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net. She had superadded likewise to her jacket a pale-green ribband which fell across her shoulder to the waist ; to the end of which hung her pipe. Her goat had been as faithless as her lover ; and she had gotten a little dog in lieu of him, which she kept tied by a string to her girdle ; as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string—"Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio," said she. I looked in Maria's eyes, and

saw she was thinking more of her father, than of her lover, or her little goat; for as she uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief. I then steeped it in my own—and then in hers—and then in mine—and then I wiped hers again—and as I did it, I felt emotions which I cannot describe.

When Maria was come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man who had sat down between her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft—she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since, in her pocket, to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it: she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril—on opening it, I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—that she had found her way alone across the Apennines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes: how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell—but God tempers the wind, said Maria, to the shorn lamb.

Shorn indeed ! and to the quick, said I ; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and shelter thee ; thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee, and bring thee back—when the sun went down I would say my prayers, and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe ; nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me as I uttered this ; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream.—And where will you dry it, Maria ? said I—I will dry it in my bosom, said she—it will do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria ? said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face ; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin—The string I had touched ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

And whither are you going, Maria ? said I.—She said, to Moulines. Let us go, said I, together.—Maria put her arm within mine, and, lengthening the string to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks with something which was scarcely earthly—still she was feminine—and so much was there about her of what the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza out of mine, she should not only eat of my bread and drink of my cup, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden!—imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—only the Being who has twice bruised thee can bind them up for ever.



The Monk.

A poor monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was pre-determined not to give him a single sous, and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—buttoned it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scatter'd white hairs on his temples, being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in

them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—Truth might lie between—He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seem'd to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it looked forwards; but look'd as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Bramin; and if I had met it upon the plains of Indostan, I should have revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forward in the figure, but it was the attitude of entreaty; and as it now stands present to my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast, (a slender white staff with which he journey'd being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and

figure—that I was bewitched not to have been struck with it——

——A better reason was, I had pre-determined not to give him a single sous.

——'T is very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address——'tis very true——and heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many GREAT CLAIMS which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words GREAT CLAIMS, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunick——I felt the full force of the appeal——I acknowledge it, said I——a coarse habit, and that but once in three years——with meagre diet, are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them, by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm——the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the Order of Mercy, instead of the Order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing to my portman-teau, full chearfully should it have been opened to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate——The monk made me a bow——but of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights, and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shores——The monk gave a cordial wave with his head——as much as to say——No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world,

as well as within our convent. But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—but we distinguish, my good father! between those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance for the love of God.

The poor Franciscan made no reply : a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him ; he shewed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do: every ungracious syllable which I had uttered, crouded back to my imagination ; I reflected, I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him ; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I considered his grey hairs—his courteous figure seemed to re-enter and gently ask me what injury he had done me?—and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I, within myself ; but I have only just set out upon my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along.



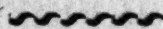
Slavery.

I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was, which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children—

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and his bed: a little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights which he had passed there—he had one of these little sticks in hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard the chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement, which my fancy had drawn.



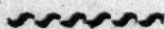
SELECTIONS FROM THE BIBLE.

I.

The good Samaritan.

A teacher of the law asked Jesus, What must I do to inherit eternal life? Jesus said unto him: how is it written in the law? What readest thou there? He answered: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind: and thy neighbour as thyself. Jesus said unto him: Thou hast answered rightly: do this, and thou shalt live. But he, wishing to justify himself, said unto Jesus: And who is my neighbour? Then Jesus answering him, said: A man of Jerusalem, on his way to Jericho, fell among robbers, who stript and beat him, and left him half dead. And a priest happened to be going down the same road; who saw him, but passed by on the farther side. And in the same manner a Levite also came to the place as he went along, and saw him, but passed by on the farther side. But a Samaritan on his journey came to the place, who, when he saw him, took pity on him, and went up to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring upon them oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and

brought him to an inn, and took care of him : and, on the morrow, when he went away, he took out twopence, (15d.) and gave them to the host, and said : Take care of him ; and whatsoever thou shalt spend besides, at my return I will repay thee. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among these robbers ? And the teacher of the law said : he, that had so much pity on him. Then said Jesus unto him : Go, and do thou likewise.



II.

The Prodigal Son.

A certain man had two sons ; and the younger said unto their father : Father, give me that portion of property, which is to fall to me : and he divided his substance between them. And, not many days after, the younger son got all together, and went a great way from home, and there wasted his substance by disorderly living. And, after all was spent, there was a grievous famine throughout that country ; and he began to be in want : so he offered to serve a citizen of that country, who sent him to a farm to feed swine. And he was desirous to fill his belly with the offal which the swine were eating : yet no one gave him any food. And, being come to himself, he said : How many hired servants of my father have bread in abundance, whilst I am perishing with hunger ! I will arise and go to my father, and say unto him : Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee ; and am no longer

worthy to be regarded as thy son : make me as one of thy hired servants. So he arose and came to his father. And when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and took pity on him, and ran, and fell upon his neck, and fondly kissed him. And the son said unto him : Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee ; and am no longer worthy to be regarded as thy son. But the father said unto his servants : Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him ; and give him a ring for his finger, and shoes for his feet : and bring the fatted calf, and kill it ; and let us eat, and feast ourselves : for this my son was dead, but is come to life again ; he was lost, but is found. And they began to feast themselves. Now his elder son was in the country ; but, on his return, as he drew nigh to the house, he heard music, and singing, and dancing. And he called to him one of the servants, and enquired what was the matter. And the servant said : Thy brother is come ; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him in good health. And he was enraged, and would not go in : so his father came out, and was entreating him. But he said unto his father : Lo ! I continue serving thee so many years, and never at all disobeyed thy commandment ; yet thou never gavest me even a kid, that I might feast myself with my friends. But, as soon as this thy son was come, who hath devoured thy substance with harlots, thou killedst for him the fatted calf. And his father said : Son, thou art always with me, and all, that I have, is thine. But it was right that we should feast ourselves and rejoice ; for this thy brother was dead, but is come to life again ; and was lost, but is found.

III.

Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart:

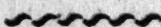
He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour:

In whose eyes wickedness is condemned; but he honoureth them that fear the Lord:

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not:

He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent:

He that doeth these things shall never be moved.



IV.

The mighty God, even the Lord hath spoken, and called the earth even from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof.

Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined.

Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence: a fire shall devour before him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about him.

He shall call to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that he may judge his people.

Gather my saints together unto me; those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice.

And the heavens shall declare his righteousness: for God is judge himself.

Hear, O my people, and I will speak ; O Israel, and I will testify against thee : I am God, even thy God.

I will not reprove thee for thy sacrifices, or thy burnt offerings ; these have been continually before me.

I will take no bullock out of thy house, nor he-goat out of thy folds.

For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.

I know all the fowls of the mountains : and the wild beasts of the field are mine.

If I were hungry, I would not tell thee : for the world is mine, and the fulness thereof.

Will I eat the flesh of bulls, or drink the blood of goats ?

Offer unto God thanksgiving ; and pay thy vows unto the most High :

And call upon me in the day of trouble : I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

But unto the wicked God saith, what hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldest take my covenant into thy mouth ?

Seeing thou hatest instruction, and castest my words behind thee.

When thou sawest a thief, then thou consentedst with him, and hast been partaker with adulterers.

Thou givest thy mouth to evil, and thy tongue frameth deceit.

Thou sittest, and speakest against thy brother ; thou slanderest thine own mother's son.

These things hast thou done, and I kept silence : thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself : but I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thine eyes.

Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver.

Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me : and to him that ordereth his conversation aright, will I shew the salvation of God.



V.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth ! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained :

What is man, that thou are mindful of him ? or the son of man, that thou visitest him ?

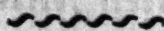
For thou hast made him little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.

Thou hast made him to have dominion over the works of thy hands ; thou hast put all things under his feet :

All sheep and oxen ; yea, and the beasts of the field :

The fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth.



VI.

The heavens declare the glory of God ; and the firmament sheweth his handy-work.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge,

They have no speech nor language, yet without these is their voice heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world : in them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it : and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul : the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart : the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightning the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever : the judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

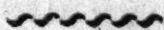
More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold : sweeter also than honey, and the honey-comb.

Moreover, by them is thy servant warned ; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors ? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins, let them not have dominion over me : then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.



VII.

The Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul : he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, for I will dwell as in the sight of the Lord continually.

VIII.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness : come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God : it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves : we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise : be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good : his mercy is everlasting ; and his truth endureth to all generations.

IX.

O come let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.



X.

Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty.

Who coverest thyself with light, as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain.

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

Who maketh the winds his messengers, and flames of fire his ministers:

Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever.

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains.

At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.

They go up by the mountains; they go down by the vallies, unto the place which thou hast founded for them.

Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth.

He sendeth the springs into the vallies, which run among the hills.

They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.

By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.

He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man; that he may bring forth food out of the earth:

And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread to strengthen man's heart.

The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted;

Where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir-trees are her house.

The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies,

He appointeth the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.

Thou makest darkness, and it is night; wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God,

The sun ariseth ; they gather themselves together,
and lay them down in their dens.

Man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour
until the evening.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom
hast thou made them all : the earth is full of thy
riches.

So is the great and wide sea, wherein are things
creeping innumerable, both small and great fish,

There go the ships : there is that leviathan, whom
thou hast made to play therein.

These wait all upon thee ; that thou mayest give
them their meat in due season.

That thou givest them, they gather : thou openest
thine hand, they are filled with good.

Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled : thou
takest away their breath, they die, and return to their
dust.

Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created :
and thou renewest the face of the earth.

The glory of the Lord shall endure for ever : the
Lord shall rejoice in his works.

He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth : he
toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live : I will
sing praises unto my God while I have my being.

My meditation of him shall be sweet : I will be
glad in the Lord.

Let sin be annihilated out of the earth, and let wick-
edness be no more. Bless thou the Lord, O my soul,
Praise ye the Lord.



XI.

O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me.

Thou knowest my down-sitting, and my up-rising;
thou understandest my thoughts afar off.

Thou compassest my path, and my lying down,
and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O
Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid
thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me, it is
high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither
shall I flee from thy presence?

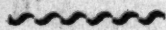
If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I
make my bed in the grave, behold thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in
the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right
hand shall hold me.

If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even
the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the
night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light
are both alike to thee.



XII.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the
man that getteth understanding. For the merchan-
dise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and
the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more preci-

ous than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness; and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and happy is every one that retaineth her. Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding. Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee: love her, and she shall keep thee. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace, a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee.



XIII.

Doth not wisdom cry, and understanding put forth her voice? Unto you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of man. Receive my instruction, and not silver: and knowledge rather than choice gold. For wisdom is better than rubies, and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it. I, Wisdom, dwell with Prudence, and find out Knowledge of witty inventions. The fear of the Lord is to hate evil: pride, and arrogancy, and the evil way, and the froward mouth do I hate. Counsel is mine, and sound wisdom. I am Understanding: I have strength. I love those that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me. The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning or ever the earth was. When there was no depths I was brought forth: when there were no fountains abounding with water. Before the mountains were

settled, before the hills was I brought forth. While as yet he had not made the earth, or the fields, or the highest part of the dust of the world. When he prepared the heavens I was there, when he set a compass on the face of the deep. When he established the clouds above, when he strengthened the fountains of the deep: then I was by him as one brought up with him, and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him. Rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth, and my delights were with the sons of men. Now, therefore, hearken unto me, O ye children! for blessed are they that keep my ways. Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not. For whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord.



XIV.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars be not darkened; nor the clouds return after the rain: in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened; and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low; also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the

way, and the almond-tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl broken, or the pitcher broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

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## XV.

### *Speech of Paul at Athens.*

Ye men of Athens! I perceive you altogether much given to religious worship. For, as I was going about and taking notice of your deities, I found, among other things, an altar with this inscription, To an Unknown God. Whom, therefore, ye reverence without knowing him, the same do I now make known unto you. That God, the creator of this world, and of all things which it containeth; that God, the Lord of heaven and earth! dwelleth not in temples made with hands: nor doth he require service at mens' hands to supply his wants; since he is the giver of life and breath unto all mankind. And he made of one man every nation of men, to dwell over the whole earth, having fixed from the first the appointed times and boundaries of their habitation; that they might seek for God, inasmuch as they would find him by feeling after him: for indeed he is not far from every one of us, as in him we live, and move, and have our being. And to this purpose some of your poets also have spoken: For we are indeed his offspring. Since then we are God's offspring, we ought not to think this divine being like



unto any golden, or silver, or stone image, a curious workmanship of man's fancy. God, however, condemning such ignorance in these times, now chargeth all men every where to reform themselves ; because he hath settled a day, on which he is going to judge the world according to justice, by a man, whom he hath appointed ; of whose appointment he hath given proof to all by raising him from the dead.



## XVI.

### *Paul's Defence before Felix.*

As I know thee to have been a judge unto this nation for many years, I the more cheerfully enter on my defence. Now thou must know, that it is not more than twelve days, since I went up to worship at Jerusalem : and they neither found me in the temple disputing with any one, nor bringing the multitudes together either in the synagogues or about the city : nor can they prove before thee what they now accuse me of. This indeed I confess unto thee, that according to that doctrine, which they call a heresy, so pay I religious service to the God of my fathers ; believing all that is written throughout the law and in the prophets : having a hope in God, which they also entertain, that there will be a resurrection from death both of righteous and unrighteous men. And this is my endeavour, to have always a conscience without offence towards God and men. Now, after several years, I came to Jerusalem to bring alms unto my nation, and offerings : at which time some Jews of Asia found me purified in the temple, but

with no croud, and without disturbance; who ought to have been here before thee, and accuse me, if they had any charge against me. But as it is, let these very people here speak, if they found any injustice in me before the council, or with respect to this single declaration, which I spake loudly as I stood among them, Concerning a resurrection of the dead I am this day judged before you.

### XVII.

Let your affection be for each other the fondness of a brother: be more forward than each other in mutual respect: not backward to diligence, of an active mind, serving yourselves of the opportunity: rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; constant in prayer; distributing to the necessitous; given to hospitality. Give good words to them, who rail at you; give good words, and curse not. Rejoice with the joyful, and weep with them that weep; having the same dispositions towards each other. Set not your minds on high things, but be guided by humility. Be not wise in your own conceits. Render no one evil for evil. Attend, if ye can, to what is honourable in the sight of all men. As much as lieth in you, be at peace with all men.

### XVIII.

Love is forbearing and kind; this love quarrelleth not; this love is not rash, nor puffeth itself up, nor behaveth with indecorum, nor seeketh it's own ad-



vantage, nor is easily provoked, nor thinketh upon evil, nor rejoiceth in falsehood, but rejoiceth in the truth: is contented at all times, full of trust at all times, full of hope at all times, patient at all times. This love will never fail; whereas teaching will be done away, tongues will be silent, and knowledge will be destroyed. For our knowledge is imperfect, and our teaching is imperfect: but, when perfection is come, then will these imperfections be done away. So then there continueth faith, hope, love; these three: but the best of these is love. Follow after this love.

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A Morning Prayer.

O thou greatest and best of Beings! my heavenly Father, my Friend, and my God! may it please thee to accept my humble thanks for thy kind care during the past night, and for the blessings which surround me this morning.—Life, and health, and food, and friends, are thy gift. O! teach me to live a life of praise; still defend me from evil, and guard me from sin—help me, that this and every day I may do my duty, and behave so in this world as to be happy with thee in the world to come; for thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

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### *An Evening Prayer.*

My heavenly Father! my almighty God! may I never lay my head to rest till I have first worshipped my great Creator. I fear, I have already been too

unmindful of thee; I fear, I have too often offended thee; but I humbly pray that thou wouldst mercifully forgive me what I have done amiss; teach me to know and love thee more, and to obey thee better. May I always speak the truth, and be honest and kind; teach me to wish well to all the world, and to do good where I can. Bless my relations and friends, and grant to each of us a good night. Make me every day more and more thankful for thy favours; prepare me for thy whole will; make me fit to live and fit to die, that after I have done my duty on earth, I may be happy for ever in heaven with thee and thy son Jesus Christ. Amen.



*A Meditation for a young Person under a Course of Instruction.*

Every good and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh from the father of lights, with whom there is no variableness or shadow of turning. I adore thee, heavenly Father! as the source of wisdom and truth, and pray unto thee to assist me in the pursuit and acquisition of useful and valuable knowledge. I thank thee for all the privileges of my birth and education, for the health and powers of my body, and for the capacity and faculties of my mind. I thank thee for all the opportunities for improvement with which I am favoured, and intreat thee to make me justly sensible of the value and importance of instruction. May I consider my teachers as in the light and place of parents. May I pay them that respect which is due to their wisdom and



virtue. May I improve by their instructions, and follow their good examples. May I be aware, how conducive useful knowledge will be to my comfort and happiness in the society of mankind ; and may I gain that taste for the employment of my leisure hours, which may keep me from folly and from sin. May I be diligent in the improvement of my mind, and may I devote my life to the pursuit of wisdom, and to the practice of virtue. May I consider that youth is the time for the greatest improvement, and that the opportunity may never again occur of furnishing myself with a store of sound and valuable knowledge.

I thank thee for the power of memory ; and pray, that I may be enabled to retain and recollect whatever is useful, which I learn. Whilst I am observing the works of nature, may I meditate on thee, the author of them all, the greatest, the wisest, and the best of all beings, by whose power they were executed, by whose skill they were contrived, and by whose benevolence all things are made to work together for the greatest good, especially of those who love thee and who keep thy commandments.

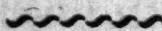
May I contemplate thee as the God of the seasons, who hast made summer and winter, seed time and harvest, who givest grass for cattle and herb for the support of man. May I consider that, when thou saidest, let there be light, there was light ; that thou hast placed the sun and moon in the heavens, to rule over the day and over the night, and that all the worlds and systems in the universe are thy divine creation. Teach me, that thou hast formed man in thy own image, to contemplate thy works and to shew forth thy praise. I rejoice, that I am one of

thy offspring, and that in thee I live and move and have my being. Above all, I bless thee for the instructions and example of Jesus Christ, and praise thee, who by the everlasting gospel hast brought life and immortality to light. Glory be to thee in the highest for the Christian religion, which is fitted to promote peace on earth, and good-will among the children of men.

I thank thee for that genius and understanding, which thou hast breathed into human souls, by the improvement of which they are enabled to contribute to the instruction of their fellow beings, and to spread the principles of truth, of virtue, and of religion, through the different nations and ages of the world. Assist me to contemplate the volume of history, as the volume of thy heavenly providence, to turn from the horrors of war to the improvements and blessings of peace, to behold the gradual amendment of the human race, and to regard the folly and wickedness of mankind as tending to self-destruction, and ending in universal good. Blessed be thy name for those ingenious inventions, which minister to the comfort and happiness of the children of men; particularly for the arts of writing and printing, which convey down useful knowledge from generation to generation. May I be thankful for the means of mental improvement, which I enjoy; and remember, that much will be required of those, to whom much is committed. If thou pleasest to lengthen out my days upon earth, in youth may I be industrious, in the prime of life may I be active in doing good, and in the vale of years may I be blessed with an approving conscience. Whilst I live, may I be useful and virtuous, that when I die, I may be



cheerfully resigned to thy will, and prepared to join the society of the wise and good in another and better world. O thou God of wisdom, teach me to know the price of every hour, and to spend every day wisely and well. Enable me at the hour of death to look back with satisfaction upon a well-spent life, and forward with the blissful hope of a glorious and happy eternity. Deliver me from every evil word, and thought, and work. Grant that by the influence of thy providence, by good instruction, and by diligent attention to thy works and word, to thy precepts, to my duty, and to my everlasting hopes, I may become an useful member of society, a faithful and consistent disciple of Jesus Christ, and that finally I may be admitted to that blissful state, in which wisdom and virtue, love and peace, happiness and joy, shall reign for evermore. Amen.



*Grace before Meat.*

O Lord, our gracious father, grant us thy blessing with our daily bread.



*Grace after Meat.*

O God, supply the wants of others, and give us grateful hearts.



  
SERIOUS POETRY.  


## I.

I sing th' almighty pow'r of God,  
Which made the mountains rise,  
Which spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom which ordain'd  
The sun to rule the day;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
Who fill'd the earth with food;  
He form'd the creatures with a word,  
And then pronounc'd them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd  
Where'er I turn mine eye,  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky.

There's not a plant or flow'r below,  
But makes thy glories known;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from thy throne.





Creatures (as numerous as they be)  
 Are subject to thy care ;  
 There's not a place, where we can flee,  
 But God is present there.  
 In heav'n he shines with beams of love,  
 The same in worlds beneath ;  
 'Tis on his earth I stand or move,  
 And 'tis his air I breathe.  
 His hand is my perpetual guard,  
 He views me with his eye ;  
 Why should I then forget the Lord,  
 Who is for ever nigh.

## II.

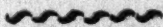
O 'tis a lovely thing for youth  
 To walk betimes in wisdom's way ;  
 To fear a lye, to speak the truth,  
 That we may trust to all they say.  
 But liars we can never trust,  
 Tho' they should speak the thing that's true ;  
 And they who do one fault at first,  
 And lie to hide it, make it two.  
 Have ye not known, or heard, or read,  
 How God abhors deceit and wrong ?  
 How Ananias was struck dead,  
 Caught with a lye upon his tongue ?  
 So did his wife Sapphira die,  
 When she came in and grew so bold  
 As to confirm that wicked lie  
 Which just before her husband told.

The Lord delights in those who speak  
 The words of truth ; but wilful lies  
 The fatal consequence must take,  
 Which from deceit and falsehood rise.  
 Then let me always watch my lips,  
 And guard my tongue and temper well,  
 Since God a constant reck'ning keeps  
 Of ev'ry lye which children tell.



### III.

How doth the little busy bee  
 Improve each shining hour,  
 And gather honey all the day  
 From ev'ry op'ning flow'r!  
 How skilfully she builds her cell!  
 How neat she spreads the wax!  
 And labours hard to store it well  
 With the sweet food she makes.  
 In works of labour, or of skill,  
 I would be busy too ;  
 Lest I should find some mischief still  
 For idle hands to do.  
 In books, or work, or healthful play,  
 Let my first years be past,  
 That I may give for ev'ry day  
 Some good account at last.





## IV.

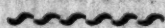
How proud we are ! how fond to shew  
 Our clothes, and call them rich and new,  
 When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore  
 That very clothing long before.

The tulip and the butterfly  
 Appear in gayer coats than I ;  
 Let me be drest, fine as I will,  
 Flies, worms, and flow'rs exceed me still.

Then will I set my heart to find  
 Inward adornings of the mind ;  
 Knowledge, devotion, virtue, truth,  
 To guide and animate my youth.

No more shall worms with me compare,  
 This is the raiment angels wear :  
 The Son of God when here below,  
 Put on this blest apparel too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,  
 Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould ;  
 It takes no spot, but still refines ;  
 The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.  
 In this on earth would I appear,  
 Then go to heav'n, and wear it there ;  
 God will approve it in his sight,  
 'Tis his own work, and his delight.



## V.

God makes the glorious sun to know  
 His proper hour to rise,  
 And to give light to all below,  
 Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east  
 His morning race begins,  
 He never tires, nor stops to rest,  
 But round the world he shines.  
 So, like the sun, would I fulfill  
 The business of the day ;  
 Begin my work betimes, and still  
 March on my heavenly way.  
 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,  
 Then shall I not complain,  
 That the young morning of my days  
 Has all been spent in vain.



## VI.

Now that another day is gone,  
 I'll sing my Maker's praise ;  
 My comforts ev'ry hour make known  
 His providence and grace.  
 But how my childhood runs to waste !  
 My faults, how great their sum !  
 Lord, give me pardon for the past,  
 And strength for days to come.  
 I lay my body down to sleep,  
 But thou wilt guard my head :  
 And thro' the hours of darkness keep  
 A watch around my bed.  
 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,  
 Since thou dost not remove ;  
 And in the morning let me rise  
 Rejoicing in thy love.





## VII.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain,  
 "You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."  
 As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed  
 Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.  
 "A little more sleep, and a little more slumber,"  
 Thus he wastes half his days and his hours without  
 number ;

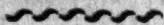
And, when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,  
 Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild briar,  
 The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher ;  
 The clothes, which hang on him, are turning to rags ;  
 And his money still wastes, till he starves, or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find,  
 That he took better care for improving his mind :  
 He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking ;  
 But scarce reads his bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me ;  
 That man's but a picture of what I might be,  
 But thanks to the friends who took care of my breed-  
 ing,

And taught me betimes to love working & reading."

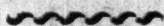


## VIII.

Why should I deprive my neighbour  
 Of his goods against his will ?  
 Hands were made for honest labour,  
 Not to plunder or to steal.

'Tis a foolish self-deceiving  
 By such tricks to hope for gain:  
 All that's ever got by thieving  
 Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

Oft we see a young beginner  
 Practise little pilfering ways,  
 'Till grown up a harden'd sinner  
 Then the gallows ends his days.  
 Theft will not be always hidden,  
 Tho' we fancy none can spy:  
 When we take a thing forbidden,  
 God beholds us from on high.  
 Guard my heart, O God of heaven,  
 Lest I covet what's not mine:  
 Lest I steal, what is not given,  
 Guard my heart and hands from sin.



## IX.

Tho' I am now in younger days,  
 Nor can tell what shall befall me,  
 I'll prepare for ev'ry place,  
 Where my growing age shall call me.  
 Should I e'er be rich or great,  
 Others shall partake my goodness;  
 I'll supply the poor with meat,  
 Never shewing scorn or rudeness.  
 Where I see the blind or lame,  
 Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;  
 I deserve to feel the same,  
 If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.



If I meet with railing tongues,  
 Let me not return them railing ;  
 Since I best revenge my wrongs,  
 By my patience never failing.

When I hear them telling lies,  
 Angrily at others swearing,  
 First I'll try to make them wise,  
 Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

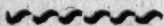
What tho' I be low and mean,  
 I'll engage the good to love me,  
 While I'm modest, neat, and clean,  
 And submit when they reprove me.

If I should be poor and sick,  
 I shall meet, I hope, with pity,  
 Since I love to help the weak,  
 And consider it my duty.

I'll not willingly offend,  
 Nor be easily offended ;  
 What's amiss I'll strive to mend,  
 And endure what can't be mended.

May I be so watchful still  
 O'er my humours and my passion,  
 As to speak and do no ill,  
 Tho' it should be all the fashion.

Wicked fashions lead to ill,  
 Ne'er may I be found complying ;  
 But my duty so fulfil,  
 As not to be afraid of dying.



## X.

Come, children, and with lively voice  
 Resound your Maker's praise,  
 'Tis he who crowns your lives with good,  
 And guards your youthful days.

He is your friend, your constant friend,  
 He guides with gentle hand  
 Your doubtful footsteps, e'er they stray  
 From Nature's kind command.

To him devote your early years,  
 His precepts learn and love,  
 To him your sweetest accents raise,  
 To him your acts approve.

Let no rude deed, no evil word,  
 Prevent the cheerful joy,  
 The smile of innocence can give  
 Approving friends supply.

Their admonitions ever prize,  
 Make it your great concern  
 To shun, by their advice, the ills  
 Which you could not discern.

Yes, children, 'tis their friendly aid  
 Must smoothe your infant road,  
 Must guard you thro' the devious paths  
 Where varied cares are strew'd.

Be then their comfort, whilst for you  
 These seeds of peace are sown,  
 And, when their strength declines, repay  
 Their labours with your own.



So shall you share the pure delights  
 The good e'en here possess,  
 And hence with all approv'd of heav'n,  
 Unfading happiness.



# XI.

Great God, how boundless is thy love !  
 Thy gifts are every evening new ;  
 And morning mercies from above,  
 Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,  
 Great guardian of our sleeping hours,  
 Thy sovereign hand restores the light,  
 And quickens all our drowsy powers.

We yield our powers to thy command,  
 To thee we consecrate our days ;  
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand,  
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.



# XII.

Great God, the heav'n's well-order'd frame  
 Declares the glories of thy name :

There thy rich works of wonder shine,  
 A thousand starry beauties there,  
 A thousand radiant marks appear  
 Of boundless pow'r, and skill divine.

From night to day, from day to night,  
 The dawning and the dying light,  
 Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read ;

With silent eloquence they raise  
 Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,  
 And neither sound nor language need.  
 Yet their divine instructions run  
 Far as the journies of the sun,  
 And ev'ry nation knows their voice :  
 The sun, in brightest splendor drest,  
 Breaks from the chambers of the east,  
 Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.  
 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,  
 He smiles, and speaks his Maker God,  
 Let every being praise the Lord,  
 For he in ev'ry creature shines ;  
 Fair in the book of nature's lines,  
 But fairer in his holy word.



### XIII.

Come, children, learn to fear the Lord ;  
 And that your days be long,  
 Let not a false or spiteful word,  
 Be found upon your tongue.  
 Depart from mischief, practise love ;  
 Pursue the works of peace ;  
 So shall the Lord your ways approve,  
 Your purest joys increase.  
 The Lord beholds and loves the just,  
 His ears attend their cry ;  
 In him their souls may always trust,  
 For he is always nigh.



Though bitter sorrows they may taste,  
 And long affliction know ;  
 The Lord, who gives them bliss at last,  
 Is their support below.

In danger's hour, though sinners faint,  
 And see no shelter near ;  
 God is a refuge for the saint,  
 And scatters every fear.

When resurrection's hour shall come,  
 And death itself shall die ;  
 The Lord will take his servants home,  
 To endless life and joy.

#### XIV.

Teach me the measure of my days,  
 Thou maker of my frame ;  
 I would survey life's narrow space,  
 And learn, how frail I am.

A span is all, which we can boast,  
 An inch or two of time ;  
 We are but vanity and dust,  
 In all our flower and prime.

See the vain race of mortals move,  
 Like shadows o'er the plain,  
 They rage and strive, desire and love,  
 But all their noise is vain.

Some walk in honour's gaudy show,  
 Some dig for golden ore,  
 They toil for heirs, they know not whom,  
 And strait are seen no more.

What should I wish, or wait for then,  
 From creatures, earth, and dust?  
 They make our expectations vain,  
 And disappoint our trust.  
 Now I forbid my worldly hope,  
 My fond desires recal;  
 I give my mortal int'rest up,  
 And make my God my all.

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XV.

Good is the Lord, the heav'nly king,
 Who makes the earth his care,
 Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
 And bids the grass appear.
 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
 Pour out, at thy command,
 Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
 To cheer the thirsty land.
 The soften'd ridges of the field,
 Permit the corn to spring:
 The vallies rich provision yield,
 And the poor labourers sing.
 The little hills, on ev'ry side,
 Rejoice at falling show'rs:
 The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,
 Perfume the air with flow'rs.
 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
 Promise a joyful crop:
 The parched grounds look green again,
 And raise the reaper's hope.

The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
 Their songs the shepherds raise;
 Each varying month thy goodness crowns,
 Let all thy goodness praise.



XVI.

Lord, what a feeble piece,
 Is this our mortal frame!
 Our life how poor a trifle 'tis,
 Which scarce deserves the name.

Alas, the brittle clay
 Which form'd our bodies first!
 And every month, and every day,
 'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

Our moments fly apace,
 Nor will our minutes stay;
 Just like a flood our hasty days
 Are sweeping us away.

Well, if our days must fly,
 We'll keep their end in sight,
 We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
 And let them speed their flight;

They'll waft us sooner o'er
 This life's tempestuous sea;
 Then we shall reach the peaceful shore
 Of blest eternity.



XVII.

Ye nations round the earth rejoice,
 Before the Lord, your heavenly king :
 Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
 With all your tongues his glory sing.

The Lord is God : his power alone
 Did life and all its blessings give.
 And still his guardian care we own,
 And still upon his bounty live.

Enter his gates with songs of joy,
 With praises in his courts appear ;
 And make it your divine employ
 To pay your thanks and honours there.

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;
 Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;
 And the whole race of man shall find
 His truth from age to age endure.

XVIII.

Sing to the Lord with joyful voice :
 Let every land his name adore ;
 Let every grateful heart rejoice,
 And spread his praise from shore to shore.

Nations, attend before his throne
 With solemn fear, with sacred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone ;
 He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power which all things made,
 Gave life to clay, and form'd us men :
 And when, like wanderers, we stray'd,
 He brought us to our home again.

We are his people, we his care,
 He still supports our feeble frame :
 What lasting honours shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise ;
 And earth, with all her various tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
 Wide as the world is thy command ;
 Vast as immensity thy love ;
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

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XIX.

O let us bless the Lord ;  
 Let all within us join,  
 To speak the honours of his name,  
 Whose favours are divine.  
 O let us bless the Lord,  
 Nor let his mercies lie  
 Forgotten in unthankfulness  
 And without praises die.  
 'Tis he forgives our sins,  
 'Tis he relieves our pain,  
 'Tis he that heals our sicknesses,  
 And gives us health again.  
 He crowns our lives with love,  
 When rescu'd from the grave ;  
 He who redeem'd my soul from death,  
 Hath sovereign power to save.

He fills the poor with good ;  
 He gives the sufferers rest ;  
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud,  
 And justice for th' opprest.

His wondrous works and ways  
 He made by Moses known ;  
 And greater kindness to our race,  
 He shew'd by Christ his son.

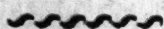


## XX.

Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord,  
 All nature rests upon thy word,  
 And the whole race of creatures stand,  
 Waiting their portion from thy hand.  
 While they receive their different food,  
 Their cheerful looks pronounce it good :  
 Men, birds, beasts, insects, fish, and worms,  
 Rejoice and praise in different forms.  
 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,  
 And dying, to their dust return ;  
 All at thy will their breath resign ;  
 For life in every form is thine.  
 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,  
 And fill the world with beasts and men ;  
 A word of thy creating breath  
 Repairs the wastes of time and death.  
 His works, the wonders of his might,  
 Are honour'd with his own delight :  
 How awful are his glorious ways !  
 Exceeding far our highest praise.



In thee our hopes and wishes meet,  
 And make our meditations sweet ;  
 Thy praises shall our breath employ,  
 And heaven at last complete our joy.



## XXI.

Songs of immortal praise belong  
 To my almighty God :  
 Let me employ my heart and tongue,  
 To spread his name abroad.  
 How great the works his hand hath wrought,  
 How glorious in our sight !  
 Nations in every age have sought  
 His wonders with delight.  
 How most exact is nature's frame !  
 How wise th' eternal mind !  
 He never needs to change the scheme,  
 Which his first thoughts design'd.  
 The wonders of the earth and skies,  
 Thy heav'nly skill proclaim :  
 What shall we do to make us wise,  
 But learn to read thy name ?  
 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,  
 Is our divinest skill :  
 They are the wisest of our race,  
 Who best obey thy will.



## XXII.

That man is blest who stands in awe  
Of God, and loves his sacred law :

His name on earth shall be renown'd ;  
His house a seat of worth shall be,  
An inexhausted treasury,  
And with successive honours crown'd.

His liberal favours he extends  
To some he gives, to others lends :

A gen'rous pity fills his mind :  
Yet, what his charity impairs,  
He saves by prudence in affairs,  
And thus he 's just to all mankind.

His hands, whilst they his alms bestow'd,  
His glory's future harvest sow'd :

The sweet remembrance of the just,  
Like a green root, revives and bears  
A train of blessings for his heirs,  
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

Beset with threatening dangers round,  
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground :

His conscience holds his courage up :  
The soul, that's fill'd with virtue's light,  
Shines brightest in affliction's night !

And sees through darkness beams of hope.

## XXIII.

How shall the young secure their hearts,  
And guard their lives from sin ?

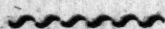
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,  
To keep the conscience clean.



When once it enters to the mind,  
 It spreads such light abroad,  
 The meanest souls instruction find,  
 And raise their thoughts to God.

'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light  
 Which guides us all the day ;  
 And thro' the dangers of the night,  
 A lamp to lead our way.

Thy Word is everlasting truth,  
 How pure is ev'ry page !  
 This holy book shall guide our youth,  
 And well support our age.



## XXIV.

O that the Lord would guide my ways,  
 To keep his statutes still !

O that my God would grant me grace  
 To know and do his will !

In deepest characters impress  
 Thy law upon my heart !

By slander let me ne'er transgress,  
 Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off my eyes ;

Let no corrupt design,  
 Nor covetous desires arise,  
 Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by thy word,  
 And make my heart sincere ;

Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
 But keep my conscience clear.

My soul hath gone too far astray ;  
 My feet too often slip ;  
 Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,  
 Restore thy wand'ring sheep.  
 Make me to walk in thy commands,  
 'Tis a delightful road :  
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,  
 Offend against my God.



## XXV.

How happy must it be,  
 How pleasing, Lord, the sight,  
 When mutual love, and love to thee,  
 A family unite.  
 From those celestial springs,  
 Such streams of comfort flow,  
 As no increase of riches brings,  
 Or honours can bestow.  
 All in their stations move,  
 And all perform their part,  
 In every care of life and love,  
 With sympathizing heart.  
 Form'd for the purest joys,  
 By one desire possess'd ;  
 One aim the zeal of all employs,  
 To make each other blest.  
 No bliss can equal theirs,  
 Where such affections meet,  
 While mingled praise and mingled pray'rs,  
 Make their communion sweet.



'T is the same pleasure fills  
 The breast in worlds above ;  
 Where joy like morning dew distils,  
 And all the air is love.

XXVI.

Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me through,  
 Thine eye commands with piercing view  
 My rising and my resting hours,  
 My heart and flesh with all their powers.  
 My thoughts, before they are my own,  
 Are to my God distinctly known ;  
 He knows the words I mean to speak,  
 Ere from my op'ning lips they break.  
 Within thy circling power I stand ;  
 On ev'ry side I find thy hand :  
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
 I am surrounded still with God.  
 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !  
 What large extent ! what lofty height !  
 My soul, with all the powers I boast,  
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.  
 Could I so false, so faithless prove,  
 To quit thy service and thy love,  
 Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,  
 Or whither from thy Spirit run ?  
 If, mounted on a morning ray,  
 I fly beyond the western sea,  
 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
 And there arrest thy fugitive.

Or should I try to shun thy sight  
 Beneath the spreading veil of night,  
 One glance of thine, one piercing ray,  
 Would kindle darkness into day.

The veil of night is no disguise,  
 Or screen from thy all-searching eyes,  
 Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon  
 Thro' midnight shades as blazing noon.

Midnight and noon in this agree,  
 Great God, they're both alike to thee:  
 Nothing can hide what God will spy,  
 For all lies naked to his eye.

O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!  
 Nor pain or pleasure, hope or fear,  
 Tempt me to sin, for God is there.

XXVII.

Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace,  
 My God, my heav'nly king!  
 Let every age, in every place,  
 Thy boundless mercy sing.

God reigns on high, but not confines  
 His goodness to the skies;  
 Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,  
 And every want supplies.

With longing eyes thy creatures wait  
 On thee for daily food;  
 Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,  
 And fills their mouths with good.



How kind are thy compassions, Lord !

How quick thy pity moves !

For soon he sends his pard'ning word,

To cheer the souls he loves.

Nature through all its various frame,

Unconscious homage pays,

But saints who know their Father's name,

Delight to sing his praise.

### XXVIII.

How cheerful the field, and the mead,

How gay does all nature appear !

The flocks, as they carelessly feed,

Rejoice in the spring of the year.

The foliage which shades the gay bow'rs,

The herbage which springs from the clod,

Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and fair flow'rs,

All rise to the praise of our God.

Shall man, the possessor of all,

The only insensible prove ?

Forbid it, fair gratitude's call !

Forbid it, devotion and love !

The God who such wonders can raise,

His name be for ever ador'd ;

Our lips shall incessantly praise,

Our hearts shall rejoice in the Lord.

## XXIX.

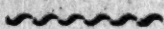
With songs and honours sounding loud  
 Address the Lord on high;  
 Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,  
 And waters veil the sky.  
 He sends his show'rs of blessings down  
 To cheer the plains below,  
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,  
 And corn in vallies grow.  
 He gives the grazing ox his meat,  
 He hears the raven's cry;  
 But we, who taste his finest wheat,  
 Should raise his honours high.  
 His steady counsels change the face  
 Of the declining year;  
 He bids the sun cut short his race,  
 And wint'ry days appear.  
 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,  
 Descend and clothe the ground;  
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,  
 In icy fetters bound.  
 He sends his word and melts the snow,  
 The fields no longer mourn,  
 He calls the warmer gales to blow,  
 And bids the spring return.  
 The changing wind, the flying cloud,  
 Obey his mighty word:  
 With songs and honours sounding loud,  
 Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.





## XXX.

The Lord my pasture will prepare,  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
 His presence will my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
 My noon-day walks he will attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.  
 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,  
 Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,  
 His bounty will my pains beguile ;  
 The barren wilderness will smile,  
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
 And streams will murmur all around.  
 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;  
 To fertile vales and dewy meads  
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;  
 Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.  
 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horror overspread,  
 My stedfast heart will fear no ill,  
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;  
 Thy friendly hand will give me aid,  
 And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.



## XXXI.

The spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,  
 Their great original proclaim.

The glorious sun, from day to day,  
Doth his Creator's pow'r display ;  
And publishes to ev'ry land,  
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale ;  
And nightly to the list'ning earth  
Repeats the story of her birth.

While all the stars which round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What tho' in solemn silence, all  
Appear to move around this ball ;  
What tho' no real voice or sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;

In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
" The hand that made us is divine."



### XXXII.

Praise to God, immortal praise,  
For the love which crowns our days ;  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the field,  
For the stores the gardens yield,  
For the vine's exalted juice,  
For the gen'rous olive's use :



Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;  
 Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,  
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :  
 All that spring with bounteous hand  
 Scatters o'er the smiling land :  
 All that liberal autumn pours  
 From her rich o'erflowing stores :  
 These to thee, my God, we owe,  
 Source whence all our blessings flow ;  
 And for these my voice shall raise  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.  
 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear  
 From its stem the rip'ning ear ;  
 Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot  
 Drop her green untimely fruit :  
 Should the vine put forth no more,  
 Nor the olive yield her store ;  
 Though the sick'ning flock should fall,  
 And the herd desert the stall ;  
 Should thine alter'd hand restrain  
 The early and the latter rain ;  
 Blast each opening bud of joy,  
 And the rising year destroy ;  
 Yet to thee my soul should raise  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise ;  
 And when ev'ry blessing's flown,  
 Love thee—for thyself alone.



## XXXIII.

Hail, great Creator, wise and good !  
 To thee our songs we raise ;  
 Nature through all her various scenes  
 Invites us to thy praise.

At morning, noon, and evening mild,  
 Fresh wonders strike our view ;  
 And while we gaze, our hearts exult,  
 With transports ever new.

Thy glory beams in every star  
 Which gilds the gloom of night ;  
 And decks the smiling face of morn  
 With rays of cheerful light.

The lofty hill, the humble lawn,  
 With countless beauties shine :  
 The silent grove, the secret shade,  
 Proclaim thy power divine.

Great nature's God ! still may these scenes  
 Our serious hours engage ;  
 Still may our grateful hearts consult  
 Thy works' instructive page !

And while, in all thy wondrous works,  
 Thy vary'd love we see ;  
 Still may the contemplation lead  
 Our hearts, O God, to thee !



## XXXIV.

All nature dies, and lives again :  
 The flow'r which paints the field,  
 The trees which crown the mountain's brow,  
 And boughs and blossoms yield,  
 Resign the honours of their form  
 At winter's stormy blast,  
 And leave the naked leafless plain.  
 A desolated waste.  
 Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs  
 Anew shall deck the plain :  
 The woods shall hear the voice of spring,  
 And flourish green again.  
 So to the dreary grave consign'd,  
 Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,  
 Until the judgment morning breaks  
 The slumbers of the tomb.



## XXXV.

As various as the moon  
 Is man's estate below ;  
 To his bright day of gladness soon  
 Succeeds a night of woe.  
 The night of woe resigns  
 Its darkness and its grief ;  
 Again the morn of comfort shines,  
 And brings our souls relief.

Yet not to fickle chance.  
 Is man's condition giv'n ;  
 His dark and shining hours advance  
 By the fix'd laws of heav'n.  
 God measures out to all  
 Their lot of good and ill ;  
 Nor this too great, nor that too small,  
 Ordain'd by wisest will.  
 Let man conform his mind  
 To every changing state ;  
 Rejoicing now, and now resign'd,  
 And the great issue wait.  
 Hopeful and humble bear  
 Thy evil and thy good ;  
 Nor by presumption, nor despair,  
 Weak mortal, be subdu'd.

XXXVI.

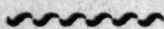
Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay,  
 Let each enraptur'd thought display,  
 Thy mighty Maker's name ;  
 Lo ! heav'n and earth, and seas, and skies,  
 In one melodious concert rise,  
 To swell th' inspiring theme.  
 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,  
 Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God ;  
 Ye thunders, speak his pow'r :  
 Lo ! on the lightning's gleamy wing,  
 In triumph walks the eternal King ;  
 Th' astonish'd worlds adore.



Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,  
 To join the thunders of the skies ;  
 Praise him who bids you roll ;  
 His praise in softer notes declare,  
 Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,  
 And breathe it to the soul.

Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing ;  
 Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,  
 Harmonious anthems raise,  
 To him who shap'd your finer mould,  
 Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,  
 And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,  
 The feeling heart, the judging head  
 In heav'nly praise employ ;  
 Spread the Creator's name around,  
 Till heav'n's broad arch ring back the sound,  
 The general burst of joy.



### XXXVII.

Behold, where, breathing love divine,  
 Our dying Master stands !  
 His weeping followers, gathering round,  
 Receive his last commands.  
 From that mild teacher's parting lips  
 What tender accents fell !  
 The gentle precept which he gave  
 Became its author well.  
 " Blest is the man, whose soft'ning heart  
 Feels all another's pain ;  
 To whom the supplicating eye  
 Was never rais'd in vain .

Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth,  
 A stranger's woes to feel,  
 And bleeds in pity o'er the wound  
 He wants the power to heal.

He spreads his kind supporting arms  
 To every child of grief;  
 His secret bounty largely flows,  
 And brings unask'd relief.

To gentle offices of love  
 His feet are never slow;  
 He views thro' mercy's melting eye  
 A brother in a foe.

Peace from the bosom of his God,  
 My peace to him I give;  
 And when he kneels before the throne,  
 His trembling soul shall live.

To him protection shall be shewn;  
 And mercy from above  
 Descend on those who thus fulfil  
 The perfect law of love."

### XXXVIII.

Greatest of beings, source of life!  
 Sov'reign of air, and earth, and sea,  
 All creatures feel thy pow'r, and all  
 A silent homage pay to thee.  
 Wak'd by thy hand, the morning sun  
 Pours forth to thee its early rays,  
 And spreads thy glories as it climbs,  
 While raptur'd worlds look up and praise.



The moon, to the deep shades of night,  
 Speaks the mild lustre of thy name ;  
 While all the stars which cheer the scene,  
 Thee, the great Lord of light proclaim.

Groves, vallies, rivers, rocks, and hills,  
 And ev'ry flow'r, and ev'ry tree,  
 Ten thousand creatures, warm with life,  
 Have each a grateful song for thee.

All, great Creator, all are thine ;  
 All feel thy providential care ;  
 And, through each varying scene of life,  
 Thy never-ceasing goodness share.

But man was form'd to rise to heav'n ;  
 And, blest with Reason's clearer light,  
 He views his Maker through his works,  
 And glows with rapture at the sight.

Thou first of beings, source of life,  
 Great lord of air, and earth, and sea,  
 While nature owns thy pow'r, let man  
 His grateful tribute pay to thee.



### XXXIX..

House of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,  
 While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing ;  
 With sacred joy his wond'rous deeds proclaim ;  
 Let ev'ry tongue be vocal with his name.

The Lord is good, his mercy never-ending,  
 His blessings in perpetual show'rs descending.

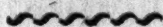
Thou earth, enlighten'd by his rays divine,  
 Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil, and wine,  
 Crown'd with his goodness, let thy nations meet,  
 And grateful bow before his heav'nly seat ;

With joyful thanks that lib'ral hand confessing,  
 Which through each heart diffuseth ev'ry blessing.  
 His goodness never ends ; the dawn, the shade,  
 Still see new bounties through new scenes display'd ;  
 Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,  
 And children lean upon their fathers' God.  
 The deathless soul, through its immense duration,  
 Drinks from this source immortal consolation.  
 Burst into praise, my soul ; all nature join ;  
 Angels and men in harmony combine ;  
 While human years are measur'd by the sun,  
 And while eternity its course shall run,  
 His goodness in perpetual show'rs descending,  
 Exalt in songs, with rapture never-ending.



## XL.

O praise ye the Lord, prepare a new song,  
 And let all his saints in full concert join ;  
 With voices united the anthem prolong,  
 And shew forth his honours in music divine.  
 Let praise to the God who made us ascend,  
 Let each grateful heart exult in its king ;  
 For God whom we worship our songs will attend,  
 And view with complacence the off'ring we bring.  
 Be joyful, ye saints, sustain'd by his might,  
 And let your glad songs awake with each morn ;  
 For those who obey him are still his delight ;  
 His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.  
 Then praise ye the Lord ; prepare a new song ;  
 And let all his saints in full concert join ;  
 With voices united the anthem prolong,  
 And shew forth his honours in music divine.





## XLI.

If solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breasts this jewel lies ;  
And they are fools who roam :  
The world has nothing to bestow ;  
From our own-selves our joys must flow,  
And peace begins at home.

We'll therefore relish with content,  
Whate'er kind providence hath sent,  
Nor aim beyond our pow'r ;  
And if our store of wealth be small,  
With thankful hearts enjoy it all,  
Nor lose the present hour.

We'll be resign'd, when ill's betide,  
Patient, when favours are denied,  
And pleas'd with favours giv'n ;  
This is the wise, the virtuous part ;  
This is that incense of the heart,  
Whose fragrance reaches heav'n.

Thus, crown'd with peace, thro' life we'll go ;  
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe  
With cautious steps we'll tread ;  
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,  
Without a trouble or a fear,  
And mingle with the dead :

While conscience, like a faithful friend,  
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,  
And cheer our dying breath ;  
Shall, when all other comforts cease,  
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,  
And smooth the bed of death.



## XLII.

Lord, thou art good ; all nature shows  
 Its mighty maker kind ;  
 Thy bounty through creation flows,  
 Full, free, and unconfin'd.  
 Whate'er our eyes behold, proclaims  
 Thine infinite good-will ;  
 It shines in stars, and flows in streams,  
 And bursts from ev'ry hill.  
 It spreads through all the spacious main,  
 And through the heav'ns more wide ;  
 It drops in gentle show'rs of rain,  
 And rolls on ev'ry tide.  
 Through the vast whole it pours supplies,  
 Spreads joy through ev'ry part :  
 O let such love attract mine eyes,  
 And captivate my heart.  
 High admiration let it raise,  
 And kind affections move ;  
 Employ my tongue in songs of praise,  
 And fill my soul with love.


 XLIII.

O sing to the Lord a new song,  
 Let the universe join in the strain,  
 Each day the glad tribute prolong,  
 His wonders, his glory maintain.]



Let gratitude bless the kind pow'r,  
 From whom our salvation descends :  
 How great is the God we adore !  
 How rich are the blessings he sends !  
 In the beauty of holiness bow ;  
 O worship with fear and with love ;  
 How glorious his temples below !  
 How solemn his presence above !  
 Proclaim to the nations around,  
 That our God the omnipotent reigns,  
 Whose righteousness space cannot bound,  
 Whose purpose unalter'd remains.  
 O let the wide heavens rejoice,  
 The earth with her myriads be glad,  
 The ocean shall join its loud voice,  
 And the woods in rich verdure be clad :  
 Rejoice ! for the Lord is at hand ;  
 Prepare ! for his judgment is nigh :  
 Before him all nations shall stand ;  
 No guilt from his justice can fly.

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XLIV.

O thou, through all thy works ador'd,
 Great pow'r supreme, almighty Lord !
 Author of life, whose sov'reign sway
 Creatures of ev'ry tribe obey !
 To thee, most high, to thee belong,
 The suppliant pray'r, the joyful song ;
 To thee will we attune our voice,
 And in thy wond'rous works rejoice.

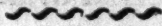
Planets, those wand'ring worlds above,
 Guided by thee, incessant move ;
 Suns, kindled by a ray divine,
 In honour of their Maker shine.

From thee proceed heav'n's varied store,
 The changing wind, the fruitful show'r,
 The flying cloud, the colour'd bow,
 The moulded hail, the feather'd snow.

Tempests obey thy mighty will ;
 Thy awful mandate to fulfil,
 The forked light'nings dart around,
 And rive the oak, and blast the ground.

Yet, pleas'd to bless, kind to supply,
 Thy hand supports thy family,
 And fosters with a parent's care,
 The tribes of earth, and sea, and air.

Of nature's laws, and nature's king,
 Our tongues shall still delight to sing :
 The debt of humble praise we pay ;
 Father, accept the grateful lay.



XLV.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Delighted with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redress'd,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Before my feeble thoughts had learn'd,
 To form themselves in pray'r.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
 With heedless step I ran,
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.

Thro' hidden danger, toil, and death,
 It gently clear'd my way;
 And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
 With health renew'd my face;
 And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 Which tastes those gifts with joy.

Through ev'ry period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And, after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.



XLVI.

Diffusing benefits around,
 Bespeaking God's paternal care,
 Fresh showers have fertiliz'd the ground,
 And gentle winds have warm'd the air.

Leaves fill the trees, grass clothes the plain,
 And verdant ranks of corn appear,
 Providing food for beast and man,
 In constant plenty through the year.

The gardens, drest in all their pride,
 Perfume the air, attract the sight,
 Here, use and beauty are allied
 For our support, for our delight.

Will God from whom these blessings spring,
 Vouchsafe to hear the song we raise?
 To God alone, our thanks we bring,
 The object of our love and praise.

Our grateful hearts sincerely feel
 The pleasures, we at present have,
 Yet we expect, with greater zeal,
 The future joys beyond the grave.

Jesus hath sown the precious seed,
 May no neglect destroy the crop;
 If we extirpate every weed,
 The harvest will exceed our hope.

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## XLVII.

Advancing northwards from the line,  
 The sun exerts his potent sway,  
 And to complete the grand design  
 Flings down direct the flaming day.

The ocean glitters in his beams,  
 The dazzling landscape glows with light,  
 Woods, plains, rocks, vallies, mountains, streams,  
 Appear distinctly to the sight.



He shines with beneficial heat  
 Upon the product of the soil,  
 He dries the grass, embrowns the wheat,  
 And fits them for the labourers' toil.  
 Idolaters, with holy zeal,  
 Before this glorious creature fall,  
 And while his benefits they feel,  
 Imagine him the cause of all.  
 Worship belongs to God alone,  
 The real cause of heat and cold;  
 Let no one dare usurp his throne,  
 Let no one dare this praise withhold.  
 His thunder purifies the air,  
 His rapid light'ning flies abroad;  
 Let those, who his protection share,  
 Adore their great Creator, God.



### XLVIII.

The harvest moon gives friendly light  
 To finish what has been begun,  
 While copious dews at morn and night  
 Lessen the fervor of the sun.  
 The rich reward of toil is nigh,  
 The promise of the year is come;  
 The farmer, now, with grateful eye,  
 Beholds his corn brought safely home.  
 No more he feels the least alarm,  
 No change of weather gives him pain,  
 No more he fears to suffer harm  
 From stormy wind or beating rain.

Remember who it is that gives,  
 Nor let your thoughtless hearts forget,  
 That while your barns are fill'd with sheaves,  
 Yourselves should feel the mighty debt.  
 Distribute to the sons of need,  
 Diffuse your charity abroad,  
 The naked clothe, the hungry feed,  
 Ye are the stewards of your God.  
 He sees, with equal eye, the case  
 Of rich and poor, as Lord of all ;  
 Let then no selfishness disgrace  
 Those days, which for your bounty call.

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 XLIX.

The rain congeal'd to fleecy snow,
 Like a warm garment clothes the ground ;
 The rapid rivers scarcely flow,
 With icy fetters strongly bound.
 The trees, deprived of their leaves,
 Naked and desolate appear ;
 No cheerful green the eye perceives,
 No tuneful sounds salute the ear.
 Nature, to all appearance, dead,
 Strongly reminds us to prepare
 Against the time, when joys are fled,
 And leave the mind a prey to care,
 But let us not dejected mourn,
 Let no sad discontent prevail,
 Summer and winter still return,
 Seed-time and harvest never fail.

And though our present joys decay,
 Though death conduct us to the tomb,
 God hath reveal'd a brighter day,
 Christ hath foretold a world to come.
 The sacred promise of the Lord
 Will lasting, as his being, prove ;
 Our hopes depend upon his word,
 Our hearts rely upon his love.

L.

We, thy servants, come to pay
 Homage at the opening day,
 Thankful hearts to God we bring,
 Bow before our heavenly King.
 Though unseen by human eye,
 God is still for ever nigh ;
 Notices the softest call,
 Kind and bountiful to all.
 He it was who gave us breath,
 He preserves us still from death,
 He supplies all earthly good,
 Gives us likewise heavenly food.
 And though sorrows intervene,
 Though afflictions cloud the scene ;
 Faith can penetrate the gloom,
 Hope expect a happy home.
 God afflicteth but to cure,
 And the short-liv'd trial o'er,
 Free from folly, guilt, and woe,
 Bliss for ever will ensue.

LI.

'Tis not how long we have to live,
 But what improvement yet may come,
 That real wisdom would enquire,
 Could oracles proclaim our doom.
 Could we like those before the flood,
 Instead of years, by centuries count ;
 If void of knowledge we remain,
 Say what would be the vast amount.
 Days, months, and years, the triflers tale,
 Are ciphers, and for nothing tell ;
 Good actions are the numeral signs,
 Which life's intrinsic value swell.
 Then seize the present fleeting hour,
 Catch each advantage it can give,
 Improve the time within your power,
 And gain true pleasure whilst you live.

*A Christmas Carol.*

Ye who live in ease and plenty,
 Wealth abounding, fortune kind,
 Who, with every fit enjoyment,
 Please the sense, and soothe the mind,
 Ye who make by art's assistance,
 Spring-time of the winter's day,
 And on downy beds reposing
 Sweetly sleep the night away !

Is there no superfluous morsel,
 Remnant of the dainty meal,
 For the aged, poor, and helpless,
 Doom'd the season's woes to feel?
 In that sumptuous, crouded wardrobe,
 Is there not one vest to spare,
 To protect a trembling victim
 From December's stormy air?
 Bent beneath the load of anguish,
 Think what thousands round you pine;
 Rich man, think, that times may vary,
 And their piteous lot be thine.
 Form'd of similar materials,
 Mov'd by similar sensations,
 Far as fortune may divide you,
 Still they are thy near relations.
 Shall thy brother pine deserted,
 While thy plenteous stores o'erflow?
 Thou enjoying every pleasure,
 He assail'd by keenest woe.
 Hark! around thy spacious dwelling
 How the dreadful tempests play!
 See the fleecy snows descending
 Till their heaps obstruct the way!
 Piercing Frost his stern dominion
 Urges in thy shelter'd rooms,
 But, in yon defenceless cottage,
 Tenfold horrors he assumes.
 There, in vain, the scanty embers
 Strive his fury to repel;
 Shatter'd windows, famine, sickness,
 His victorious forces swell.

See the father helpless lying
 On the mean half-furnish'd bed,
 While, around, his numerous children,
 Shivering, naked, cry for bread :

While their mother anxious, toiling,
 Strives in vain their wants to meet,
 They, to share the coarse provision,
 Eager croud around her feet.

Yet in spite of all her toiling,
 All her skill, and all her care,
 She, the last reserve dividing,
 Views to-morrow with despair.

Ye who live in ease and plenty,
 Wealth abounding, fortune kind,
 Who, with every fit enjoyment,
 Please the sense, and soothe the mind,

Is there no superfluous morsel ?
 It to them might prove a meal :
 Is there no worn vest to send them ?
 Think ! oh think, like you they feel.

Are you now with cost preparing
 Jesus' natal day to keep ?
 No such cost requires the Shepherd :
 His request is, " Feed my sheep."

He who cry'd " Obey my Father,
 " Not salute me as your Lord,"
 Surely will approve your keeping—
 —Not his birthday, but—his word.

That is lost in long oblivion ;
This his followers plain have penn'd :
 Rich men, to the honey'd accents
 A deserv'd attention lend.

- " Hoard not up your earthly treasure :
 " It will work you pain and care.
 " Give ; and in the wealth celestial,
 " Purchase an abundant share.
 " Lend ; and with no painful urging
 " Press the needy for your due :
 " Let the eye of supplication
 " Never plead in vain to you.
 " Ne'er indulge the wild endeavour,
 " Vain is each attempt the while,
 " With the sordid love of lucre,
 " Piety to reconcile.
 " Since the seeds of truth and goodness,
 " Choak'd by avarice, fruitless die,
 " Sell ; and to the noblest purpose
 " Your superfluous stores apply.
 " If yourselves were poor and helpless,
 " Pity would be sought by you ;
 " What yourselves would wish from others,
 " That to others ever do.
 " This the law and prophets teach you,
 " Barren without this and vain ;
 " Let it guide your active goodness,
 " And from ill your hands restrain.
 " At the great and final audit
 " When the trembling crouds appear,
 " Each with awe his righteous sentence
 " From the Sovereign Judge shall hear.
 " Enter on your joys, ye blessed :
 " You my gratitude shall see ;
 " For each noble act of kindness,
 " I account as done to me.

- " But away, ye iron-hearted,
 " Plead not fruitless piety :
 " Every want of social kindness
 " I account neglect of me.
 " Yet why urge with future terrors,
 " Or with future joys allure ?
 " Copious streams of present blessings
 " Ye by charity secure.
 " Great the cheering glad sensations,
 " Which affect the child of grief,
 " When some Godlike benefactor
 " Gives his every want relief !
 " Greater far the glad sensations,
 " Which that benefactor feels,
 " When, like dew, his kind assistance
 " To the suffering bosom steals !"

Rich men, who with indignation
 Hear the name of infidel,
 Leave your brother to his conscience,
 From yourselves the charge repel.
 Hear ; comply ; and when the zephyrs
 Usher in the smiling spring,
 You will hail the months of winter
 That to you such pleasures bring.



Address to the Deity.

God of my life ! and author of my days !
 Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise ;
 And, trembling, take upon a mortal tongue
 That hallow'd name to harps of seraphs sung.

Yet here the brightest seraphs can no more
 Than hide their faces, tremble, and adore.
 Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere,
 Are equal all, for all are nothing here.
 All nature faints beneath the mighty name,
 Which nature's works, through all their parts, pro-
 claim,

I feel that name my inmost thoughts controul,
 And breathe an awful stillness thro' my soul;
 As by a charm, the waves of grief subside;
 Impetuous passion stops its headlong tide;
 At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
 And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace,
 Till every worldly thought within me dies,
 And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes;
 Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
 And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke;
 My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke;
 With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
 And mingles with the dross of earth again.
 But he, our gracious Master, kind, as just,
 Knowing our frame, remembers we are dust:
 His spirit, ever brooding o'er the mind,
 Sees the first wish to better hopes inclin'd;
 Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,
 And fans the smoking flax into a flame:
 His ears are open to the softest cry,
 His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;
 He reads the language of a silent tear,
 And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
 Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give;
 Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live;

From each terrestrial bondage set me free ;
 Hush every wish that centers not in thee ;
 Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
 And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
 By living waters, and thro' flow'ry meads,
 When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
 And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,
 Oh ! teach me to elude each latent snare,
 And whisper to my sliding heart—Beware :
 With caution let me hear the Syren's voice,
 And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice.

If friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,
 Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,
 Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
 And with strong confidence lay hold on thee ;
 With equal eye my various lot receive,
 Resign'd to die, or resolute to live ;
 Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre, or the rod,
 While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name, emblazon'd high
 With golden letters on the illumin'd sky ;
 Nor less the mystic characters I see
 Wrought in each flow'r, inscrib'd on every tree ;
 In every leaf that trembles to the breeze
 I hear the voice of God among the trees ;
 With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
 With thee in busy croud'd cities talk,
 In every creature own thy forming power,
 In each event thy providence adore.
 Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
 Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul.

Thus shall I rest, unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye ;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand and stretch my view to either state ;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene ;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.



The Hermit.

At the close of the day when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove :
'Twas then, by the cave of a mountain, reclin'd,
A hermit his nightly complaint thus began,
Tho' mournful his voice, yet his heart was resign'd,
He thought as a Sage, but he felt as a Man.

" Ah, why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain ?
For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
Yet, if pity inspire thee, ah cease not thy lay,
Mourn, sweetest Complainer, Man calls thee to
mourn ;

O sooth him, whose pleasures like thine pass away—
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,

The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays :
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high

She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.

Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue

The path that conducts thee to splendor again.

But Man's faded glory no change shall renew,

Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;

I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;

For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,

Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with
dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;

Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.—

But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn !

O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave !”

Philosophy, pausing, attempts no reply ;

Yet droop not, an answer religion will give ;

Hope rises triumphant, and gladdens the eye,

While man she addresses, “ again you shall live,

View nature once more, a fit emblem you ’ll find,

Entomb'd by itself, see the chrysalis lies ;

Could reason alone have informed the mind,

That hence the gay butterfly soon would arise ?

Though this may illustrate, your hope rests not here,

Contemplate the power by whose word ye were
made ;

Why strange and incredible should it appear,

That God who created should raise from the dead.

His word is your anchor, its evidence true,

The proofs which it brings your attention demand ;

Inviting enquiry, not shrinking from view,

The more they are studied, more firmly they stand.

Apply to this fountain, salubrious it flows,
 Not reason opposing, but aiding its sight;
 An optic, which scenes far remote can disclose;
 A summit, which gain'd, the wide prospect is
 bright.
 Though death, as the shade, in the picture appear,
 'Tis the way heaven appoints for conducting you
 home;
 Encrease not the gloom, then, by harbouring fear,
 For beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."



The Mourning Mother.

From heaven's high concave, where serenely mild
 The eye of mercy beams upon the blest;
 Look down, oh sainted spirit of my child!
 And view the anguish of a parent's breast.
 Yet rather turn from misery and woe,
 Thou dearest offspring of connubial love;
 Nor let a mother's wretchedness below,
 A moment dash thy happiness above.
 Short sighted reason ignorantly vain,
 Which in the womb of distant time could see,
 Or think I ever should have felt a pain
 From that which gave felicity to thee.
 Oh that some fair unconscious could but form
 The least idea of a mother's part,
 Could know from nature by what secret charm
 She twists a child so strongly round the heart.
 What means can language tenderly employ,
 So just a sense of sorrow to bestow?

Or who, that has not felt a mother's joy,
 Can form the least conception of her woe?
 Oh, my Eliza, in thy earliest years,
 With lisping sweetness prattling o'er thy toys
 A smile of thine could dissipate my fears,
 And fill my bosom with a thousand joys.
 How have I gaz'd till sense has struck the brain
 With bliss so strong, so exquisitely high,
 That rapture almost border'd upon pain,
 And crack'd the straining fibres of the eye.
 Maternal fondness frequently would rise
 To that extreme, that wonderful degree,
 That scarce I rais'd an accent to the skies,
 But what was sent in tenderness for thee.
 Each beam of genius open'd and refin'd,
 With what excessive transport would I trace;
 And mark how each improvement of the mind
 Soar'd up at once to dignity and grace.
 Ye honour'd dames, high heaven's peculiar care,
 Whose blooming offspring to perfection shine,
 Forgive me, if I thought no child so fair,
 So truly good, and excellent as mine.
 A spark of nature tenderly imprest,
 Has not each mother's bosom always known,
 And found a secret something in her breast,
 Which gave a partial fondness for her own?
 Pardon, just heaven, but when the heart is torn,
 The human drops of bitterness will steal;
 Nor can we lose the privilege to mourn,
 Whilst we have left the faculty to feel.
 Her winning softness, and her artless truth,
 The aching tear of anguish could remove,

Supply the buried husband of my youth,
 The first, the last possessor of my love.
 What scenes of fancied pleasure had I trac'd
 Her little race of prattlers to attend,
 And pass the short remainder of my days,
 The grand-child's parent, and the daughter's friend.
 No busy cares had offered to perplex
 A scheme of life so rationally drest,
 But to see those the happiest of their sex,
 Whom I esteem'd the fairest and the best.
 Delusive dreams ! flow faster than my tears,
 Nor ever bloom so wonderfully fair :
 Distraction now for happiness appears,
 And hope's succeeded only by despair.
 Religion come, thou sister of the skies,
 And quickly lift thy salutary rod ;
 Nor let this daring argument of sighs,
 A moment tax the wisdom of thy God.
 The ways of heaven, though seldom understood,
 Are still entitled to our highest trust !
 Though seeming dark, are bountiful and good ;
 And though mysterious, merciful and just.
 Make me, then, great Omnipotent, resign'd,
 Thy awful fiat humbly to receive ;
 And, oh, forgive the weakness of a mind,
 Which feels as mortal, and as such must grieve.



Robinson Crusoe.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
Oh solitude ! where are the charms
Which sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.
I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see,
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.
Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
O had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again !
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.
Religion ! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word !
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These vallies and rocks never heard,
Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds which have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.
 My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.
 How fleet is a glance of the mind!
 Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there;
 But, alas! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.
 But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair,
 Ev'n here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cavern repair.
 There is mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought!
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

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*Dirge in Cymbeline.*

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,  
 Soft maids and village-hinds shall bring  
 Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,  
 And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear  
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,  
 But shepherd lads assemble here,  
 And melting virgins own their love.  
 No wither'd witch shall here be seen,  
 No goblins lead their nightly crew  
 The female fays shall haunt the green,  
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew!  
 The red-breast oft at evening hours  
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
 With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,  
 To deck the ground, where thou art laid.  
 When howling winds, and beating rain,  
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell;  
 Or 'midst the chace on every plain,  
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.  
 Each lonely scene shall thee restore,  
 For thee the tear be duly shed;  
 Belov'd, till life can charm no more;  
 And mourn'd, till pity's self be dead.

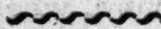


*Portia's Speech to Brutus.*

——— You've ungently, Brutus,  
 Stolen from my bed: and yesternight at supper  
 You suddenly arose and walk'd about,  
 Musing and sighing, with your arms across:  
 And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.  
 I urg'd you farther: then you scratch'd your head,  
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;  
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;



But with an angry wafture with your hand,  
 Gave sign for me to leave you : so I did,  
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,  
 Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,  
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
 Which sometimes hath its hour with ev'ry man.  
 It will not let you eat, or talk, or sleep ;  
 And could it work so much upon your shape,  
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,  
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.



*Cardinal Wolsey's Soliloquy.*

Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness !  
 This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
 And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his shoot ;  
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
 These many summers on a sea of glory ;  
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,  
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
 Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye !  
 I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched  
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !  
 There are, between that smile he would aspire to,

That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,  
 More pangs and fears than war or women have;  
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
 Never to hope again.



*A Female Character.*

Her kindly melting heart,  
 To every want and every woe,  
 To guilt itself when in distress,  
 The balm of pity would impart,  
 And all relief that bounty could bestow !  
 E'en for the kid or lamb, that pour'd its life  
     Beneath the bloody knife,  
     Her gentle tears would fall ;  
 Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.

Not only good and kind,  
 But strong and elevated was her mind :  
 A spirit that, with noble pride,  
 Could look superior down  
 On fortune's smile or frown ;  
 That could, without regret or pain,  
 To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice  
 Or Int'rest or Ambition's highest prize ;  
 That injur'd or offended, néver tried  
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,  
 But by magnanimous disdain.

A wit, that, temperately bright,  
     With inoffensive light  
     All pleasing shone ; nor ever pass'd  
 The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,  
 And sweet Benevolence's mild command,



And bashful Modesty before it cast.  
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,  
 That nor too little nor too much believ'd;  
 That scorn'd unjust suspicion, coward fear,  
 And, without weakness, still could be sincere.



*On the Slave Trade.*

O say, what wish can prosper, or what pray'r,  
 For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,  
 Who drive a loathsome traffic, gage and span,  
 And buy the muscles and the bones of man?  
 The tender ties of father, husband, friend,  
 All bonds of nature in that moment end;  
 And each endures while yet he draws his breath,  
 A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death.  
 The sable warrior, frantic with regret  
 Of her he loves, and never can forget,  
 Loses in tears the far-receding shore,  
 But not the thought that they must meet no more!  
 Depriv'd of her and freedom at a blow,  
 What has he left that he can yet forego?  
 Yes, to deep sadness sullenly resign'd,  
 He feels his body's bondage in his mind;  
 Puts off his gen'rous nature, and, to suit,  
 His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.  
 Oh most degrading of all ills that wait  
 On man, a mourner in his best estate!  
 All other sorrows virtue may endure,  
 And find submission more than half a cure;  
 Grief is itself a med'cine, and bestow'd  
 T' improve the fortitude that bears the load;

To teach the wand'rer, as his woes increase,  
 The path of wisdom, all whose paths are peace.  
 But slav'ry!—Virtue dreads it as her grave;  
 Patience itself is meanness in a slave:  
 Or, if the will and sov'reignty of God  
 Bid suffer it a while, and kiss the rod,  
 Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,  
 And snap the chain the moment when you may.  
 Nature imprints upon whate'er we see,  
 That has a heart and life in it, Be free!  
 The beasts are charter'd;—neither age nor force  
 Can quell the love of freedom in a horse:  
 He breaks the cord that held him at the rack,  
 And, conscious of an unincumber'd back,  
 Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein,  
 Loose fly his forelock, and his ample mane;  
 Responsive to the distant neigh he neighs,  
 Nor stops till, overleaping all delays,  
 He finds the pasture where his fellows graze.

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On a Watch.

While this gay toy attracts thy sight,
 Thy reason let it warn;
 Be prompt to seize that rapid time,
 That never will return.
 If idly lost, no art, or care,
 The blessing can restore;
 And heaven exacts a strict account,
 For every mispent hour.
 Short is our longest day of life,
 And soon its prospects end;

Yet, on that day's uncertain date,
Eternal years depend.

Yet equal to our beings aim,
The space to virtue given;
And every minute, well improv'd,
Secures an age in heaven.



On a Thunder Storm.

The dark-rob'd tempest clouds yon azure sky,
And sits in gloomy majesty enthron'd!
Loud o'er our heads tremendous thunder rolls,
And with repeated flashes, light'ning glares
Upon the dazzled eye: now beating rain
Impetuous pours;—and now the rattling hail,
With all the mingled horrors of a storm.

Amid this awful scene, my soul, confide
In nature's Sov'reign, whose almighty hand,
Supports creation's vast stupendous frame,
And holds in due subjection ev'ry part.
Whose dread controul the elements confess,
He stops great ocean in his proud career,
Thus far he cries, no farther shalt thou come,
Nor here thy haughty waves presume to pass.
The vast ungovernable sea obeys!
The storms that rage, at his divine command,
His sacred voice can hush,—at once dispel
The awful gloom that darkens nature's face,
And round diffuse the lovely, placid smile.

Behold, the dreadful tempest now is o'er,
We breathe a purer, a more balmy air,

More lively verdure decks the smiling earth,
And all is calm, beneficent, and gay.

May I, if stormy ills obscure my life,
Thus in the great first cause, a pious trust,
Humbly repose,—nor ever let the gloom
Of dark uncertain doubt, or dire despair
O'erwhelm my soul. Then purified by storms,
My mortal day shall clearer, fairer rise.
For this great truth is sure—if patient borne
The transient woes of this tempestuous world,
Then the bright calm of heaven's unfading bliss
Will be to all eternity our own.



Evening.

———— See hung aloft
Dian's bright crescent, like a silver bow
New strung in heaven, lifts high its beamy horns
Impatient for the night, and seems to push
Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines
Even in the eye of day : with sweetest beam
Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood
Of soften'd radiance from her dewy locks.

———— Seiz'd in thought
On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail,
From the green borders of the peopled earth,
And the pale moon, her duteous fair attendant ;
From solitary Mars ; from the vast orb
Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf ;
To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,
Where cheerless Saturn 'midst his wat'ry moons

Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp
Sits like an exil'd monarch ; fearless thence
I launch into the trackless deeps of space,
Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,
Of elder beam ; which ask no leave to shine
Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light
From the proud regent of our scanty day ;
Sons of the morning, first born of creation,
And only less than he who marks their track,
And guides their fiery wheels along the skies.

For now my soul unus'd to stretch her powers
In flight so daring, drops her weary wing,
And seeks again the known accustom'd spot,
Drest up with sun, and shade, and lawns, and streams,
A mansion fair and spacious for its guest,
And full replete with wonders. Let me here
Content and grateful, wait th' appointed time
And ripen for the skies : the hour will come
When all these splendors bursting on my sight
Shall stand unveil'd, and to my ravish'd sense
Unlock the glories of the world unknown.



DESCRIPTIVE POETRY.

The Bird's Nest.

Yes, little nest, I'll hold you fast,
And little birds, one, two, three, four ;
I've watch'd you long ; you're mine at last,
Poor little things ! you'll 'scape no more.
Chirp, cry, and flutter as you will,
Ah ! simple rebels, 'tis in vain ;
Your little wings are unfledg'd still :
How can you freedom then obtain ?
What note of sorrow strikes mine ear ?
Is it their mother thus distress ?
Ah yes—and see, their father dear
Flies round and round, to seek their nest.
And is it I, who cause their moan ?
I, who so oft in summer's heat
Beneath yon oak have laid me down,
To listen to their song so sweet ?
If from my tender mother's care
Some wicked wretch should me convey,
'T would fill her bosom with despair,
And drive her pleasures far away.

And shall I, then, so cruel prove,
 To take your little ones with me?
 No, no; together live and love,
 Behold, I gladly set them free.
 Teach them in yonder wood to fly,
 And let them your soft warbling hear,
 Till their own wings can soar as high,
 And their own notes may sound as clear.
 Go, gentle birds, go, free as air!
 While oft again in summer's heat,
 To yonder oak I will repair,
 And listen to your song so sweet.



The Robin.

PART I.

A starv'd little Red-breast one cold winter's day,
 Sat twitt'ring his sorrowful tale,
 He look'd this way and that but no food could he
 spy,
 The snow had concealed his meal.
 "Poor Robin!" said James, on returning from school
 He pass'd him, as homeward he hied,
 "Sister Jane would be glad if she knew, for she
 loves
 "For the starv'd little birds to provide.
 "Stay, Robin, and sing, whilst I tell her your case,
 "We will both soon return to your aid,
 "We will give you some food, and a shelter beside,
 "If, Robin, you'll not be afraid."

James soon with his sister came back to the place,
 Where Robin still twitter'd his tale;
 "Come Robin," said James, "Come Robin," said
 Jane,
 "We have brought you a plentiful meal."
 Then they sparingly scatter'd their crumbs on the
 ground,
 Till quite home they entic'd him at last,
 Where they shut-to the door, and made Robin their
 guest
 Till the storms of the winter were past.

PART II.

One morning as Jane was attending her bird
 Delighted her task to renew,
 She grew thoughtful, and wonder'd why Robins
 should starve,
 So gentle, so innocent too.
 She wonder'd too, why 't was in winter alone,
 When cold winds blow the branches among,
 That Robins their delicate frame should expose,
 And in summer ne'er give us a song.
 Thus musing, and full of the doubts of her mind,
 Her father she sought to apply,
 And enquire if he knew why such hardships as these
 Such sweet little birds should annoy.
 To relate him her wishes and hear his reply,
 Away then she eagerly ran;
 Whilst he in return for a conduct so right,
 Thus the history of Robin began:

" Your lov'd little warbler, so gentle and tame,
 " Whilst the rigours of winter remain,
 " Soon as summer returns will be anxious to fly,
 " To his own native thickets again.

" Yes, Jane, he will leave you in search of a friend
 " Than you and your kindness more dear,

" For whom he will live, and with whom he will
 range

" Their nest and their offspring to rear.

" When she with a patience most perfect assumes
 " Her fost'ring care; he the while,

" On a neighbouring spray, will repeat her his song
 " And the hours of expectance beguile.

" For food for his younglings he'll fly to the soil,
 " Just disturb'd by the plough or the spade,

" Whence the poor writhing worm that's unhous'd
 in the toil

" To appease their young wants is convey'd.

" When fledg'd, though still wanting that beauteous
 red

" By which Robins are afterwards known,

" As his last useful care, he will teach them to fly,
 " And depend on self-effort alone.

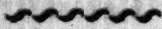
" Thus active, thus cheerful his summers are past,
 " But when winter's chill horrors arise,

" Then scar'd by its storms, and in want of his food,
 " Jane, to kindness like yours he applies."

" And I ne'er will refuse it," Jane quickly reply'd,
 " No, I never will Robins deny,

" I will keep them and feed them whilst winter re-
 mains,

" And in spring to their woods they shall fly.



The Glow Worm.

Beneath the hedge, or near the stream,
A worm is known to stray;
That shews by night a lucid beam,
Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been and still prevail
From what his rays proceed;
Some give that honour to his tail,
And others to his head.

But this is sure—the hand of might
Which kindles up the skies,
Gives *him* a quantity of light,
Proportion'd to his size.

Perhaps indulgent nature meant
By such a lamp bestow'd,
To bid the trav'ler, as he went,
Be careful where he trod:

Nor crush a worm, whose useful light
Might serve, however small,
To shew a stumbling stone by night,
And save him from a fall.

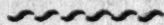
Whate'er was meant, this truth divine
Is legible and plain,
'Tis power almighty bids him shine,
Nor bids him shine in vain.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
Teach humbler thoughts to you,
Since such a reptile has its gem,
And boasts its splendour too.



Birds and their Notes.

The starling screams upon the chimney tops ;
 The jay and magpie chatter in the copse ;
 The frightened owl hoots at the glimpse of morn ;
 The sparrow chirps amid the ripening corn ;
 The bittern booms along the sounding marsh,
 Mixt with the cries of heron and mallard harsh ;
 The rook and jackdaw caw in single tone ;
 By having two, the cuckow-bird is known ;
 The turkey gobbles, and the peacock screams,
 Ducks quack, geese cackle in the pools and streams ;
 The cock crows loud to hail the rising day ;
 The robin from the thorn pours forth his lay ;
 The stock-dove cooes, concealed by the leaves ;
 The swallow twitters from the cottage eaves ;
 The lark ascending, carols in the sky,
 While the shrill thrush sings, perch'd on branches
 high ;
 Amidst the hedge, the linnet swells his throat ;
 The mellow blackbird trills his cheerful note ;
 The bullfinch whistles his unvaried tale,
 While silence listens to the nightingale ;
 Yet far exceeding these, in air, and grace, and tone,
 The sweet canary charms with beauties all her own.

*Beasts and their Food.*

The lion from the thicket springs away,
 To make the beautiful gazelle his prey ;
 The streaked tyger lurks within the wood,
 To seize the buffalo, and suck his blood ;

The spotted panther, beauty of the waste,
 Makes of the captive ox her fell repast ;
 The coward cat, with cruelty endu'd,
 Torments the mouse she destines for her food.
 Jackalls unite in packs to scour the plain,
 While deer exert their matchless speed in vain ;
 The howling wolf, by hunger render'd bold,
 Forces the bleating lambkin from the fold ;
 The crafty reynard, skill'd in secret guile,
 Makes in the poultry-yard the cock his spoil ;
 The faithful dog makes it his constant plan
 To prove himself the stedfast friend of man.
 The mighty elephant tears down with ease,
 With his uplifted trunk, the boughs of trees ;
 The huge rhinoceros wallows in the mud,
 And with his horn digs up the roots for food ;
 The hippopotamus comes up to graze,
 While cattle at the harmless stranger gaze ;
 Thro' the dry desert all the scorching day,
 Patient of thirst, the camel finds his way ;
 On hidden moss subsisting, rein-deer go,
 And drag their masters cross the shining snow ;
 The horse draws, carries, ploughs the stubborn soil,
 And earns his hay and corn with daily toil ;
 The humble cow, with hay and grass content,
 With milk and butter, pays her annual rent ;
 Sheep feed on hills, regardless of the storm,
 And with their fleece their needy masters warm.
 The nimble squirrel lays up store of nuts,
 And feeds its young with soft and tender shoots ;
 Forests provide for hogs a rich repast,
 Of mast and acorns suited to their taste ;
 At early dawn the timid hares return,
 Whose food is greens, and bark, and shoots of corn ;

Through hidden roads the ferret hurries down,
 And drives the rabbit from his secret town ;
 Beneath the earth the mole prepares her nest,
 Where for her young worms are a constant feast.
 What numerous tribes are by these modes sustain'd,
 Who could not half their food from grass have gain'd.

Approach of Spring.

See where surly Winter passes off
 Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts :
 His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
 The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale ;
 While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch
 Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
 The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
 And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
 Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
 Deform the day delightless ; so that scarce
 The bittern knows his time with bill ingulph't
 To shake the sounding marsh, or from the shore
 The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
 And sing their wild notes to the list'ning waste.

On Flowers.

A little monitor presents her page,
 Of choice instruction, with her snowy bells,
 The lily of the vale. She nor affects
 The public walk, nor gaze of mid-day sun :

She to no state or dignity aspires,
 But silent and alone puts on her suit,
 And sheds her lasting perfume, but for which
 We had not known there was a thing so sweet
 Found in the gloomy shade. Pass unnotic'd by
 The sleepy crocus, and the staring daisy,
 The courtier of the sun. What see we there?
 The love-sick cowslip, who her head inclines
 To hide a bleeding heart. And here's the meek
 And soft-ey'd primrose. Dandelion this,
 A college youth that flashes for a day
 All gold; anon he doffs his gaudy suit,
 Touch'd by the magic hand of some grave bishop,
 And all at once, by commutation strange,
 Becomes a reverend divine. Then mark
 The melancholy hyacinth, that weeps
 All night, and never lifts an eye all day.

~~~~~

*Birds.*

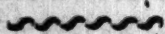
———How sweet the song  
 Day's harbinger attunes! I have not heard  
 Such elegant divisions drawn from art.  
 And what is he that wins our admiration?  
 A little speck that floats upon the sun-beam.  
 What vast perfection cannot nature croud  
 Into a puny point! The nightingale,  
 Her solo anthem sung, and all that heard  
 Content, joins in the chorus of the day.  
 She, gentle heart, thinks it no pain to please,  
 Nor, like the moody songsters of the world,  
 Just shews her talent, pleases, takes affront,  
 And locks it up in envy.



I love to see the little goldfinch pluck  
The groundsel's feather'd seed, and twit and twit ;  
And then in bower of apple blossoms perch'd,  
Trim his gay suit, and pay us with a song.  
I would not hold him pris'ner for the world.

The chimney-haunting swallow too, my eye  
And ear well pleases. I delight to see  
How suddenly he skims the glassy pool,  
How quaintly dips, and with a bullet's speed  
Whisks by. I love to be awake, and hear  
His morning song twitter'd to young-ey'd day.

But most of all it wins my admiration,  
To view the structure of this little work,  
A bird's nest. Mark it well, within, without.  
No tool, had he that wrought, no knife to cut,  
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,  
No glue to join ; his little beak was all.  
And yet how neatly finish'd. What nice hand  
With ev'ry implement and means of art  
And twenty years apprenticeship to boot,  
Could make me such an other ? Fondly then  
We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill  
Instinctive genius foils.



### *Bees.*

—————The bee observe ;  
She too an artist is, and laughs at man  
Who calls on rules the sightly hexagon  
With truth to form ; a cunning architect,  
That at the roof begins her golden work,  
And builds without foundation. How she toils,

And still from bud to bud, from flow'r to flow'r,  
 Travels the livelong day. Ye idle drones,  
 That rather pilfer than your bread obtain  
 By honest means like these, look here, and learn  
 How good, how fair, how honourable 't is  
 To live by industry. The busy tribes  
 Of bees so emulous, are daily fed  
 With heaven's peculiar manna. 'Tis for them  
 Unwearied alchymists, the blooming world  
 Nectareous gold distils. And bounteous heav'n  
 Still to the diligent and active good,  
 Their very labour makes the certain cause  
 Of future wealth.



### *Flowers.*

Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,  
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,  
 Fair-handed spring unbosoms every grace,  
 Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first,  
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,  
 And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes,  
 The yellow wall-flower stain'd with iron brown,  
 And lavish stock, which scents the garden round.  
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes sheds  
 Anemonies; auriculas enrich'd  
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;  
 And full ranunculas of glowing red;  
 Then come the tulip race, where beauty plays  
 Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd  
 To family, as flies the father's dust,  
 The varied colours run; and, while they break



On the charm'd eye, the exulting florist marks,  
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.

~~~~~

Flowering Shrubs.

——— Laburnum, rich

In streaming gold; syringa, ivory pure;
 The scentless and the scented rose; this red,
 And of an humbler growth, the other tall,
 And throwing up into the darkest gloom
 Of neighb'ring cypress, or more sable yew,
 Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf
 That the wind severs from the broken wave
 The lilac, various in array, now white,
 Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
 With purple spike's pyramidal, as if
 Studious of ornament, yet unresolv'd
 What hue she most approv'd, she chose them all;
 Copious of flowers, the woodbine, pale and wan,
 But well compensating her sickly looks
 With never-cloying odours; early and late
 Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm
 Of flowers, like flies, clothing her tender rods,
 That scarce a leaf appears; mezerian too,
 Though leafless, well attir'd and thick beset
 With blushing wreaths investing every spray;
 Althea with the purple eye; the broom,
 Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloy'd,
 Her blossoms; and, luxuriant above all,
 The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
 The deep dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf
 Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more
 The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars.

~~~~~

*Trees.*

Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,  
 Diversified with trees of every growth,  
 Alike, yet various. Here the grey smooth trunks  
 Of ash, or lime, or beech distinctly shine  
 Within the twilight of their distant shades ;  
 There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood  
 Seems sunk, and shorten'd to its topmost boughs.  
 No tree in all the grove but has its charms,  
 Though each its hue peculiar ; paler some,  
 And of a wannish grey : the willow such,  
 And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,  
 And ash, far stretching his umbrageous arm ;  
 Of deeper green the elm ; and deeper still,  
 Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.  
 Some glossy leav'd, and shining in the sun,  
 The maple and the beech of oily nuts  
 Prolific, and the lime, at dewy eve,  
 Diffusing odours : nor unnoted pass  
 The sycamore, capricious in attire,  
 Now green, now tawny, and, e'er autumn yet  
 Have chang'd the woods, in scarlet honours bright.

*Precious Stones.*

From thee, O Sun ! the diamond draws its rays,  
 Collected light, compact, that polish'd bright,  
 And all its native lustre let abroad,  
 Shines in clear radiance on the fair one's breast.]  
 At thee the ruby lights its deep'ning glow,  
 And with a waving radiance inward flames.

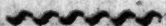


From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes  
 Its hue cerulean ; and, of ev'ning tinct,  
 The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.  
 With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns ;  
 Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of spring,  
 When first she gives it to the southern gale,  
 Than the green em'rald shows : but, all combin'd,  
 Thick thro' the whit'ning opal play thy beams,  
 Or, flying sev'ral from its surface, form  
 A trembling variance of revolving hues,  
 As the site varies in the gazer's hand.



*Power of Heat on Animals.*

Home from his morning task the swain retreats,  
 His flock before him stepping to the fold,  
 While the full-udder'd mother lows around  
 The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,  
 The food of innocence and health ! The daw,  
 The rook, and magpye, to the grey-grown oaks,  
 That the calm village in their verdant arms  
 Shelt'ring, embrace, direct their lazy flight,  
 Where on the mingling boughs they sit embow'r'd  
 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.  
 Faint underneath the household fowls convene ;  
 And in a corner of the buzzing shade  
 The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies  
 Outstretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one  
 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults  
 O'er hill and dale, till wakened by the wasp  
 They starting snap.



*Hay-making.*

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead ;  
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,  
 Healthful and strong ; full as the summer rose,  
 Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,  
 Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all  
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.  
 Ev'n stooping Age is here, and infant hands  
 Trail the long rake, or with a fragrant load  
 O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.  
 Wide flies the tedded grain ; all in a row  
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,  
 They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,  
 That throws refreshful round a rural smell ;  
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,  
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,  
 The russet haycock rises thick behind,  
 In order gay ; while heard from dale to dale,  
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice  
 Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

*Sheep-shearing.*

Now rushing thence, in one diffusive band  
 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog  
 Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook  
 Forms a deep pool, this bank abrupt and high,  
 And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore.  
 Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,  
 The clamour much of men, and boys, and dogs,  
 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood



Commit their woolly sides ; and oft' the swain,  
 On some, impatient, seizing, hurls them in :  
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,  
 Fast, fast they plunge amid the flashing wave,  
 And, panting, labour to the farthest shore.  
 Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece  
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt  
 The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream,  
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow  
 Slow move the harmless race, where, as they spread  
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,  
 Inly disturb'd, and wond'ring what this wild  
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints  
 The country fill, and, toss'd from rock to rock,  
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.  
 At last, of snowy white the gather'd flocks  
 Are in the wattled pen innum'rous press'd,  
 Head above head ; and rang'd in lusty rows  
 The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.  
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,  
 With all her gay-dress'd maids attending round.  
 One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,  
 Shines o'er the rest, the past'ral queen, and rays  
 Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king,  
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls  
 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.  
 Mean-time their joyous task goes on apace !  
 Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some  
 Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side  
 To stamp his master's cipher ready stand ;  
 Others th' unwilling wether drag along ;  
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy  
 Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.  
 Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft

By needy man, that all-depending lord,  
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!]  
 What softness in its melancholy face,  
 What dumb-complaining innocence appears!  
 Fear not, ye gentle Tribes! 't is not the knife  
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;  
 No, 't is the tender swain's well-guided shears,  
 Who having now, to pay his annual care,  
 Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,  
 Will send you bounding to your hills again.



### *Animals in the Torrid Zone.*

Along these lonely regions, where retir'd  
 From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells  
 In awful solitude, and nought is seen  
 But the wild herds that own no master's stall,  
 Prodigious rivers roll their fatt'ning seas,  
 On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,  
 Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,  
 Cas'd in green scales the crocodile extends.  
 The flood disparts; behold! in plaited mail  
 Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side  
 The darted steel in idle shivers flies;  
 He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills,  
 Where as he crops his varied fare, the herds,  
 In wid'ning circle round, forget their food,  
 And at the harmless stranger wond'ring gaze.

Peaceful beneath primeval trees, that cast  
 Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,  
 And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave,  
 Or mid the central depth of black'ning woods,



High-rais'd in solemn theatre around,  
 Leans the huge elephant, wisest of brutes !  
 O truly wise ! with gentle might endow'd,  
 Tho' powerful not destructive ! here he sees  
 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,  
 And empires rise and fall, regardless he  
 Of what the never-resting race of men  
 Project ; thrice happy ! could he 'scape their guile,  
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps,  
 Or with his tow'ry grandeur swell their state,  
 The pride of kings ; or else his strength pervert,  
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,  
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Lo ! the green serpent, from his dark abode,  
 Which ev'n imagination fears to tread,  
 At noon forth issuing, gathers up his train  
 In orbs immense, then darting out anew,  
 Seeks the refreshing fount, by which diffus'd  
 He throws his folds ; and while with threat'ning  
 tongue

And deathful jaws erect the monster curls  
 His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,  
 Or shiv'ring flies, or check'd at distance stands  
 Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,  
 The small close-lurking minister of Fate,  
 Whose high-concocted venom thro' the veins  
 A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift  
 The vital current. Form'd to humble man,  
 This child of vengeful Nature ! there sublim'd  
 To fearless lust of blood, the savage race  
 Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of Guilt  
 And foul Misdeed, when the pure day has shut  
 His sacred eye. The tiger, darting fierce,  
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd :

The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er  
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;  
 And, scorning all the taming arts of man,  
 The keen hyæna, fellest of the fell.  
 These rushing from th' inhospitable woods  
 Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles  
 That verdant rise amid the Lybian wild,  
 Innum'rous glare around their shaggy king,  
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand,  
 And with imperious and repeated roar  
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks  
 Croud near the guardian swain ; the nobler herds  
 Where round their lordly bull in rural ease  
 They ruminating lie, with horror hear  
 The coming rage. Th' waken'd village starts,  
 And to her flutt'ring breast the mother strains  
 Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,  
 Or stern Morocco's tyrant-fang escap'd,  
 The wretch half wishes for his bonds again ;  
 While uproar all, the wilderness resounds  
 From Atlas, eastward to the frightened Nile.

~~~~~

Advantages of Industry.

——— Industry taught man to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic pow'rs,
 To dig the min'ral from the vaulted earth,
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent and the gather'd blast ;
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe ;
 Taught him to chip the wood and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose ;

Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
 Or bright in glossy silk and flowing lawn ;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
 The gen'rous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life-resuming soul of decent Wit ;
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity ;
 But still advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace ;
 And breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bade him be the Lord of all below.

Forerunners of Storm.

When from the pallid sky the sun descends,
 With many a spot that o'er his glaring orb
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd red-fiery streaks
 Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
 Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey ; while rising slow,
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd East the moon
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
 Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air
 The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray,
 Or frequent seen to shoot athwart the gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whit'ning blaze.
 Snatch'd in short eddies plays the wither'd leaf,
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
 With broaden'd nostrils, to the sky up turn'd,
 The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.

Ev'n as the matron at her nightly task
 With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,
 The wasted taper and the crackling flame
 Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,
 The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
 Retiring from the downs, where all day long
 They pick'd their scanty fare, a black'ning train
 Of clam'rous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
 And seek the closing shelter of the grove.
 Assiduous in his bow'r the wailing owl
 Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
 Wheels from the deep and screams along the land.
 Loud shrieks the soaring hern ; and with wild wing
 The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
 And blind commotion heaves, while from the shore,
 Ate into caverns by the restless wave,
 And forest-rustling mountains, comes a voice
 That, solemn sounding, bids the world prepare.

~~~~~

*Greeks.*

I hold high converse with the Mighty Dead ;  
 Philosophers of ancient time, and hail,  
 As gods beneficent, who bless'd mankind  
 With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.  
 Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside  
 The long-liv'd volume, and, deep musing, hail  
 The sacred shades that slowly rising pass  
 Before my wond'ring eyes. First Socrates,  
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,  
 Against the rage of tyrants single stood,



Invincible ! calm Reason's only law,  
 That voice of God within th' attentive mind,  
 Obeying fearless or in life or death.  
 Great moral Teacher ! wisest of mankind !  
 Solon the next, who built his commonweal  
 On Equity's wide base ; by tender laws  
 • A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd,  
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,  
 Whence in the laurell'd field of finer arts,  
 And of bold freedom, they unequall'd shone,  
 The pride of smiling Greece and human-kind.  
 Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force  
 Of strictest discipline, severely wise,  
 All human passions. Following him, I see,  
 As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,  
 The firm devoted chief \*, who prov'd by deeds  
 The hardest lesson which the other taught.  
 Then Aristides lifts his honest front,  
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflatt'ring voice  
 Of Freedom gave the noblest name of Just ;  
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd ;  
 Who, ev'n his glory to his country's weal  
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty Rival's † fame.  
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears  
 Cimon, sweet-soul'd, whose genius, rising strong,  
 Shook of the load of young debauch ; abroad  
 The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend  
 Of ev'ry worth and ev'ry splendid art ;  
 Modest and simple in the pomp of wealth.  
 Then the last worthies of declining Greece,  
 Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,  
 Pensive appear. The fair Corinthian boast,

\* Leonidas.

† Themistocles.

Timoleon, happy temper! mild and firm,  
 Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled.  
 And, equal to the best, the Theban pair\*,  
 Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,  
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.  
 He, too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,  
 And left a mass of sordid lees behind,  
 Phocion the Good, in public life severe,  
 To virtue still inexorably firm:  
 But when beneath his low illustrious roof  
 Sweet Peace and happy Wisdom smooth'd his brow,  
 Not Friendship softer was, nor Love more kind.  
 And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,  
 The gen'rous victim to that vain attempt  
 To save a rotten state, Agis, who saw  
 Ev'n Sparta's self to servile av'rice sunk.  
 The two Achaian heroes close the train;  
 Aratus, who a while relum'd the soul  
 Of fondly-ling'ring liberty in Greece,  
 And he her darling, as her latest hope,  
 The gallant Philopœmen, who to arms  
 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;  
 Or toiling in his farm a simple swain,  
 Or bold and skilful thund'ring in the field.

~~~~~

Romans.

Of rougher front a mighty people come!
 A race of heroes! in those virtuous times
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame
 Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd.
 Her better founder first, the light of Rome,

* Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons,
 Servius the King, who laid the solid base
 On which o'er earth the vast republic spread,
 Then the great Consuls venerable rise.
 The public Father * who the private quell'd,
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
 He whom his thankless country could not lose,
 Camillus, only vengeful to her foes.
 Fabricius, scorner of all-conqu'ring gold;
 And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.
 Thy willing victim †, Carthage, bursting loose
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid Faith
 Imperious call'd, and Honour's dire command.
 Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
 And warm in youth to the poetic shade
 With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd.
 Tully, whose pow'rful eloquence a while
 Restrain'd the rapid Fate of rushing Rome.
 Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme.
 And thou, unhappy Brutus! kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,
 Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.
 Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
 Demand: but who can count the stars of heav'n?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world?

* Marcus Junius Brutus.

† Regulus.

The Mountain Daisy.

Small, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
For I must crush, among the stoure,

Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now, is past my power,
Thou beauteous gem!

Alas! 'tis not thy neighbour sweet,
The bonny lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mong the dewy wheat

With specked breast,
When upward springing, blythe to greet
The purpling east.

Cold blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early humble birth,
Yet cheerfully thou ventur'edst forth

Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and walls must shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield

Of clod or stone,
Adorn'st the rugged stubble field,
Unseen—alone.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snowy bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lift'st thy unassuming head

In humble guise,
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd,
 Unskilful he, to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 The billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
 Who long with *wants and woes* has striven,
 By human *pride or cunning* driven
 To misery's brink,
 Till wrench'd of every stay but heaven,
 He, ruin'd, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine—no distant date,
 Stern ruin's plough-share drives elate
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrows weight,
 Shall be thy doom.



Morning.

Wish'd morning's come; and now upon the plains,
 And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks
 The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
 And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day:
 The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip
 Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
 With much content and appetite he eats,
 To follow in the field his daily toil,
 And dress the grateful glebe which yields him food:
 The beasts, which under the warm hedges slept,
 And weather'd out the bleak night are up;

And, looking towards the neighbouring pastures, raise
 Their voice, and bid their fellow-brutes goodmorrow ;
 The cheerful birds too on the tops of trees
 Assemble in choirs ; and with their notes
 Salute and welcome up the sun.

The Blessings of a Shepherd's Life.

O God ! methinks it were a happy life
 To be no better than a homely swain ;
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run :
 How many make the hour full complete,
 How many hours do bring about the day,
 How many days will finish up the year,
 How many years a mortal man may live :
 When this is known, then to divide the time,
 So many hours must I tend my flock ;
 So many hours must I take my rest ;
 So many hours must I contemplate ;
 So many hours must I sport myself ;
 So many days my ewes have been with young ;
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean ;
 So many months ere I shall shear the fleece ;
 So many minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and
 years,
 Past over, to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Oh ! what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade

To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings who fear their subjects' treachery,
 O, yes, it doth, a thousand fold it doth.
 And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leathern bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When cares, mistrust, and treason, wait on him.

~~~~~

*Commonwealth of Bees.*

So work the honey bees :  
 Creatures, which by a ruling nature teach  
 The art of order to a peopled kingdom :  
 They have a king and officers of sort,  
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;  
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad :  
 Others, like soldiers, armed with their stings,  
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds :  
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home  
 To the tent royal of their emperor :  
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
 The singing masons, building roofs of gold ;  
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;  
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate :  
 The sad-ey'd justice with his surly hum,  
 Delivering o'er to executors pale  
 The lazy, yawning drone.

~~~~~

Day.

MORNING.

In the barn the tenant cock,
 Close to Partlet perch'd on high,
 Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)
 Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
 Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire;
 And the peeping sun-beam, now,
 Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
 Plaintive where she sings at night;
 And the lark to meet the morn,
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage-ridge,
 See the chattering swallow spring;
 Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
 Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pinetree's waving top
 Gently greets the morning gale;
 Kidlings, now, begin to crop
 Daisies, on the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
 Restless till her task be done,
 Now the busy bee's employ'd,
 Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
 Where the limpid stream distils,
 Sweet refreshment waits the flock,
 When 'tis sundrove from the hills.

Colin's for the promis'd corn
 (Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
 Anxious ;—whilst the huntsman's horn,
 Boldly sounding, drowns his pipe.

Sweet—O sweet, the warbling throng,
 From the white emblossom'd spray!
 Nature's universal song,
 Echoes to the rising day.

NOON.

Fervid on the glittering flood,
 Now the noontide radiance glows ;
 Drooping o'er its infant bud,
 Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines,
 From the fierce meridian heat
 Shelter'd by the branching pines,
 Pendent o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
 Where uncheck'd the sunbeams fall ;
 Sure to find a pleasing shade
 By the ivy'd abbey wall.

Echo, in her airy round,
 O'er the river, rock, and hill,
 Cannot catch a single sound,
 Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
 Where the streamlet wanders cool ;
 Or with languid silence stand
 Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, delf, or stream,
 Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs ;
 Fearful least the noon-tide beam
 Scorch its soft, its silken wings.
 Not a leaf has leave to stir,
 Nature's lull'd—serene—and still !
 Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
 Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.
 Languid is the landscape round,
 Till the fresh-descending shower,
 Grateful to the thirsty ground,
 Raises ev'ry fainting flower.
 Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
 Now the warbler's throat 's in tune ;
 Blithsome is the verdant scene,
 Brighten'd by the beams of noon.

EVENING.

O'er the heath the heifer strays
 Free—(the furrow'd task is done ;)
 Now the village windows blaze,
 Burnish'd by the setting sun.
 Now he sets behind the hill,
 Sinking from a golden sky :
 Can the pencil's mimic skill,
 Equal the refulgent dye ?
 Trudging as the ploughmen go,
 (To the smoking hamlet bound)
 Giant-like their shadows grow,
 Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads
 Shelter for the lordly dome,
 To their high-built airy beds,
 See the rooks returning home.

As the lark, with vary'd tune,
 Carols to the evening loud;
 Mark the mild resplendent moon,
 Breaking through a parted cloud.

Now the hermit owlet peeps
 From the barn or twisted brake;
 And the blue mist slowly creeps,
 Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout in speckled pride,
 Playful from its bosom springs
 To the banks, a ruffled tide
 Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
 O'er the path-divided dale,
 Mark the rose-complexion'd lass,
 With her well-pois'd milking pail!

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
 And the cuckow-bird with two,
 Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
 Bid the setting sun adieu.



Winter Evening.

Oh winter! ruler of th' inverted year,
 Thy scatter'd hair with sleet-like ashes fill'd,
 Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
 Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows

Than those of age ; thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
 A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
 But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way ;
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
 And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun
 A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,
 Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
 And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
 Down to the rosy west. But kindly still
 Compensating his loss with added hours
 Of social converse and instructive ease,
 And gathering at short notice in one group
 The family dispers'd, and fixing thought
 Not less dispers'd by daylight and its cares.
 I crown thee king of intimate delights,
 Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
 And all the comforts which the lowly roof
 Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
 Of long uninterrupted evening know.
 No rattling wheels stop short before these gates ;
 No powder'd pert proficient in the art
 Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
 Till the street rings. No stationary steeds
 Cough their own knell, while heedless of the sound
 The silent circle fan themselves and quake ;
 But here the needle plies its busy task,
 The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r,
 Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
 Unfolds its bosom, buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
 And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,
 Follow the nimble finger of the fair ;
 A wreath which cannot fade, of flow'rs that blow
 With most success when all besides decay.

The poet's or historian's page, by one
 Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest;
 The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
 The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
 And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
 And in the charming strife triumphant still,
 • Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
 On female industry: the threaded steel
 Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
 The volume clos'd, the customary rites
 Of the last meal commence: a Roman meal,
 Such as the mistress of the world once found
 Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
 Perhaps by moonlight at their humble doors,
 And under an old oak's domestic shade,
 Enjoy'd, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
 Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
 Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
 Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth.
 Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
 Who deem religion phrenzy, and the God
 Who made them an intruder on their joys,
 Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
 A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone
 Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
 While we re-trace with mem'ry's pointing wand,
 Which calls the past to our exact review,
 The dangers we have 'scap'd, the broken snare,
 The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
 Unlook'd for, life preserv'd, and peace restor'd,
 Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
 Oh evenings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd
 The Sabine bard. Oh evenings, I reply,
 More to be priz'd and coveted than yours,

As more illumin'd and with nobler truths,
That I and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

The Postman.

Hark! 'tis the twanging horn! o'er yonder bridge
Which with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wint'ry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist and frozen locks.
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn;
And, having dropt th' expected bag—pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted man,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indiff'rent, whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears which trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh th' important budget! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? Have our troops awak'd?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantic wave?

Is India free? and does she wear her plum'd
 And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
 Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
 The popular harangue, the tart reply,
 The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
 And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
 I burn to set th' imprison'd wranglers free,
 And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn,
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
 Which cheer but not inebriate, wait on each.
 So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.

~~~~~

*The Nosegay.*

Full of the muse, with doubtful feet,  
 I sought her grateful bower,  
 Half hoping—half afraid to meet,  
 Some kind inspiring power.

When fleet along the rising gale,  
 The queen fair Fancy pass'd,  
 And thro' her rainbow-tinged veil  
 A glance benignant cast.

Then pointing to a fragrant glade,  
 Come see, she cry'd, the train,  
 Who own in this sequester'd shade,  
 My visionary reign.

Proud to obey the glad command,  
 I took with silent awe my stand;

Meanwhile with many a varied vest,  
 Of mystic texture aptly drest,  
 Ideal myriads seem'd to move,  
 Promiscuous thro' the colour'd grove;  
 And each as inbred impulse led,  
 From every flower-embroider'd bed,  
 Some certain plant, whose blossom rose  
 Significantly, placing, chose.

With frank firm look, and light, tho' steady, tread,  
 Came Courage first, and cropt the dew-charg'd rose;  
 For in the crimson rose might best be read,  
 Her very essence—bloom, which gently glows,  
 Refresh'd by genial breath, prone to dispense  
 To all—all sweetness; yet alert to shew,  
 If rash ambition ruder deeds commence,  
 That warm resentment points the thorn below.

Retiring from the public eye,  
 The maiden meek, Humility,  
 Was seen to turn with mildest grace,  
 To heaven her thoughts, to earth her face:  
 And all unconscious what fair fame  
 Merit like hers might well assume,  
 Preferr'd to every other claim  
 The modest daisy's simple bloom.  
 Some bauble each moment arranging,  
 Admiring, exploding, and changing,  
 The coquette Affectation skim'd wantonly by;  
 On her breast a Narcissus she wore,  
 As if with Narcissus of yore,  
 For a form like her own she could languish and die.  
 Heedless of the scorner's joke,  
 Smiling at the ruffian's stroke,



Persevering Patience stood,  
 Conquering evil still with good,  
 Binding for her brow the while,  
 Artless wreaths of camomile,  
 Hardy plant ! whose vigorous shoot  
 Springs beneath th' oppressor's foot.

Tiptoe o'er the level plain,  
 Ardent Hope all panting flew,  
 Prompt her eager eyes to strain,  
 Apt to catch the distant view,  
 Quick from haunt to haunt to stray,  
 She the primrose held most dear,  
 First-born of returning May,  
 Promise of the future year.

Superstition came telling her steps and her beads,  
 Like Jack in a box, hung all over with green  
 Agnus Castus by wholesale she brought from the  
 meads,

And stuck with due care holy thistle between :  
 A chaplet of monkshood she wrought for the head,  
 And rosemary sprigs for the graves of the dead.

Pure Constancy, whose hallow'd fires,  
 Time dignifies, and truth inspires,  
 (In spite of absence, grief, and pain,)

Approves the faithful marigold :  
 Whose leaves their saffron blaze unfold,

Soon as the sun asserts his reign,  
 Hail his glad progress through the day,  
 Close gradual with his parting ray,  
 Nor open till he shines again.

Ill-nature to a corner stole,  
 And taught her blood-shot eyes to roll,

As if they meant to blight  
 Each flower of happier scent, or hue;  
 For none she chose of all that grew,  
 Save poisonous aconite.

Hand in hand, for they never asunder are seen,  
 All graceful their features, all easy their mien,  
 Contentment and Innocence tript it along :  
 By the delicate snow-drop was innocence known,  
 Contentment took heart's-ease, and call'd it her own ;  
 Nor envy'd the gay or the great in the throng.

~~~~~

On Potatoes.

Where lies sterling taste in eating ?
 In the costly French ragout ?
 I say no, but in potatoes ;
 What, my gentle friend, say you ?
 Sordid epicures may glory,
 In the joys their feasts afford ;
 May contentment and potatoes
 Ever spread my humble board.
 Pur'd by these, the crimson current,
 Gushes from the guiltless heart ;
 Grosser foods inflame the passions,
 Vice and fell disease impart.
 When by cruel Eurus blighted,
 Drooping Ceres leaves the plain,
 What, if they potatoes wanted,
 Would the helpless poor sustain ?
 View the pair, who own that cottage,
 In potatoes lies their wealth ;

These support their numerous offspring,
 Little blooming sons of health.

Blest as eastern prince the peasant,
 Who can hoard the silver meal,
 And the beauteous glossy kidneys,
 Some for food, and some for sale.

See the happy hind returning,
 Cheerful from his daily toil,
 When his blissful cot he enters,
 Sally meets him with a smile.

Here he sits in peaceful corner,
 Whilst the flaming faggots blaze,
 And a dish of hot potatoes
 All his past fatigue repays.

Rising on the cleanly platter,
 Pleas'd, his rare repast he sees,
 Whilst his little smiling children,
 Croud around to share his knees.

Softly rest his peaceful ashes,
 Who first brought potatoes o'er :
 Richest treasure of the Indies,
 To Britannia's genial shore.

Now, around the fertile fallows,
 They unfold their dusky green ;
 And to tempt the farmer's trident,
 Are their opening blossoms seen.

Round each humble habitation,
 Plots of these adorn our roads,
 Pledges of returning plenty,
 To the little blest abodes.

He's the envy of his neighbours,
 Who the earliest can provide,

Such a present to his landlord,
 Gratifies his honest pride.

Pods of these produce a pickle,
 Choice as nature can bestow,
 Not the boasted bean in jerkin,
 Can a brighter verdure shew.

Oh thou honest English Sirloin,
 How I chuckle when I see
 Social on the table, smoking
 Hot potatoes stand by thee.

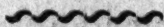
Here ye gross and sensual palates,
 Here the feasts of health behold:
 Feed on them, ye wiser Britons,
 If ye covet to be old.

Happiest produce are potatoes,
 Of Britannia's genial isle,
 The support of toiling millions,
 And the glory of her soil.

These, refin'd to snowy whiteness,
 Almost with the lily vie,
 Please at once the nicest palate,
 And delight the wandering eye.

These in bread, in pye, in pudding,
 Scollop'd, roasted, boil'd, excel;
 All their uses, all their value,
 Not the muse herself can tell.

Never may those virtuous Britons,
 Who their country seek to serve,
 Never may they want potatoes,
 Who these noble roots deserve.



On Turnips and Carrots.

Shall, then, potatoes bear away
 From every other root, the belle?
 What indignation stains the carrot,
 What anger does the turnip swell!
 'Tis only in a dirty country,
 These perhaps may slighted be,
 From Cheshire, Lancashire, and Cornwall;
 Norfolk, we appeal to thee.
 Say, why do not thy fields lie fallow,
 Or require a frequent rest?
 What supports thy herds of cattle,
 Makes thy sheep in such request?
 What penetrates the clay of Suffolk,
 Pulverizes her stiff soil,
 Breaks it for each tender fibre,
 Mitigates the plowman's toil?
 Are not turnips, pray, and carrots,
 The cause to which this good you owe?
 While their boasted rival's bounties
 From the aid of manure flow.
 Classed with the umbeliferous,
 Carrots might suspicion draw,
 Turnip-blossom, odoriferous,
 Tempts to taste the root though raw.
 What delight I ask in eating,
 Does a raw potatoe yield,
 Equal to the school-boy's feeling,
 When he but sees a turnip-field?

And though snails may sometimes riot

On the fresh and verdant shoot,

Yet from curl are they exempted

Which destroys leaf, stalk, and root.

Potatoes, to be sure, in winter,

Fatten hogs in case of need ;

While cows and horses, sheep and rabbits,

Chuse on nobler roots to feed.

Though connected with the Sirloin,

We potatoes always see,

Yet the glorious rump and dozen

Homage, turnip, pay to thee.

Tongue is thy entire possession ;

For thee all boil'd provisions call ;

With soup this vegetable dainty,

Circles round the splendid hall.

Turnips claim a notice loyal

From such as love the Brunswick line ;

While on yams and coarse potatoes,

Slaves and low plebeians dine.



On a Lady cutting Paper.

Fair hand, that can on virgin paper write,

Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white ;

Whose travel o'er that silver field does shew

Like tracks of leverets in morning snow :

Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,

Without a spot or blemish to the thought.

Strange, that your finger should the pencil foil,

Without the help of colours, or of oil !

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 Strange, that your finger should the pencil foil,
 Without the help of colours, or of oil !

For tho' a painter boughs and leaves can make,
 'Tis yours alone to make them bend and shake :
 A poet, when he would describe his mind,
 Is, as in language, so in fame confin'd :
 Your works are read wherever there are men :
 So far the scissars go beyond the pen.

Helena upbraiding Hermia.

Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid,
 Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
 To bait me with this foul derision ?
 Is all the counsel which we two have shar'd,
 The sisters' vows, the hours which we have spent,
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us ; oh ! and is all forgot ?
 All school-days friendship, childhood innocence ?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 Created with our needles both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion ;
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet an union in partition ;
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem :
 So with two seeming bodies but one heart ;
 Two of the first like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend ?

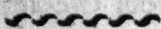
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly :
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it.
 Though I alone do feel the injury.



Henry the Fourth's Soliloquy on Sleep.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep ! O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
 Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoaky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd by buzzing night-flies to thy slumber ;
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?
 O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
 A watch-case to a common larum-bell ?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Which take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slipp'ry shrouds,
 That with the hurly, death itself awakes :
 Can'st thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
 Yet, in the calmest and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,

Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low ! lie down ;
 Uneasy lies the head which wears a crown.



.. Douglas's Account of Himself.

My name is Norval : on the Grampian hills
 My father feeds his flock ; a frugal swain,
 Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
 And keep his only son, myself, at home.
 For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
 To follow to the field some warlike lord ;
 And heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
 This moon, which rose last night, round as my shield,
 Had not yet fill'd her horns ; when, by her light,
 A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
 Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
 Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled,
 For safety and for succour. I alone,
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
 Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
 The road he took, then hasted to my friends :
 Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
 We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
 An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
 The shepherd's slothful life ; and having heard
 That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
 I left my father's house, and took with me

A chosen servant to conduct my steps :—
 Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
 Journeying with this intent, I past these towers,
 And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
 The happy deed, which gilds my humble name.



Written on the Leaves of an Ivory Pocket-book.

Accept, my dear, this toy ; and let me say
 The leaves an emblem of your mind display ;
 Your youthful mind uncolour'd, pure and white,
 Like crystal leaves transparent to the sight,
 Fit each impression to receive, whate'er
 The pencil of instruction traces there :
 O then transcribe into the shining page
 Each virtue, which adorns the tender age,
 And grave upon the tablet of your heart,
 Each lofty science, and each useful art.
 But with the likeness mark the difference well,
 Nor think complete this hasty parallel ;
 The leaves by folly scrawl'd, or foul with stains,
 A drop of water clears with little pains ;
 But from a blotted mind, the smallest trace,
 Not seas of bitter tears can e'er efface,
 The spreading mark for ever will remain,
 And rolling years but deepen every stain.
 Once more, one difference let me still explain ;
 The vacant leaves for ever will remain,
 Till some officious hand the tablet fill
 With sense, or nonsense, rhyme, or prose, at will.
 Not so your mind ; without your forming care,
 Nature forbids an idle vacuum there,

Folly will plant the tares without your toil,
And weeds spring up in the neglected soil.



The Severn and the Wye.

Since last we parted in Plinlimmon's caves,
What prospects has my sister Severn seen?
What towns have been reflected by her waves?
What fields of yellow corn, what meadows green?
Ah, tell thy sister Wye, the charms of ev'ry scene.
What mighty rivers have encreas'd thy stream,
Which rolls with so much dignity along;
Let memory's faithful aid direct the theme,
Let magic numbers raise the lofty song,
Flow like the current smooth, and like the landscape
strong.

Sabrina, goddess of the flood, replied,
'Tis pleasant past adventures to relate,
Nor let this boon, my sister, be denied,
That thou wilt circumsstantially dilate,
What rais'd thee from a rill to thy majestic state.
When springing from my hoary father's bed,
I first beheld the cheerful face of day,
By many tributary streamlets fed,
Across Montgomery I took my way,
Where salmon fondly trust to me their infant spray.
At length arriv'd at Welchpool, busy town,
I take upon myself the charge of goods,
Cambria conveys her wool and flannels down,
Launches her barges on my swelling floods,
And bids me haste away to Salop's waving woods.

As if she fled from Pistlerhyader's roar,
 The Vernyw seeks the shelter of my arms,
 Our streams uniting now to part no more,
 Laughing proceed secure from all alarms,
 And mark their progress by well-fertilized farms.

I next encircle Shrewsbury's lofty walls,
 For cakes, and brawn, and opulence renown'd,
 The beauteous place to memory recalls
 The time when Percy his rash error found,
 And with his gallant knights, lay breathless on the
 ground.

A stiff canal here joins me from the Dee,
 Then the bright Tern conducts his stream to mine,
 The Wrekin's cup-form'd mount far off I see,
 Then shew how use and beauty may combine,
 By serpentizing through the vale in waving line.

Colebrook endeavours to arrest my flow,
 And strives to bind me with her iron chains,
 Her iron boats upon my surface row,
 Her iron bridge my rapid tide restrains,
 But such confinement its impetuous force disdains.

Next at Bridgnorth I pass a leaning tower,
 Which seems to threaten ruin from on high ;
 Then into Worcestershire my current pour,
 Where glad Pomona charms the wandering eye,
 And cooling summer liquors her rich fruits supply.

The Stour collects her waters to my aid,
 The winding Tame at Ludlow lingers long,
 Where Fancy listens to the tuneful maid,
 Smoothing the brow of evening with her song,
 Or hears the uproar wild of Comus and his throng.

Nor does the Avon quit with less regret,
The vale where Shakespear pour'd his wood-notes
wild ;

To nature where great Montford paid the debt,
Or where Prince Edward, that heroic child,
Upon his savage murderers indignant smil'd.

Have I forgot thee, Worcester? or the time,
When truth and justice were preferr'd in vain ;
When brother fought with brother, horrid crime !
When civil slaughter delug'd all the plain,
I saw, and frighted fled to hide me in the main.

By single combat to decide the right,
Canute and Edmund hither took their way,
And meeting in the river Isle of Eight,
Their manly bosoms felt true honour's sway,
And war and death no more their hostile front display.

Cheltenham, thy spring salubrious I hail,
Gloucester, thy regularity admire,
Stroud leads her scanty tribute through the vale,
Whose waters prompted by ambition's fire,
To emulate the glossy Tyrian dye aspire.

The Thames high Coteswold does from me divide,
And interposes like a barrier wall,
But a canal ascends his lofty side,
By locks descends with artificial fall,
And under-ground is led at labour's patient call.

Berkeley, thy ruin'd castle I descry,
While fancy paints the scene of former times,
Here murder'd Edward fell, no pity nigh,
To fill the measure of his consort's crimes,
Whose name and character shall not disgrace my
rhymes.

Here Avon joins me with her scanty wave,
 Wishing a spacious harbour to provide ;
 But small the means which frugal nature gave
 To float the bulwarks of Britannia's pride,
 Which scarcely Bristol reach with help of oars and
 tide.

How very different has been my course,
 Replied the Wye, how lineal my way,
 Since down Plinlimmon's side, with headlong force,
 I rush'd impetuous, scorning all delay,
 Down Rhyaidergowy plung'd, and beat myself to
 spray.

Nor could fair Radnorshire retard my flight,
 Or my progressive current long detain,
 For Hereford had caught my eager sight,
 Forward I sprang to meet her on the plain,
 And, aided by the Lug, proceeded towards the main.

On every hand what flocks of sheep were seen,
 What sheets of woods, what ranks of waving corn,
 While clustering hops make gay the beauteous scene,
 And red-streak'd apples blushing like the morn,
 With vast variety replenish plenty's horn.

I pass the town where rests the sacred dust
 Of Kyrle, and pay my tribute to his grave,
 How far superior to the marble bust,
 The well-earn'd praise Pope's tuneful verses gave,
 From dumb forgetfulness his mem'ry to save.

And shall thy Harry, Monmouth, dare compare
 In excellence, with such a man as this ?
 Shall he the noble meed of honour share,
 Or think mankind will judge so much amiss,
 As conquest to prefer to worth and usefulness ?

The monks of Tintern are to sleep compos'd,
 Soldiers no more to Chepstow-castle hie,
 There dull monastic idleness repos'd,
 Here the false glare of war allur'd the eye,
 'Tis fit such noxious buildings should in ruins lie.

Here, Severn, thy attractive force I feel,
 And long to mix my flowing wave with thine.
 Here Hygra meets me with officious zeal,
 Conducts my waters with unerring line,
 And leads me to the place where I my name resign.

~~~~~

*The Ouse and the Trent.*

What mighty river thus obstructs my force,  
 And stops my rapid current in its course?  
 Art thou the Trent, whose name it has been said  
 Implies thou art by thirty rivers fed?  
 The Northern Ouse, descending from its hills,  
 Whose ample urn their watery treasure fills,  
 Although confin'd to one extensive shire,  
 While six, to aid thy swelling wave, conspire,  
 Thee, in the Humber, meets with this design  
 Its use and beauty to compare with thine.

As two tir'd travellers who meet at last,  
 Their labours over and their dangers past,  
 By conversation taste their joys again,  
 And turn to pleasure every former pain,  
 So let us then relate, replied the Trent,  
 In what fair scenes our currents have been spent;  
 Not like mankind, who every effort strain  
 A short superiority to gain,

But that we may all jealousy erase,  
 Cement the union which must now take place ;  
 Compose one firm indissoluble chain,  
 And hasten to our native seas again.

In Staffordshire my varied course begins,  
 Here first the sun upon my surface shines ;  
 Through rugged moors I take my devious way ;  
 And then along the Potteries I stray,  
 Where trade and business animate the view,  
 And fancy prompts invention, ever new.  
 But more delightful are the hills and plains,  
 The woods and lawns, which Trentham park con-  
       tains ;

Where I could linger long with fresh delight,  
 But other scenes attract my rapid flight.  
 Litchfield, I hear thy far-off curfeu sound,  
 Which seems to bid the listening plains around  
 Remember, Broke in thee for freedom bled ;  
 Lament, thy Garrick, Johnson, Andre, dead ;  
 And teach each ardent bosom to aspire  
 To imitate the worth it must admire.  
 A bridge of thirty arches o'er me thrown  
 Declares that I am navigable grown  
 At Burton, where I bear myself away,  
 Transform'd to Ale, and hasten towards the sea,  
 The Manyfold, the Churnet, and the Dove,  
 Enable me with dignity to move.  
 To give new life and energy to trade,  
 From Wieldon Ferry, a canal is made,  
 Which launches on my swelling wave its boats,  
 Loading my current with its timber floats ;  
 Giving the distant port of Liverpool  
 A safe and speedy intercourse with Hull.



Through Derbyshire the Derwent holds its course  
 And aids my current with redoubled force.  
 The Soar into my spacious channel flows,  
 Resounds the praise of Bakewell as she goes,  
 Who crouds her meads with cows, her hills with  
     sheep,  
 Whose beauteous forms a due gradation keep,  
 The useful with the beautiful combine,  
 And seem to aid, of nature, the design.  
 The Erewash, serving for two shires, the line,  
 Loses her waters and her name in mine.  
 The vale of Belvoir I at distance see,  
 But Nottingham has stronger charms for me,  
 Whose towering castle fills me with surprise,  
 Whose lofty summits seem to touch the skies ;  
 Well I remember haughty Mortimer  
 Paying the tribute of his treason here !  
 Well I remember Charles's standard rear'd,  
 Which as the sign for civil war appear'd ;  
 But soon at Newark, a short distance hence,  
 I saw his long captivity commence.  
 Here, too, I saw the more deceitful John,  
 Resign, at once, his being and his crown ;  
 And Simnel, now no more the cause of fear,  
 Took his low station of a scullion here ;  
 What stores of gypsum do I hence convey,  
 Then, leisurely, proceed upon my way.  
 The Idle joins me with her sluggish flow,  
 Idle, a name significantly slow.  
 At Gainsborough, I meet the swelling tide,  
 Then to the Humber roll with conscious pride,  
 Where, Ouse, I am united to thy force,  
 And now expect the story of thy course.

No wonder thou art held in such esteem,  
 Replied the Ouse, or that thy noble stream  
 Amongst the rivers should be rank'd so high ;  
 With thy request I willingly comply.  
 My parents are the Ure and rapid Swale,  
 Who, after watering many a fertile vale,  
 At Aldborough join their whole collected force,  
 Then, in my name, to York direct their course.  
 The Ure recounts the charms of Wensley-dale,  
 Hackfall and Studley-park, enrich his tale ;  
 And still the Swale remembers with affright,  
 Wild Stanemore, where she first beheld the light.  
 I pass the moor, where Rupert lost the day,  
 Where Cromwell first began his daring sway.  
 York's lofty minster captivates my sight,  
 Soaring above her ancient castle's height.  
 I see the dome which crowns gay pleasure's hall,  
 And the Asylum rear'd at Hunter's call.  
 Nor can the groups from Harrowgate detain  
 The Nidd from hastening to the distant main,  
 Join'd to the Wharf, he sweeps the vales among,  
 Listening the while to his companion's song,  
 Who speaks of Gascoign's reverence for law,  
 Recounts that once he captive Mary saw ;  
 Displays the pomp of Harwood's swelling dome,  
 And prompts the sick to make Thorp-arch their  
 home.

The rapid Derwent rising near the sea,  
 By Stamford-bridge, conducts his stream to me,  
 Where Harold, vanquishing his brother's host,  
 Preserv'd the crown which he soon after lost.  
 The Don and Calder join the winding Aire,  
 Each potent stream contributing its share



To form a river of peculiar note,  
 On whose bright surface sloops and barges float,  
 Conveying down from Sheffield, Wakefield, Leeds,  
 The well-wrought fabric, which our climate needs;  
 The tools of steel which spread our fame so far,  
 And hence, alas! the instruments of war.

Oft have these beauteous streams, in days of yore,  
 Receiv'd dead bodies, and been stain'd with gore:  
 At Sandal-castle, York and Rutland died,  
 The son and father, by each other's side:  
 So vast an army was arrang'd for fight,  
 At Towton to decide this question right,  
 Whether an ideot or a boy should reign?  
 That five and thirty thousand men were slain:  
 At Pontefract, fam'd for liquorice, Richard fell,  
 Against his savage murderers fighting well.  
 This is the story, Trent, I promis'd thee,  
 And now, together, we proceed to sea.

~~~~~

Moon-light Night.

When the fair moon, refulgent lamp of night,
 O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light;
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver every mountain's head;
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

~~~~~

*The Dance.*

A room with patent lamps is studded round,  
 Sparkling the roof, and glittering the ground,  
 Dependent hangs a lofty chandelier,  
 With light so pure, so exquisitely clear,  
 That when compar'd to its transparent rays,  
 Dark as the blackest midnight is your blaze.  
 Six thousand years this glorious dance has run,  
 And seems as near its end as when begun,  
 While many a beauteous nymph and noble swain,  
 In gay assemblage, form the splendid train.

First comes a messenger, well form'd for flight,  
 His motion rapid, and his colour bright,  
 With feather'd feet he trips the mazy round,  
 And scarcely seems to stop, or touch the ground.

More stately in her air, a beauteous queen,  
 Array'd in silver's gay attire is seen;  
 By all beholders is her power confest,  
 Since Love's bright cestus binds her snowy vest.

A couple next of different size advance,  
 Perpetual partners in this magic dance;  
 The swain on every side his form displays,  
 The maid, more shy, shews nothing but her face,

In robes of blood, a warlike chief is seen,  
 Fire on his brow, and fury in his mien,  
 Fearless, alone he drives the embattled car,  
 And prompts the nations to destructive war.

His more than giant size and haughty air,  
 The next a chief of dignity declare;  
 Four abject slaves attend his regal state,  
 And ever on his rapid motions wait.



Encircled with a belt, and grey with years,  
 A lean, decrepid, slow old man appears,  
 Seven beauteous Houris, clad in vestments bright,  
 Their sultan decorate, and cheer his night.

Observ'd of late, a dwarf brings up the rear,  
 Two mute attendants in his train appear;  
 Though far remov'd a royal name he bears,  
 And slow and tedious is the course he steers.



### *The Girdle.*

In a girdle, more splendid than that which was woven by the inimitable hands of the Graces, for the beautiful Venus, on a ground of the purest azure, and powdered with brilliants of inestimable value, are wrought twelve emblematical figures, whose use and design have never yet been explained to the public satisfaction. Whether or no they bear any resemblance to the devices round the celebrated shield of Achilles, or like the Indian belt of Wampum, are intended to convey the ideas of peace and war, the following inscriptions will serve to evince.

Emblem of innocence and love

I come, with mildness in my eye,  
 From mountain, thicket, plain, and grove,  
 Almost your wishes to supply :  
 Let then the muse, with skill, contrive  
 My varied uses to declare,  
 I clothe and nourish, when alive,  
 When dead I feed and urge to war.  
 With copious streams of blessings stor'd,  
 Another race of creatures see,  
 The strength of their resistless lord,  
 Might almost serve to keep them free ;

His voyages to distant shores,  
 Are now become the poet's theme,  
 New Zealand trembles as he roars,  
 Europa's tale's no more a dream.

Jacob and Esau long ago,  
 (Regardless of their common weal)  
 Became each other's bitter foe,  
 About a blessing and a meal :  
 Partners in every happiness,  
 Which highest stations can procure,  
 We each, in turn, resign our bliss,  
 The other's glory to secure.

Of spider form, and backward pace,  
 Clad in an annual coat of mail,  
 And arm'd with claws, I take my place,  
 And eagerly my foes assail ;  
 I hear the loud tumultuous wave,  
 Nor dread the fury of the shock,  
 Which, buried in the sand, I brave,  
 Or in the hollow of a rock.

On Afric's sand I print my foot,  
 And range the desert for my food,  
 Should man or beast my might dispute,  
 I sate my vengeance with their blood ;  
 I seize the prey by others caught,  
 To my providers give a share,  
 Yet, by the force of beauty taught,  
 I learn the trembling maid to spare.  
 Crown'd with a wreath of corn I come ;  
 A sheaf and sickle in my hands,  
 To celebrate the harvest-home,  
 Which all your grateful praise demands ;



What fruitful fields of waving grain,  
 Does Etna from his summit view !  
 What splendid scenes, on every plain,  
 Do Egypt and Great Britain shew !

Array'd in robes of purest white,  
 Justice exerts her sacred sway,  
 Gives equal share of day and night,  
 From pole to pole impartially :  
 She holds the scales with even hand,  
 Distributing with nicest care  
 That light, which makes the sea and land  
 Appear gay, lively, bright, and fair.

Mortals, avoid the deadly hate,  
 Nor dare a creature to come nigh,  
 Whose touch is death, whose stroke is fate,  
 Who, Parthian like, can wound and fly ;  
 What med'cine can my rage disarm ?  
 Can oil a lenient succour bring,  
 Can music's voice have power to charm  
 The potent venom of my sting ?

With hunter's cry, and morning grey,  
 When eager hope sits on each eye,  
 I beat the thicket for my prey,  
 While whoop and halloo rend the sky ;  
 I trace the fox, pursue the hare,  
 And drive the lion from his den,  
 Or else the timid savage scare,  
 Far from the cheerful haunts of men,  
 I ramble up the mountains steep,  
 And crop the aromatic food,  
 If follow'd by the silly sheep,  
 I frequently the fool delude ;

My motion's light, my aspect gay,  
 Pleasure and frolic in my train,  
 Yet from my hills I'm forc'd away,  
 To seek, with Cook, the distant main.

When fogs and storms obscure the sky,  
 And tempests veil the face of day,  
 I pour a deluge from on high,  
 While desolation marks my way :  
 The Danube spreads its current wide,  
 The silver Ganges fills its shores,  
 The Niger pours a fruitful tide,  
 The mighty Orellana roars.

I gambol on the raging deep,  
 Or fill with shoals the shallow creek,  
 Or humbly at the bottom creep,  
 Or unknown distant oceans seek :  
 The osprey and the screaming gull,  
 Proclaim my finny treasure near,  
 Newcastle, London, Yarmouth, Hull,  
 Attentive to the call appear.



### *Astronomy.*

When the black tempest sweeps the sea,  
 And rocks, deceitful, lurk below,  
 The sailors boldly trust to me,  
 And safely through the ocean go :  
 I steer the vessel through the deep,  
 Manage the helm with steady hand,  
 At distance from the breakers keep,  
 And shun the peril of the sand.



And to the farmer on the plain,  
 My knowledge is of equal worth,  
 At my command, he trusts his grain  
 Into the bosom of the earth ;  
 I teach him when to shear his fleece,  
 Or reap the produce of his field,  
 When to expect the rich encrease,  
 Which pasturage and tillage yield.  
 I guide the sage historian's pen,  
 Point out a long-connected plan,  
 And help him clearly to explain  
 The active scenes of busy man.  
 Cæsar by me reform'd the year,  
 And Newton regulated time ;  
 While planet, comet, eclipse, star,  
 Are punctual seen in every clime.  
 Nor are the times for worship made  
 Secure, without the light I bring ;  
 The festivals require my aid,  
 The fasts from my direction spring ;  
 The Jews expect to know from me,  
 When to assemble round the lamb,  
 Easter, without my aid, might be  
 A torch to kindle hostile flame.



### *The Solar System.*

Observe how regular the planets run,  
 In stated times, their courses round the sun.  
 Diff'rent their bulk, their distance, their career,  
 And diff'rent much the compass of their year :  
 Yet all the same eternal laws obey,  
 While God's unerring finger points the way.

First Mercury, amidst full tides of light,  
Rolls next the sun, thro' his small circle bright.  
All who dwell here must be refin'd and pure ;  
Bodies like ours such ardour can't endure :  
Our earth would blaze beneath so fierce a ray,  
And all its marble mountains melt away.

Fair Venus next fulfils her larger round,  
With softer beams, and milder glory crown'd,  
Friend to mankind, she glitters from afar,  
Now the bright evening, now the morning star.

More distant still our Earth comes rolling on,  
And forms a wider circle round the sun :  
With her the Moon, companion ever dear,  
Her course attending thro' the shining year.

See Mars alone runs his appointed race,  
And measures out exact the destin'd space ;  
Nor nearer does he wind, nor farther stray,  
But finds the point whence first he roll'd away.

Yet more remote from day's all-cheering source,  
Vast Jupiter performs his constant course ;  
Four friendly moons, with borrow'd lustre, rise,  
Bestow their beams benign, and light his skies.

More distant, scarcely warm'd by Phœbus' ray,  
Thro' his vast orbit Saturn wheels away.  
How great the change could we be wafted there !  
How slow the seasons ! and how long the year !  
One moon on us reflects its cheerful light :  
There, seven attendants brighten up the night.  
Here, the blue firmament bedeck'd with stars,  
There, over-head, a lucid arch appears.  
From earth, how large, how strong the sun's bright  
ball !

From Saturn seen, how languid and how small !



Strange and amazing must the diff'rence be  
 'Twixt this dull planet and bright Mercury :  
 Yet reason says, nor can we doubt at all,  
 Millions of beings dwell on either ball,  
 With constitutions fitted for the spot,  
 Where Providence, all-wise, has fix'd their lot.

~~~~~

The Languid Lady.

Behold the languid lady moves in state,
 Who was not born to carry her own weight ;
 She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
 To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
 Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
 She, by just stages journeys round the room :
 But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
 To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs.
 My fan ! let others say, who laugh at toil ;
 Fan ! hood ! glove ! scarf ! is her laconic style :
 And spoken too with such a dying fall,
 That Betty rather sees, than hears the call :
 The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
 Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
 O listen with attention most profound !
 Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
 And help, oh help ! her spirits are so dead,
 One hand just lifts the other to her head.
 If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
 She pants ! she sinks away ! and is no more.
 Let the robust and the gigantic carve,
 Life is not worth so much, she'd rather starve :
 But chew she must herself ; ah, cruel fate !
 That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.

~~~~~

*The Toilet.*

See where, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,  
 Each silver vase in mystic order laid.  
 First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent, adores,  
 With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.  
 A heavenly image in the glass appears ;  
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears :  
 The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,  
 Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.  
 Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here  
 The various off'rings of the world appear ;  
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,  
 And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.  
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,  
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box :  
 The tortoise here and elephant unite,  
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white :  
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,  
 Puffs, powders, patches, novels, billet-doux.  
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;  
 The fair each moment rises in her charms,  
 Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,  
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;  
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,  
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.  
 The busy Sylphs surround their darling care ;  
 These set the head, and those divide the hair ;  
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown ;  
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.



*The Game at Ombre.*

Behold, four Kings, in majesty rever'd,  
 With hoary whiskers, and a forky beard ;  
 And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a flow'r,  
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r ;  
 Four Knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty band,  
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand ;  
 And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,  
 Drawn up for combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care :  
 Let spades be trumps ! she said, and trumps they  
 were :

Now move to war her sable Matadores,  
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.  
 Spadillio first, unconquerable lord !  
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.  
 As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,  
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.  
 Him Basto follow'd, 'but his fate more hard,  
 Gain'd but one trump, and one plebeian card.  
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,  
 The hoary majesty of Spades appears,  
 Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,  
 The rest his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.  
 The rebel Knave who dares his prince engage,  
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage.  
 E'en mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,  
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,  
 Sad chance of war ! now destitute of aid,  
 Falls, undistinguished, by the victor Spade.

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;  
 Now to the Baron, Fate inclines the field.  
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,  
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.  
 The Club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd  
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride;  
 What boots the regal circle on his head,  
 His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;  
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,  
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;  
 The embroider'd King who shews but half his face,  
 And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd,  
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.  
 Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,  
 With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,  
 And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of  
 Hearts.

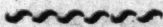
At this, the blood the virgin's cheeks forsook,  
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;  
 She sees and trembles at th' approaching ill,  
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.  
 And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)  
 On one nice trick depends the general fate:  
 An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen  
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:  
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,  
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.  
 The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky;  
 The walls, the woods, and long canals, reply.



*Hotspur's Description of a Fop.*

I do remember, when the fight was done,  
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword;  
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd;  
 Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reap'd,  
 Shew'd like a stubble land at harvest-home.  
 He was perfumed like a milliner;  
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
 A pouncet-box, which every now and then  
 He gave his nose; and took 't away again;  
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,  
 Took it in snuff.—And still he smil'd, and talk'd;  
 And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,  
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse  
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
 With many holiday and lady terms  
 He question'd me: amongst the rest demanded  
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.  
 I then, all smarting with my wounds; being gall'd  
 To be so pester'd with a poppinjay,  
 Out of my grief and my impatience,  
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what:  
 He should, or he should not; for it made me mad,  
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
 And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,  
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God save the  
                   mark)  
 And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth  
 Was spermaceti, for an inward bruise;  
 And that it was great pity, so it was,

This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
 So cowardly : and, but for these vile guns,  
 He would himself have been a soldier.



### *The Country Clergyman.*

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,  
 And still where many a garden-flower grows wild ;  
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
 A man he was, to all the country dear,  
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;  
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
 Nor e'er had chang'd, or wish'd to change his place :  
 Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,  
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;  
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,  
 More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.  
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;  
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,  
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;  
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;  
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;  
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,  
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were  
 won.



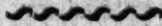
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;  
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd, and felt for all.  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies ;  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,  
The reverend champion stood. At his controul,  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;  
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran ;  
Even children followed with endearing wile,  
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.  
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,  
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest ;  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
As some tall cliff which lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,

Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.



*The Schoolmaster.*

Beside yon straggling fence which skirts the way,  
With blossom furze unprofitably gay,  
There in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,  
The village master taught his little school :  
A man severe he was, and stern to view ;  
I knew him well, and ev'ry truant knew ;  
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace,  
The day's disasters in his morning face ;  
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,  
At all his jokes ; for many a joke had he ;  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;  
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault.  
The village all declar'd how much he knew ;  
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too ;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge :  
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill ;  
For ev'n tho' vanquish'd, he could argue still ;  
While words of learned length, and thund'ring  
    sound,  
Amaz'd the gazing rustics ranged around.  
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew.  
But past is all his fame. The very spot,  
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.





*The Country Alehouse.*

Near yonder thorn which lifts its head on high,  
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,  
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts in-  
                   spir'd,

Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd ;  
 Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound ;  
 And news much older than their ale went round.  
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
 The parlour splendors of that festive place ;  
 The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor ;  
 The varnish'd clock which click'd behind the door ;  
 The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay,  
 A bed by night, a chest of draw'rs by day ;  
 The pictures plac'd for ornament and use ;  
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;  
 The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,  
 With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay ;  
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
 Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendor ! could not all  
 Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall ?  
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;  
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair  
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;  
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,  
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;  
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,  
 Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear ;  
 The host himself no longer shall be found  
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;

Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,  
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes : let the rich deride, the proud disdain,  
These simple blessings of the lowly train :  
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm, than all the gloss of art ;  
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,  
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;  
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd :  
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,  
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;  
And, ev'n while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.



### *The Man of Ross.*

Why all our praises should the great engross ?  
Rise, honest muse ! and sing the Man of Ross.  
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,  
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.  
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow ?  
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow ?  
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,  
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,  
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain  
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.  
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows ?  
Whose seats the weary traveller repose ?



Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?  
 "The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.  
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!  
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:  
 He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,  
 Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:  
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,  
 The young, who labour, and the old who rest.  
 Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,  
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.  
 Is there a variance? Enter but his door,  
 Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.  
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,  
 And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue  
 What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!  
 Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?  
 What mines, to swell that boundless charity?

Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,  
 This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a year.  
 Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw  
 your blaze!

Ye little stars hide your diminish'd rays.

And what! no monument, inscription, stone?  
 His race, his form, his name almost unknown!

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,  
 Will never mark the marble with his name:  
 Go, search it there, where to be born and die  
 Of rich and poor make all the history;  
 Enough that virtue fill'd the space between;  
 Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been.



*Starch.*

For man's support design'd I spring from earth,  
 But man perverts the purpose of my birth ;  
 I take new forms beneath his plastic hand,  
 And either sex my services command.  
 The flowing lawn in stricter forms I hold,  
 And bind, in chains unseen, each swelling fold.  
 The band beneath a double chin I grace,  
 And form the plaits which edge the quaker's face.  
 By me great Bess, her maids who used to cuff,  
 Shone in the stiffness of a full-quill'd ruff ;  
 Such am I whole, but parted, clipt, disjoin'd,  
 New wonders in my pregnant form you find.

What makes the cit look big with conscious worth ?  
 What bursts from pale surprize, or boisterous mirth ?  
 The sweet Rialto's form, or your fair brow ;  
 A fault to youthful valour we allow ;  
 What holy Paul did at Gamaliel's feet ;  
 What boys and pale-faced virgins love to eat ;  
 What guards your beauty from the scorching ray ;  
 What little master first is taught to say ;  
 A stately animal in forests bred ;  
 A tree that lifts on high its graceful head ;  
 Great nature's hand-maid, rival, sometimes foe ;  
 The most pathetic counterpart of oh !  
 The whisker'd pilferer, and his foe demure ;  
 The lamp unbought that lights the houseless poor ;  
 The stage where heroes make their last harangue ;  
 What in your heart or bones gives many a pang ;



What join'd to been is fatal to a toast;  
 What guides the sailor on a dangerous coast;  
 What introduces long tailed similies;  
 A preposition that to place agrees;  
 A word by which possession we describe;  
 The leader of the alphabetic tribe;  
 Of eager gamesters what decides the fate;  
 The homely rough support of Britain's state;  
 What bears the hero through the ranks of war;  
 What's heard when falls from high the ponderous  
     jar;  
 What best unbends the weary student's mind;  
 A beauteous fish in northern lakes we find;  
 A graceful blemish on the soldier's breast:  
 All these within my name may be exprest.

~~~~~  
Breadth.

If by Geographers defined,
 I often lie from west to east,
 But I am not to maps confin'd,
 I'm applicable you will find
 As well to great things as the least.
 I may be small, or far extend,
 An inch, a foot, a yard, a mile;
 But should an architect pretend
 To lay a plan, and not attend
 To me, be sure he's out the while.
 With care he measures me before
 A just proportion he can trace,
 But now I leave you to explore
 The vast, the almost boundless store,
 Which in my several parts have place.

What the fire, or the sun, or contentions produce;
 What comes from afar yet is daily in use;
 The scent of a dock-yard extracted from trees;
 A particular time which we date from with ease;
 A timid swift animal winding around;
 Another still nobler, pursued by the hound;
 What for health or for pleasure in summer we do;
 If we hope to succeed what we keep out of view;
 A colour in which ranks of soldiers are deckt;
 Another approv'd by a peaceable sect;
 What the wise store with knowledge, the vain with
 perfume;
 What is easy to do round St. Paul's spacious dome;
 What Sterne represents as effacing a word;
 What lives on the scraps which he steals from your
 board;
 An addition of one to the monks' pious string;
 An article used when we speak of a thing;
 What conducts the ideas of sound to the mind;
 What, when weary and tired, a refreshment we find;
 What was sown among wheat by the foe of the
 world;
 The poet, confusion on Edward, who hurl'd;
 A place of resort for the sick and the gay;
 What we each of us do at least three times a day;
 The mother, the nurse, and the home of mankind;
 The last sad resort of the desperate mind;
 What war is reduc'd to in these modern times;
 The seat of affection, the first source of crimes;
 A childish farewell, and its simple reverse;
 A weapon oft mention'd in soft-flowing verse;
 Life's greatest support and its principal stay;
 What without this assistance would soon fly away;

An emotion which nothing but guilt should excite ;
 A leathern wing'd bird which avoideth the light ;
 What Pharoah once dreamt and what Joseph foresaw ;
 In indictments what often occasions a flaw ;
 A number of cows and of deer, not of sheep ;
 What seldom is quiet unless fast asleep ;
 What in Asia is worn and in Europe cut off ;
 The way in which buyers their purchases scoff ;
 To second another ; to venture oneself ;
 Two sexes too often united for pelf ;
 The friend of the needle the great foe of game ;
 What not to be able to do is a shame ;
 An animal Friday instructed to dance
 What when added to well may be styl'd complai-
 sance ;
 The state to which winter reduces the trees ;
 What water becomes when it happens to freeze ;
 A ship-term we use when we speak of its size ;
 What often prevents our obtaining a prize ;
 What we ought to do light on the graves of the dead ;
 What we eat and on which many insects are fed ;
 What Hamlet debated to chuse or refuse ;
 A word often named when a plural we use ;
 What some do an hour when they mix a plumb-cake ;
 What bargainiers want when a purchase they make ;
 What when due to a tradesman we sometimes evade ;
 What if lost to a gamester must always be paid ;
 A badge of the height to which Wolsey arose ;
 An expression of wonder the riddle will close.

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ENTERTAINING POETRY.



Edward.

One day, says Edward, whilst at play,

“ Here, little boy, come here ;

What makes you look so spruce to-day,

Pray, are you for the fair ?

Such nice clean hands, so clean a face,

Trowsers so free from dirt,

Shoes shining black, a hat new brush'd,

So white and clean a shirt ;

All this bespeaks there's something more

Than common things in view,

Do stop, and I will ask mamma

If I may go there too.”

Away ran Edward, out of breath,

To ask mamma's consent,

Not knowing if his little friend

Could yield to all he meant.

Edward returning with the terms

On which mamma complied,

That known the little stranger was,

And trusty as a guide,

Soon found his happiness impair'd
 On hearing him declare,
 "No thought like yours have I in view,
 Nor am I for the fair :

These cleanly looks, this cleanly dress,
 I'm taught each day to wear,
 In duty to a kind mamma,
 Whose love I always share.

She tells me cleanliness gives health,
 And health will make me grow,
 Increase my limbs in size and strength,
 If I'm but careful now.

A strict regard to what is right
 In every small concern,
 Will teach me how to store the truths
 My riper years must learn.

For this I'm neat, for this I'm clean,
 Nor doubt the sure reward;
 And though I see not all she means,
 I trust her kind regard."

Edward, abash'd, hung down his head,
 (Edward had failings here)
 Took leave; resolv'd the same reward
 To make his future care.



The Three Black Crows.

Two honest tradesmen, meeting in the Strand,
 One took the other briskly by the hand;
 Hark ye, said he, 'tis an odd story this
 About the crows!—I don't know what it is,

Replied his friend.—No! I'm surprised at that;
 Where I come from it is the common chat:
 But you shall hear: an odd affair indeed!
 And, that it happen'd, they are all agreed:
 Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
 A gentleman, who lives not far from 'Change,
 This week, in short, as all the Alley knows,
 Taking a puke, has thrown up Three black crows!

Impossible!—Nay, but 'tis really true;
 I had it from good hands, and so may you—
 From whose, I pray?—So having nam'd the man,
 Straight to enquire his curious comrade ran.
 Sir, did you tell—relating the affair—
 Yes, sir, I did; and if it's worth your care,
 As Mr. Such-an-one, he told it me,
 But, by the bye, 'twas Two black crows, not Three.

Resolv'd to trace so wond'rous an event,
 Whip, to the third, the virtuoso went.
 Sir—and so forth—Why, yes; the thing is fact,
 Tho' in regard to number not exact;
 It was not Two black crows, 'twas only One,
 The truth of that you may depend upon.
 The gentleman himself told me the case—
 Where may I find him?—Why, in such a place.

Away he went, and having found him out,
 Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt—
 Then to his last informant he referr'd,
 And begg'd to know, if true what he had heard;
 Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?—NOT I—
 Bless me!—how people propagate a lie!
 Black crows have been thrown up, Three, Two, and
 One;

And here, I find, all comes at last to None!

Did you say nothing of a crow at all?—
 Crow—crow—perhaps I might, now I recall
 The matter o'er. And, pray sir, what was 't?
 Why, I was horrid sick, and at the last,
 I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,
 Something that was—as black, sir, as a crow.

The Old Man and his Ass.

A country fellow, and his son, they tell
 In modern fables, had an ass to sell:
 With this intent they turn'd it out to play,
 And fed so well, that, by the destin'd day,
 They brought the creature into sleek repair,
 And drove it gently to a neighb'ring fair.

As they were jogging on, a rural class
 Was heard to say—Look! look there, at that ass!
 And those two blockheads, trudging on each side,
 Who have not, either of them, sense to ride;
 Asses all three!—and thus the country folks,
 On man, and boy, began to cut their jokes.

The old fellow minded nothing which they said,
 But ev'ry word stuck in the young one's head;
 And thus began the comment thereupon,—
 Ne'er heed 'em lad—Nay, father, do get on—
 Not I, indeed—why then, let me, I pray—
 Well do; and see, what prating tongues will say.

The boy was mounted; and they had not got
 Much farther on, before another knot,
 Just as the ass was pacing by, pad, pad,
 Cried,—O! that lazy looby of a lad!
 How unconcernedly the gaping brute
 Lets the poor aged fellow walk a-foot.

Down came the son, on hearing this account,
 And beg'd, and pray'd, and made his father mount :
 Till a third party, on a farther stretch,
 See ! see ! exclaim'd, that old hard hearted wretch !
 How like a justice there he sits, or 'squire ;
 While the poor lad keeps wading through the mire.

Stop, cried the lad, still deeper vexed in mind,]
 Stop, father, stop ; let me get on behind.
 This done, they thought they certainly should please,
 Escape reproaches, and be both at ease ;
 For having tried each practicable way,
 What could be left for jokers now to say ?

Still disappointed by succeeding tone,
 Hark ye, you fellows ! Is that ass your own ?
 Get off, for shame, or one of you, at least,
 You both deserve to carry the poor beast ;
 Ready to drop down dead upon the road,
 With such a huge unconscionable load.

On this, they both dismounted ; and, some say,
 Contriv'd to carry, like a truss of hay,
 The ass between them ; prints, they add, are seen,
 With man, and lad, and swinging ass between :
 Others omit that fancy in the print,
 As overstraining an ingenious hint.

The copy that we follow, says, the man
 Rubb'd down the ass, and took to his first plan ;
 Walk'd to the fair, and sold him, got his price,
 And gave his son this pertinent advice——

“ Let talkers talk ; stick thou to what is best ;
 “ To think of pleasing all—is all a jest.”

The Spectacles.

Between nose and eyes a strange contest arose,
 The spectacles set them, unhappily, wrong;
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
 To which the said spectacles ought to belong.
 So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
 With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning,
 While chief baron Ears sat to balance the laws,
 So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.
 In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
 And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
 That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
 Which amounts to possession for time out of mind.
 Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
 Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
 As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
 Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.
 Again, would your lordship a moment suppose,
 ('Tis a case that has happen'd, and may do again)
 That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
 Pray who wou'd or who cou'd wear spectacles
 then?
 On the whole it appears, and my argument shows
 With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
 That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
 And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.
 Then shifting his side as a lawyer knows how,
 He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes,
 But what were his arguments few people know,
 For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,
 Decisive and clear, without one if or but—
 That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
 By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should be shut.

The Spectacles.

A certain artist, I forget his name,
 Had got for making spectacles a fame,
 Or *helps to read*—as when the first were sold
 Was writ, upon his glaring sign, in gold ;
 And, for all uses to be had from glass,
 His were allow'd, by readers, to surpass :
 There came a man into his shop one day,
 Are you the spectacle-contriver, pray ?
 Yes, sir, said he, I can in that affair
 Contrive to please you, if you want a pair.
 Can you ?—pray, do then.—So, at first, he chose
 To place a youngish pair upon his nose ;
 And book produc'd, to see how they would fit ;
 Ask'd how he lik'd them ?—Like them ? not a bit.
 Then, sir, I fancy, if you please to try,
 These in my hand will better suit your eye.
 No, but they don't.—Well, come, sir, if you please,
 Here is another sort, we'll e'en try these,
 Still somewhat more they magnify the letter ;
 Now, sir ?—Why now—I'm ^{or} not a bit the better.
 No ! here, take these which magnify still more ;
 How do they fit ? Like all the rest before.

In short, they tried a whole assortment thro',
 But all in vain, for none of them would do :

The operator, much surprised to find
 So odd a case, thought, sure the man is blind ;
 What sort of eyes can you have got ? said he ;
 Why, very good ones, friend, as you may see.
 Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball—
 Pray, let me ask you—can you read at all ?
 No, you great *blockhead* ! if I could, what need
 Of paying you for any *Helps to read* ?
 And so he left the maker in a heat,
 Resolv'd to post him for an arrant cheat.

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### *The Beau and Bedlamite.*

A patient in Bedlam, who did pretty well,  
 Was permitted sometimes to go out of his cell :  
 One day, when they gave him that freedom, he spy'd  
 A beauish young spark with a sword by his side ;  
 With a huge silver hilt, and a scabbard for steel,  
 Which swung at due length from his hip to his heel.

When he saw him advance on the gallery ground,  
 The bedlamite ran, and survey'd him all round ;  
 While a waiter suppress the young captain's alarm,  
 With——You need not to fear, sir, he'll do you no  
 harm.

At last he broke out—Aye, a very fine show !  
 May I ask you one question ?——What's that ? said  
 the beau——

Pray, what is that long, dangling, cumbersome thing,  
 Which you seem to be ty'd to with ribband and  
 string ?——

Why, that is my sword——and what is it to do——  
 Kill my enemies, master, by running them thro'——

Kill your enemies!—Kill a fool's head of your own;  
They'll die of themselves, if you'll let them alone.



*St. Philip Neri and the Youth.*

St. Philip Neri, as old readings say,  
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one day;  
And, being ever courteously inclin'd,  
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,  
He fell into discourse with him; and thus  
The dialogue they held comes down to us.

St. Tell me what brings you, gentle youth, to  
Rome?

Y. To make myself a scholar, sir, I come.

St. And, when you are one, what do you intend?

Y. To be a priest, I hope, sir, in the end.

St. Suppose it so—what have you next in view?

Y. That I may get to be a cannon too.

St. Well; and how then?

Y. Why then, for ought I know,  
I may be made a bishop.

St. Be it so——

What then?

Y. Why, cardinal's a high degree—  
And yet my lot it possibly may be.

St. Suppose it was—what then?

Y. Why, who can say  
But I've a chance of being pope one day?

St. Well, having worn the mitre, and red hat,  
And triple crown, what follows after that?

Y. Nay, there is nothing farther to be sure,  
Upon this earth, that wishing can procure:



When I've enjoy'd a dignity so high,  
As long as God shall please, then—I must die.

St. What! must you die? fond youth! and at  
the best

But WISH, and HOPE, and MAY BE all the rest?  
Take my advice——whatever may betide,  
For that which must be, first of all provide;  
Then think of that which may be; and indeed,  
When well prepar'd, who knows what may succeed?  
But you may be, as you are pleas'd to hope,  
Priest, canon, bishop, cardinal, and pope.



### *The Pupil of Nature.*

The little knowledge I have gain'd  
Was all from simple nature drain'd;  
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,  
Hence my fix'd hatred grew to vice.

The daily labours of the bee  
Awake my soul to industry.

Who can observe the careful ant,  
And not provide for future want?

My dog (the trustiest of his kind)  
With gratitude inflames my mind;

I mark his true, his faithful way,  
And in my service copy Tray.

In constancy, and nuptial love,  
I learn my duty from the dove.

The hen, who from the chilly air,  
With pious wing, protects her care,  
And every fowl, which flies at large,  
Instructs me in a parent's charge.

From nature too I take my rule,  
 To shun contempt and ridicule.  
 I never, with important air,  
 In conversation overbear.  
 Can grave and formal pass for wise,  
 When men the solemn owl despise?  
 My tongue within my lips I rein,  
 For who talks much, must talk in vain.  
 We from the wordy torrent fly:  
 Who listens to the chatt'ring pye?  
 Nor would I, with felonious slight,  
 By stealth invade my neighbour's right;  
 Rapacious animals we hate:  
 Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.  
 Do not we just abhorrence find,  
 Against the toad and serpent kind?  
 Yet envy, calumny, and spite,  
 Bear stronger venom in their bite.  
 Thus every object of creation,  
 Can furnish hints for contemplation;  
 And from the most minute and mean,  
 A virtuous mind can morals glean.

*The Pin and the Needle.*

A pin, who long had serv'd a beauty,  
 Proficient in the toilette's duty,  
 Had form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,  
 Or giv'n her knot a smarter air;  
 Now nearest to her heart was plac'd,  
 Now in her manteau's tail disgrac'd.

At length from all her honours cast,  
 Through various turns of life she past;



Now glitter'd on a taylor's arm,  
 Now kept a beggar's infant warm,  
 Now rang'd within a miser's coat,  
 Contributes to his yearly groat,  
 Now rais'd again from low approach,  
 She visits in the doctor's coach;  
 Here, there, by various fortune tost,  
 Was last in the Museum lost.

Charm'd with the wonders of the show,  
 On every side, above, below,  
 She now of this or that enquires,  
 What least was understood admires;  
 'Tis plain each thing so struck her mind,  
 Her head's of virtuoso kind.

And pray what's this, and this, dear sir?  
 A needle, says th' interpreter.  
 She knew the name, And thus the fool  
 Address'd her as a taylor's tool.

A needle with that filthy stone,  
 Quite idle, all with rust o'ergrown!  
 You better might employ your parts,  
 And aid the sempstress in her arts.  
 But tell me how the friendship grew,  
 Between that paltry thing and you?

Friend, says the needle, cease to blame;  
 I follow real worth and fame.  
 Know'st thou the loadstone's power and art,  
 That virtue's virtue can impart?  
 Of all its talents I partake.  
 Who then can such a friend forsake?  
 'Tis I direct the pilot's hand  
 To shun the rocks and treach'rous sand;

By me the distant world is known,  
 And either India is our own.  
 Had I with milliners been bred,  
 What had I been ? the guide of thread,  
 And drudg'd as vulgar needles do,  
 Of no more consequence than you,

*The Sick Man and the Parson.*

Is there no hope ? the sick man said——  
 The silent doctor shook his head,  
 And took his leave, with signs of sorrow,  
 Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When thus the man, with gasping breath,  
 I feel the chilling wound of death.  
 Since I must bid the world adieu ;  
 Let me my former life review.  
 I grant my bargains well were made,  
 But all men over-reach in trade ;  
 'Tis self-defence in each profession.  
 Sure self-defence is no transgression.  
 The little portion in my hands,  
 By good security on lands,  
 Is well increas'd. If unawares,  
 My justice to myself and heirs,  
 Has let my debtor rot in jail,  
 For want of good sufficient bail ;  
 If I by writ, or bond, or deed,  
 Have brought a family to need,  
 My will hath made the world amends ;  
 My hope on charity depends.



When I am number'd with the dead,  
 And all my pious gifts are read.  
 By heav'n and earth 'twill then be known  
 My charities were amply shown.

A parson came. Ah friend, he cry'd,  
 No more in flatt'ring hopes confide.  
 Can thy good deeds in former times  
 Outweigh the balance of thy crimes ?  
 What widow or what orphan prays  
 To crown thy life with length of days ?  
 A pious action's in thy power,  
 Embrace with joy the happy hour ;  
 Now, while you draw the vital air,  
 Prove your intention is sincere :  
 This instant give a hundred pound ;  
 Your neighbour's want, and you abound.

But why such haste, the sick man whines,  
 Who knows as yet what heav'n designs ?  
 Perhaps I may recover still.  
 That sum and more are in my will.

Fool, says the parson, now 'tis plain,  
 Your life, your soul, your heaven was gain ;  
 From ev'ry side, with all your might,  
 You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right,  
 And after death would fain atone,  
 By giving what is not your own.

While there is life, there's hope, he cry'd ;  
 Then why such haste ? so groan'd and dy'd.

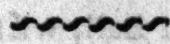
*The Turkey and the Ant.*

In other men we faults can spy,  
And blame the mote which dims their eye,  
Each little speck and blemish find,  
To our own stronger errors blind.

A turkey, tir'd of common food,  
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood ;  
Behind her ran her infant train,  
Collecting here and there a grain.

Draw near, my birds, the mother cries,  
This hill delicious fare supplies ;  
Behold the busy Negro race,  
See, millions blacken all the place !  
Fear not. Like me with freedom eat ;  
An ant is most delicious meat.  
How blest, how envy'd were our life,  
Could we but 'scape the poult'rer's knife !  
But man, curst man, on turkeys preys,  
And Christmas shortens all our days ;  
Sometimes with oysters we combine,  
Sometimes assist the savoury chine.  
From the low peasant to the lord,  
The turkey smokes on ev'ry board.  
Sure men for gluttony are curst,  
Of the seven deadly sins the worst.

An ant, who climb'd beyond her reach,  
Thus answer'd from the neighbouring beech.  
Ere you remark another's sin,  
Bid your own conscience look within.  
Controul your more voracious bill,  
Nor for a breakfast nations kill.





*The Farmer's Wife and the Raven.*

Why are those tears? Why droops your head?  
Is then your other husband dead?  
Or does a worse disgrace betide;  
Has no one since his death apply'd?

Alas! you know the cause too well.  
The salt is spilt, to me it fell.  
Then, to contribute to my loss,  
My knife and fork are laid across.  
On Friday too! the day I dread!  
Would I were safe at home in bed!  
Last night (I vow to heaven 'tis true)  
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.  
Next post some fatal news will tell.  
Heaven send my Cornish friends be well!  
Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,  
Nor feel affliction in thy fears;  
Let not thy stomach be suspended,  
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended,  
And when the butler clears the table,  
For thy dessert I'll read my fable.

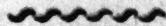
Between her swagging panniers' load  
A farmer's wife to market rode,  
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care  
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;  
When, starting from her silver dream,  
Thus far and wide was heard her scream.

That raven on yon left-hand oak  
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak)  
Bodes me no good. No more she said,  
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,

Fell prone ; o'erturn'd the panniers lay,  
And her mash'd eggs bestrew'd the way.

She, sprawling in the yellow road,  
Rail'd, swore, and curst. Thou croaking toad,  
A murrain take thy boding throat !  
I knew misfortune in the note.

Dame, quoth the raven, spare your oaths,  
Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.  
But why on me these curses thrown ?  
Goody, the fault was all your own ;  
For had you laid this brittle ware  
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,  
Though all the ravens of the hundred  
With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd,  
Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,  
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs.



### *The Primrose.*

Pale trifle of the milder glade,  
A fav'rite of each gentle maid ;  
'Tis you foretel the rising spring,  
And warn the forward thrush to sing.  
Short, very short, is winter's reign,  
Sweet flow'r, when you return again.

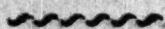
Fair harbinger of mirth, with you  
The concerts of the groves renew ;  
'Tis you inspire the tender dove,  
And bid the blackbird woo his love.  
Short, &c.



At thy approach, the woodcock flies  
 To frozen Lapland's darker skies ;  
 While Progne comes to rear her cell,  
 And greet her sister Philomel.  
 Short, &c.

At thy approach to welcome May,  
 The shepherd makes his liv'ry gay ;  
 His pipe which long had useless lain,  
 Now wakes to sports the drowsy plain.  
 Short, &c.

When thou appear'st—ah ! wond'rous plan !  
 As when creation first began,  
 Kind nature opens to our sight,  
 A fund of profit and delight.  
 Short, very short, is winter's reign,  
 Sweet flow'r, when you return again.



### *The Nightingale and Glow-worm.*

The prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose  
 The lily and the blushing rose,  
 From public view her charms will screen,  
 And rarely in the croud be seen ;  
 This simple truth will keep her wise,  
 "The fairest fruits attract the flies."

One night a glow-worm, proud and vain,  
 Contemplating her glitt'ring train,  
 Cry'd, Sure there never was in nature  
 So elegant, so fine a creature !  
 All other insects, which I see,  
 The frugal ant, industrious bee,  
 Or silk-worm, with contempt I view ;  
 With all that low mechanic crew,

Who servilely their lives employ  
 In business, enemy to joy.  
 Mean, vulgar herd ! ye are my scorn,  
 For grandeur only I was born.  
 Surely I'm sprung from race divine,  
 And plac'd on earth to live and shine.  
 Those lights, which sparkle so on high,  
 Are but the glow-worms of the sky,  
 And kings on earth their gems admire,  
 Because they imitate my fire.

She spoke. Attentive on a spray,  
 A nightingale forbore his lay ;  
 He saw the shining morsel near,  
 And flew, directed by the glare ;  
 Awhile he gaz'd with sober look,  
 And thus the trembling prey bespoke :

Deluded fool, with pride elate,  
 Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate :  
 Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain,  
 Unheeded on the velvet plain :  
 Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,  
 And beauty wrecks, whom she adorns.



### *The Goose and the Swans.*

I hate the face, however fair,  
 Which puts on an affected air ;  
 The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,  
 The study'd look, the passion feign'd,  
 Are fopperies, which only tend  
 To injure what they strive to mend.



With what superior grace enchants  
 The face, which nature's pencil paints !  
 Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,  
 Glow with the meaning of the heart !  
 Where freedom and good-humour sit,  
 And easy gaiety and wit !  
 Though perfect beauty be not there,  
 The master lines, the finish'd air,  
 We catch from every look delight,  
 And grow enamour'd at the sight :  
 For beauty, though we all approve,  
 Excites our wonder, more than love ;  
 While the agreeable strikes sure,  
 And gives the wounds we cannot cure.

Nature may undergo her part,  
 But seldom wants the help of art ;  
 Trust her, she is your surest friend,  
 Nor made your form for you to mend.

A goose, affected, empty, vain,  
 The shrillest of the cackling train,  
 With proud and elevated crest,  
 Precedence claim'd above the rest.

Says she, I laugh at human race,  
 Who say geese hobble in their pace ;  
 Look here !—the sland'rous lye detect ;  
 Not haughty man is so erect.  
 That peacock yonder ! lord, how vain  
 The creature's of his gaudy train !  
 If both were stript, I'd pawn my word,  
 A goose would be the finer bird.  
 Nature, to hide her own defects,  
 Her bungling work with finery decks ;  
 Were geese set off with half that show,  
 Would men admire the peacock ? No.

Thus vaunting, cross the mead she stalks,  
 The cackling breed attend her walks ;  
 The sun shot down his noon-tide beams,  
 The swans were sporting in the streams ;  
 Their snowy plumes and stately pride  
 Provok'd her spleen. Why there, she cry'd,  
 Again, what arrogance we see !—  
 Those creatures ! how they mimic me !  
 Shall every fowl the waters skim,  
 Because we geese are known to swim !  
 Humility they soon shall learn,  
 And their own emptiness discern.

So saying, with extended wings,  
 Lightly upon the wave she springs ;  
 Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,  
 And the swan's stately crest assumes.  
 Contempt and mock'ry ensu'd,  
 And bursts of laughter shook the flood.

A swan, superior to the rest,  
 Sprang forth, and thus the fool address :

Conceited thing, elate with pride !  
 Thy affectation all deride :  
 These airs thy awkwardness impart,  
 And shew thee plainly as thou art.  
 Among thy equals of the flock,  
 Thou hadst escap'd the public mock,  
 And as thy parts to good conduce,  
 Been deem'd an honest hobbling goose.

Learn hence to study wisdom's rules ;  
 Know, foppery's the pride of fools ;  
 And striving nature to conceal,  
 You only her defects reveal.





*Madam and the Magpye.*

Ye thunders roll, ye oceans roar,  
 And wake the rough resounding shore ;  
 Ye guns in smoke and flames engage,  
 And shake the ramparts with your rage ;  
 Boreas, distend thy chops and blow ;  
 Ring, ring, ye bonny bells of Bow ;  
 Ye drums and rattles rend the ears,  
 Like twenty thousand Southwark fairs :  
 Bellow ye bulls, and bawl ye brats,  
 Encore, encore, ye amorous cats :  
 In vain, poor things, ye squeak and squall,  
 Soft Sylvia shall out-tongue you all.  
 But here she comes—there's no relief ;  
 She comes, and blessed are the deaf.

“ A magpye !—why, you're mad, my dear,  
 To bring a chattering magpye here.  
 A prating play-thing, fit for boys,  
 You know I can't endure a noise :  
 You've brought this precious present sure,  
 My head-ach and my cough to cure.  
 Pray hand him in, and let him stain  
 Each curtain, and each counterpane :  
 Yes, he shall roost upon my toilet,  
 Or on my pillow ; though he spoil it.  
 He'll only make me catch my death,  
 — O heav'ns for a little breath.—  
 Thank God, I never knew resentment,  
 But am all patience and contentment,  
 Or else, you paltry knave, I shou'd  
 (As any other woman wou'd)  
 Wring off its neck, and down your gullet  
 Cram it by way of chick or pullet.—

Well, I must lock up all my rings,  
 My jewels, and my curious things ;  
 My Chinese toys must go to pot :  
 My jars, my tea-cups—and what not !  
 For all your magpies are like lawyers,  
 At once both brawlers and destroyers.—  
 You for a wife have search'd the globe.  
 You have got a very female Job,  
 Pattern of love, and peace, and unity,  
 Or how could you expect impunity ?  
 O lord ! this nasty thing will bite,  
 And scratch, and clapper claw, and fight.  
 O ! monstrous wretch, thus to devise,  
 To tear out your poor Sylvia's eyes.  
 You're a fine popish plot pursuing,  
 By presents to effect my ruin ;  
 And thus, for good, are ill retorting,  
 To ME, who brought you such a fortune !  
 To ME, you low-liv'd clown, to ME,  
 Who came of such a family !  
 ME, who've from Age to Age possess'd,  
 A lion rampant for my crest ;  
 ME, who have fill'd your empty coffers,  
 ME, who had so many better offers :  
 And is my merit thus regarded,  
 And am I to be thus rewarded ?  
 O ! 'tis past sufferance—Mary, Mary,  
 I faint—the citron, or the clary."

The poor man, who had bought the creature,  
 Out of pure conjugal good-nature,  
 Stood at this violent attack,  
 Like statues made by Roubillac ;  
 Tho' form'd beyond all skill antique,  
 They can't their marble silence break ;



They only breathe, and think, and start,  
Astonish'd at their maker's art.

Quoth Mag : " fair Grizzle, I must grant,  
Your spouse a magpye cannot want :  
For troth (to give the Dev'l his due)  
He keeps a rookery in you.  
Don't fear I'll tarry long, sweet lady,  
Where there is din enough already ;  
We never should agree together,  
Altho' we're so much of a feather.  
You're fond of peace, no man can doubt it,  
Who make such wondrous noise about it,  
Your tongue too of immortal mould,  
Proclaims in thunder you're no scold.  
Yes, yes, you're sov'reign of the tongue,  
And, like the king, can do no wrong ;  
Justly your spouse restrains his voice,  
Nor vainly answers words with noise.  
This storm, which no one can endure,  
Requires a very different cure :  
For such sour, verjuice dispositions,  
Your crabsticks are the best physicians.



### *Insulted Poverty.*

Hodge held a farm, and liv'd content,  
While one year paid another's rent ;  
But if he ran the least behind,  
Vexation stung his anxious mind :  
For not an hour would landlord stay ;  
But seize the very quarter-day !

That cheap the market ! scant the grain !  
 Tho' urg'd with truth, were urg'd in vain :  
 The same to him, if false, or true ;  
 For rent must come, when rent was due.  
 Yet this same landlord's cows and steeds,  
 Broke Hodge's fence, and cropt his meads.  
 In hunting, this same landlord's hounds  
 Spread over Hodge's new-sown grounds,  
 Dog, horse, and man, alike o'erjoy'd,  
 While half the rising crop's destroy'd !  
 Yet tamely was the loss sustain'd.  
 Save once, and then, when Hodge complain'd,  
 The 'Squire laugh'd loudly while he spoke,  
 And paid him only with a joke !

But luckless still poor Hodge's fate !  
 His worship's bull forc'd o'er the gate,  
 And gor'd his cow, the last and best,  
 By sickness he had lost the rest.  
 Hodge felt at heart resentment strong !  
 The heart will feel which suffers long.  
 A thought, that instant, took his head,  
 And thus within himself he said :  
 ' If Hodge, for once don't fling the 'Squire,  
 The village post him for a liar !'  
 He said—and 'cross his shoulder throws  
 The fork, and to his landlord goes.  
 ' I come, thus early, to unfold  
 What soon or late, you must be told.  
 My bull (a creature tame till now)  
 My bull has gor'd your worship's cow.  
 'Tis known what shifts I make to live ;  
 Perhaps your honour may forgive !'



"Forgive!" the 'Squire replied, and swore!  
 "Pray of forgiveness cant no more!  
 The law my damage shall decide,  
 And know that I'll be satisfy'd."  
 'Think, sir, I'm poor, sir, as a rat!  
 "Think! I'm a justice! think of that!"  
 Hodge bow'd again, and scratch'd his head,  
 And recollecting, archly said,  
 'Sir, I'm so struck, when here before ye,  
 I fear I've blunder'd in my story.  
 However, I'll not blunder now,  
 Yours was the bull, sir! mine the cow.'  
 His worship found his rage subside,  
 And with calm accents, thus replied:  
 "I'll think upon your case to-night;  
 But, I perceive, 'tis alter'd quite."  
 Hodge shrugg'd, and made another bow,  
 I wonder where's the justice now?'

### *The Boys and Frogs.*

A thousand frogs, upon a summer's day,  
 Were sporting 'midst the sunny ray,  
 In a large pool, reflecting every face;  
 They shew'd their gold-lac'd clothes with pride,  
 In harmless sallies frequent vied,  
 And gambol'd thro' the water with a grace.  
 It happen'd that a band of boys,  
 Observant of their harmless joys,  
 Thoughtless, resolv'd to spoil their happy sport;  
 One phrenzy seiz'd both great and small,  
 On the poor frogs the rogues began to fall,  
 Meaning to splash them, not to do them hurt.

As Milton quaintly sings, 'the stones 'gan pour,'  
Indeed an Otaheite show'r.

The consequence was dreadful, let me tell ye ;  
One's eye was beat out of his head ;  
This limp'd away—that lay for dead—

Here mourn'd a broken back—and there a belly.

Amongst the smitten, it was found,  
Their beauteous queen receiv'd a wound ;  
The blow gave ev'ry heart a sigh,  
And drew a tear from ev'ry eye ;—

At length King Croak got up, and thus begun,

" My lads, you think this very pretty fun ;

Your pebbles flying round us thick as hops,

Have warmly complimented all our chops ;

To you, I guess, that these are pleasant stones—

And so they might be to us frogs,

You young and good-for-nothing dogs,

But that they are so hard—they break our bones."

### *The Country Bumpkin and the Razor-seller.*

A fellow, in a market-town,

Most musical, cried razors up and down,

And offer'd twelve for eighteen-pence ;

Which certainly seem'd wond'rous cheap,

And, for the money, quite a heap,

As ev'ry man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard :

Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,

That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose ;

With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,

And proudly to himself in whispers said,

" This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.



No matter if the fellow be a knave,  
 Provided that the razors shave,  
 It certainly will be a monstrous prize."

So home the clown with his good fortune went,  
 Smiling, in heart and soul content,  
 And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,  
 Hodge now began, with grinning pain, to grub,  
 Just like a hedger cutting furze :

'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he try'd—  
 All were impostors—"Ah!" Hodge sigh'd,  
 "I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse."

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,  
 He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and stamp'd, and  
 swore :

Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made  
 wry faces,

And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His muzzle, form'd of opposition stuff,  
 Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;  
 So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds.  
 Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,  
 Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,  
 On the vile cheat who sold the goods.

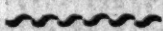
"Razors!—a vile, confounded dog—  
 Not fit to scrape a hog!"

Hodge sought the fellow—found him—and begun,  
 "Perhaps, Mr. Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,  
 That people flay themselves out of their lives :  
 You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,  
 Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,  
 With razors just like oyster-knives.

Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,  
 To cry up razors that can't shave."  
 "Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a knave:  
 As for the razors you have bought,  
 Upon my soul, I never thought  
 That they could shave."

"Not think they'd shave!" quoth Hodge, with  
 wond'ring eyes,  
 And voice not much unlike an Indian yell,  
 "What were they made for then, you dog?" he  
 cries——

"Made," quoth the fellow, with a smile—"to  
 sell."



### *The Pilgrims and the Peas.*

A brace of sinners, for no good,  
 Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine;  
 Who, at Loretto, dwelt in wax, stone, wood,  
 And in a fair white wig look'd wond'rous fine.  
 Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,  
 With something in their shoes much worse than  
 gravel;  
 In short, their toes so gently to amuse,  
 The priest had order'd peas into their shoes;  
 A nostrum famous in old popish times  
 For purifying souls that stank with crimes—  
 A sort of apostolic salt,  
 That Popish parsons for its powers exalt,  
 For keeping souls of sinners sweet,  
 Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.



The knaves set off on the same day,  
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray,

But very diff'rent was their speed, I wot ;  
One of the sinners gallop'd on,  
Light as a bullet from a gun ;  
The other limp'd, as if he had been shot.

One saw the virgin soon—peccavi cried—  
Had his soul white-wash'd all so clever ;  
Then home again he nimbly hied,  
Made fit with saints above to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,  
He met his brother-rogue, about half-way,  
Hobbling, with out-stretch'd back and bending  
knees,

Cursing the souls and bodies of the peas ;  
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,  
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now !" the light-toed, white-wash'd pilgrim  
broke—

"You lazy lubber !"——

"O curse it !" cried the other, "'tis no joke—  
My feet, once hard as any rock,  
Are now as soft as any blubber.

Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—

As for Loretto, I shall not get there :

No ! to the dogs my sinful soul must go,

For verily I have lost ev'ry toe.

But, brother-sinner, do explain

How 'tis that you are not in pain ;

What pow'r hath work'd a wonder for your toes :  
Whilst I, just like a snail am crawling,

Now swearing—now on saints devoutly bawling—

Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes.

How is't that you can like a greyhound go,  
 Merry, as if that nought had happened to you?"  
 "Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must  
 know,  
 That just before I ventur'd on my journey,  
 To walk a little more at ease,  
 I took the liberty to boil my peas."

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Canute, his Courtiers, and the Sea.

Canute was by his nobles taught to fancy,
 That by a kind of royal necromancy,
 He had the power Old Ocean to controul—
 Down rush'd the Royal Dane upon the strand,
 And issued, like a Solomon, command—
 Poor soul!—
 "Go back, ye waves, you blust'ring rogues!" quoth
 he,
 "Touch not your lord and master, Sea,
 For, by my power almighty, if you do"—
 Then, staring vengeance, out he held a stick,
 Vowing to drive Old Ocean to Old Nick,
 Should he but wet the latchet of his shoe.
 The sea retir'd—the Monarch fierce rush'd on,
 And look'd as if he'd drive him from the land—
 But Sea not caring to be put upon,
 Made for a moment a bold stand.
 Not only make a stand did Mr. Ocean,
 But to his honest waves he made a motion,
 And bid them give the King a hearty trimming;
 The orders seem'd a deal the waves to tickle,
 For soon they put his Majesty in pickle,
 And set his Royalties, like geese, a swimming.

All hands aloft, with one tremendous roar,
 Soon did they make him wish himself on shore ;
 His head and ears most handsomely they dous'd,
 Just like a porpoise, with one general shout,
 The waves so tumbled the poor King about,
 No Anabaptist e'er was half so sous'd.

- At length to land he crawl'd, a half-drown'd thing,
 Indeed more like a crab than like a King,
 And found his courtiers making rueful faces ;
 But what said Canute to the lords and gentry,
 Who hail'd him from the water, on his entry,
 All trembling for their lives or places ?
 " My lords and gentlemen, by your advice,
 I've had with Mr. Sea a pretty bustle ;
 My treatment from my foe not over-nice,
 Just made a jest for ev'ry shrimp and muscle.
 A pretty trick for one of my dominion !
 My lords, I thank you for your great opinion.
 You'll say, perhaps, I've only lost one game,
 And bid me try another—for the rubber ;
 Permit me to inform you all, with shame,
 That you're a set of knaves—and I'm a lubber."

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*On Happiness.*

Man may be happy, if he will :  
 I've said it often, and I think so still.  
 Doctrine to make the million stare !  
 Know, then, each mortal is an actual Jove,  
 Can brew what weather he shall most approve,  
 Or wind, or calm, or foul, or fair.

But here's the mischief—man's an ass, I say ;  
 Too fond of thunder, lightning, storm, and rain ;  
 He hides the charming cheerful ray,  
 That spreads a smile o'er hill and plain.  
 Dark, he must court the scull, and spade, and  
 shroud—  
 The mistress of his soul must be a cloud !  
 Who told him, that he must be curs'd on earth ?  
 The God of Nature ?—No such thing !  
 Heaven whisper'd him, the moment of his birth,  
 " Don't cry, my lad, but dance and sing ;  
 Don't be too wise, and be an ape ;  
 In colours let thy soul be dress'd, not crape ;  
 Roses shall smooth life's journey, and adorn.  
 Yet, mind me—if, through want of grace,  
 Thou mean'st to fling the blessing in my face,  
 Thou hast full leave to tread upon a thorn."

Yet some there are, of men I think the worst,  
 Poor imps ! unhappy if they can't be curs'd—  
 For ever brooding over mis'ry's eggs ;  
 As though life's pleasure were a deadly sin ;  
 Mousing for ever for a gin,  
 To catch their happinesses by the legs.  
 Ev'n at a dinner, some will be unblest'd,  
 However good, the viands and well dress'd ;  
 They always come to table with a scowl,  
 Squint with a face of verjuice o'er each dish,  
 Fault the poor flesh, and quarrel with the fish,  
 Curse cook and wife, and, loathing, eat and growl.  
 A cart-load, lo ! their stomachs steal,  
 Yet swear they cannot make a meal.  
 I like not the blue-devil-hunting crew !  
 I hate to drop the discontented jaw !



O let me Nature's simple smile pursue,  
And pick ev'n pleasure from a straw.

*Ode to the Glow-worm.*

Bright stranger! welcome to my field;  
Here feed in safety, here thy radiance yield;  
To me, O nightly be thy splendor giv'n!  
O could a wish of mine the skies command,  
How would I gem thy leaf with lib'ral hand,  
With ev'ry sweetest dew of heaven!

Say, dost thou kindly light the fairy train,  
Amidst their gambols on the stilly plain,  
Hanging thy lamp upon the moisten'd blade?  
What lamp so fit, so pure as thine,  
Amidst the gentle elfin band to shine,  
And chase the horrors of the midnight shade!

Oh! may no feather'd foe disturb thy bow'r,  
And with barbarian beak thy life devour;  
Oh! may no ruthless torrent of the sky,  
O'erwhelming, force thee from thy dewy seat;  
Nor tempests tear thee from thy green retreat;  
And bid thee 'midst the humming myriads die.

Queen of the insect world, what leaves delight?  
Of such these willing hands a bow'r shall form,  
To guard thee from the rushing rains of night,  
And hide thee from the wild wing of the storm.

Sweet child of stillness! 'midst the awful calm  
Of pausing Nature, thou art pleas'd to dwell;  
In happy silence to enjoy thy balm,  
And shed through life a lustre round thy cell.

How diff'rent man ! the imp of noise and strife,  
 Who courts the storm that tears and darkens life ;  
     Blest when the passions wild the soul invade !  
 How nobler far to bid those whirlwinds cease ;  
 To taste, like thee, the luxury of peace,  
     And shine in solitude and shade.

~~~~~

The Pig and Magpye.

Cocking his tail, a saucy prig,
 A magpye hopp'd upon a pig,
 To pull some hair, forsooth, to line his nest ;
 And with such ease began the hair attack,
 As thinking the fee-simple of the back
 Was by himself, and not the pig, possess.

The boar look'd up, as thunder black, to Mag,
 Who, squinting down on him like an arch wag,
 Inform'd Mynheer some bristles must be torn ;
 Then busy went to work, not nicely culling,
 Got a good handsome beakful by good pulling,
 And flew without a "Thank ye," to his thorn.

The pig set up a dismal yelling ;
 Follow'd the robber to his dwelling,
 Who, like a fool, had built it 'midst a bramble :
 In manfully he sallied, full of might,
 Defermin'd to obtain his right,
 And 'midst the bushes now began to scramble.

He drove the magpye, tore his nest to rags,
 And, happy on the downfall, pour'd his brags.
 But ere he from the brambles came, alack !

His ears and eyes were miserably torn,
 His bleeding hide in such a plight forlorn,
 He could not count ten hairs upon his back !

The Castle-builder.

How poorly your projectors fare,
 Who build their castles in the air ?
 Still tow'ring on from scheme to scheme,
 They top Olympus in a dream ;
 But waking find (nineteen i'th' score)
 Themselves far lower than before ;
 Of these the instances are many,
 And this will serve as well as any.

It happen'd on a summer's day,
 A country lass, as fresh as May,
 Deck'd in a wholesome russet gown,
 Was going to the market town ;
 So blithe her looks, so simply clean,
 You'd take her for a May-day queen ;
 Though for a garland, says the tale,
 Her head sustain'd a loaded pail.
 As on her way she pass'd along,
 She humm'd the fragments of a song ;
 She did not hum for want of thought,
 Quite pleas'd with what to sale she brought ;
 And reckoned, by her own account,
 When all was sold, the whole amount.
 Thus she—in time this little ware
 May turn to great account with care :
 My milk being sold for—so and so,
 I'll buy some eggs as markets go,

And set them—at the time I fix,
 These eggs will bring as many chicks;
 I'll spare no pains to feed them well,
 They'll bring vast profit when they sell.
 With this I'll buy a little pig,
 And when 'tis grown up fat and big,
 I'll sell it, whether boar or sow,
 And with the money buy a cow;
 This cow will surely have a calf,
 And there the profit's half in half;
 Besides, there's butter, milk, and cheese,
 To keep the market when I please;
 All which I'll sell and buy a farm,
 Then shall of sweethearts have a swarm.
 Oh! then for ribbands, gloves, and rings!
 Ay! more than twenty pretty things.
 One brings me this, another that,
 And I shall have—I know not what.
 Fir'd with the thought, the sanguine lass,
 Of what was thus to come to pass,
 Her heart beat strong, she gave a bound,
 And down came milkpail on the ground,
 Eggs, fowls, pig, hog, (ah, well-a-day!)
 Cow, calf, and farm—all swam away.

Be warn'd by this, ye British fair,
 And build no castles in the air.

~~~~~

### *The Pepper-box and Salt-cellar.*

The 'Squire had din'd alone one day,  
 And Tom was call'd to take away:  
 Tom clear'd the board with dextrous art:  
 But willing to secure a tart,



The liquorish youth had made a halt ;  
 And left the pepper-box and salt  
 Alone, upon the marble table :  
 Who thus, like men, were heard to squabble.

Pepper began, " Pray sir," says he,  
 " What business have you here with me ?  
 Is't fit that spices of my birth  
 Should rank with thee, thou scum of earth ?  
 I'd have you know, sir, I've a spirit  
 Suited to my superior merit——  
 Tho' now, confin'd within this caster,  
 I serve a northern Gothic master ;  
 Yet born in Java's fragrant wood,  
 To warm an eastern monarch's blood,  
 The sun those rich perfections gave me,  
 Which tempted Dutchmen to enslave me.

Nor are my virtues here unknown,  
 Tho' old and wrinkled now I'm grown.  
 Black as I am, the fairest maid  
 Invokes my stimulating aid,  
 To give her food the poignant flavour ;  
 And, to each sauce, its proper savour.  
 Pasties, ragouts, and fricassees,  
 Without my seasoning, fail to please :  
 'Tis I, like wit, must give a zest,  
 And sprightliness to every feast.

Physicians too my use confess ;  
 My influence sagest matrons bless :  
 When drams prove vain, and cholics tease,  
 To me they fly for certain ease.  
 Nay, I fresh vigour can dispense,  
 And cure ev'n age and impotence :

And when of dulness wits complain,  
I brace the nerves, and clear the brain.

But to the 'squire here I appeal——  
He knows my real value well :  
Who, with one pepper-corn content,  
Remits the vassal's annual rent——

Hence, then, Sir Brine, and keep your distance :  
Go lend the scullion your assistance ;  
For culinary uses fit ;  
To salt the meat upon the spit :  
Or just to keep our meat from stinking——  
And then a special friend to drinking !”

“ Your folly moves me with surprise,  
(The silver tripod thus replies)  
Pray, master Pepper, why so hot ?  
First cousin to the mustard-pot !

What boots it how our life began ?  
'Tis breeding makes the gentleman,  
Yet would you search my pedigree,  
I rose, like Venus, from the sea :  
The sun, whose influence you boast,  
Nurs'd me upon the British coast.

The chemists know my rank and place,  
When nature's principles they trace :  
And wisest moderns yield to me  
The elemental monarchy.  
By me all nature is supplied  
With all her beauty, all her pride !  
In vegetation, I ascend ;  
To animals, their vigour lend ;  
Corruption's foe, I life preserve,  
And stimulate each slacken'd nerve.  
I give jonquils their high perfume ;



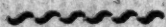
The peach its flavour, rose its bloom :  
 Nay, I'm the cause, when rightly trac'd,  
 Of pepper's aromatic taste.

Such claims you teach me to produce ;  
 But need I plead my obvious use,  
 In seasoning all terrestrial food ?  
 When heav'n declares that salt is good.

Grant then, some few thy virtues find ;  
 Yet salt gives health to all mankind :  
 Physicians sure will side with me,  
 While cooks alone shall plead for thee.  
 In short, with all thine airs about thee,  
 The world were happier far without thee."

The 'squire, who all this time sat mute,  
 Now put an end to their dispute :  
 He rang the bell—bade Tom convey  
 The doughty disputants away——

The salt, refresh'd by shaking up,  
 At night did with his master sup :  
 The pepper, Tom assign'd his lot  
 With vinegar and mustard-pot :  
 A fop with bites and sharpeners join'd,  
 And, to the side-board, well confin'd !



### *Body and Mind.*

Says body to mind, 'tis amazing to see,  
 We're so nearly related, yet never agree,  
 But lead a most wrangling strange sort of life,  
 As great plagues to each other as husband and wife.  
 The fault is all yours, who with flagrant oppression,  
 Encroach ev'ry day on my lawful possession.

The best room in my house you have seiz'd for your  
own,

And turn'd the whole tenement quite upside down.

While you hourly call in a disorderly crew

Of vagabond rogues, who have nothing to do

But to run in and out, hurry scurry, and keep

Such a horrible uproar, I can't get to sleep.

There's my kitchen sometimes is as empty as sound,

I call for my servants, not one's to be found :

They all are sent out on your ladyship's errand,

To fetch some more riotous guests in, I warrant !

And since things are growing, I see, worse and

worse,

I'm determin'd to force you to alter your course.

Poor mind, who heard all with extreme moderation,

Thought it now time to speak, and make her allegation.

'Tis I who, methinks, have most cause to complain,

Who am cramp't and confin'd like a slave in a chain.

I did but step out on some weighty affairs,

To visit, last night, my good friends in the stars,

When, before I was got half as high as the moon,

You dispatch'd pain and languor to hurry me down ;

They seiz'd me by force, in the midst of my flight,

And shut me in caverns as dark as the night.

'Twas no more, reply'd body, than what you deserv'd,

While you rambl'd abroad, I at home was half  
starv'd :

And, unless I had closely confin'd you in hold,

You had left me to perish with hunger and cold.



I've a friend, answer'd mind, who tho' slow, is yet  
 sure,  
 And will rid me, at last, of your insolent power :  
 Knock down your mud walls, the whole fabric demolish,  
 At once your strong holds and my slav'ry abolish :  
 And while in the dust your dull ruins decay,  
 I shall snap off my chains, and fly freely away.



*The Snail and the Grasshopper.*

A snail who sought a thicket's shade,  
 His house upon his back convey'd,  
 Nor had he far to go :  
 But weak and slow, or swift and strong,  
 Loaded, the way seems ever long,  
 And he too thought it so.  
 Oft as the raging dog-star burn'd,  
 Like other travellers he mourn'd,  
 Drew in his horns, then out :  
 Now stays, or seems to stay his pace ;  
 The shadow on the dial's face ,  
 As swiftly steals about.  
 Once as he stop'd his bold career,  
 He chanc'd a grasshopper to hear,  
 Lo, this, he said, is clever :  
 That grasshopper's a hearty blade ;  
 He treats me with a serenade :  
 I've met with mirth, however.  
 But ah ! I envy much his fate,  
 With songs and carols, e'er and late,  
 When he his heart regales.

Sole sovereigns of the universe,  
This world was made for grasshoppers :

A woeful world for snails.

While melancholy moping I  
Within my stupid shell must lie,

A poor inactive drone ;

They rove the nectar-dew to sip,

Go twenty paces at a skip,

And leave me tir'd with one.

O snail, thy fortunes I prefer,  
Reply'd the noisy grasshopper :

(He, too, was discontent :)

Nor parching sun, nor pattering hail

Can penetrate that coat of mail,

Or pierce thy native tent.

While in your hospitable shell

Like some safe citizen you dwell ;

What wretched fate have I,

When every insult of the air,

The dog-star's sickening suns I bear,

And, chill'd by winter, die.

In equal lots our human fortunes fall,

And nature pours the mingled cup for all.

If e'er we envy the mistake lies here ;

We see but what we want, not what we are.



### *The Drops of Water.*

The bucks had din'd, and deep in council sat ;

Their wine was brilliant—but their wit grew flat.

Up starts his lordship, to the window flies,

And lo ! “ A race ! a race ! ” in rapture cries :



"Where?" quoth Sir John: "why, see! two drops  
of rain

Start from the summit of the crystal pane:—

A thousand pounds! which drop with nimblest  
force

Performs its current down the slipp'ry course!"

The bets were fix'd; the dire suspense they wait

For victory, pendant on the nod of fate.

Now down the sash, unconscious of the prize,

The bubbles roll—like pearls from Chloe's eyes.

But ah! the glittering joys of life are short!

How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport!

Lo! thus attraction, by coercive laws,

Th' approaching drops into one bubble draws.

Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project cross'd:

How hard their lot, who neither won nor lost.



### *The Necessity of Neatness.*

Why, Celia, is your spreading waist

So loose, so negligently lac'd?

Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide

Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?

How ill that dress adorns your head,

Distain'd, and rumpled from the bed!

Those clouds, which shade your blooming face,

A little water might displace,

As nature every morn bestows

The crystal dew to cleanse the rose.

Those tresses, as the raven black,

Which wav'd in ringlets down your back,

Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,

Destroy the face which once they deck'd.

Whence this forgetfulness of dress ?  
 Pray, madam, are you married ?——Yes.  
 Nay, then indeed the wonder ceases,  
 No matter now how loose your dress is ;  
 The end is won, your fortune's made,  
 Your sister now may take the trade.

Alas ! what pity 'tis to find  
 This fault in half the female kind !  
 Hence do proceed aversion, strife,  
 And all, which sours the wedded life.  
 Beauty can only point the dart,  
 'Tis neatness guides it to the heart ;  
 Let neatness, then, and beauty strive  
 To keep a wavering flame alive.

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)  
 To keep the conquest, than subdue.

Then study chiefly to improve  
 The charm which fix'd your husband's love.  
 Weigh well his humour, Was it dress  
 Which gave your beauty power to bless ?  
 Pursue it still ; be neater seen,  
 'Tis always frugal to be clean ;  
 So shall you keep alive desire,  
 And time's swift wing shall fan the fire.



### *The three Warnings.*

The tree of deepest root is found  
 Least willing still to quit the ground ;  
 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,  
 That love of life encreas'd with years  
 So much, that in our later stages,



When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,  
The greatest love of life appears.

This strong affection, to believe,  
Which all confess, but few perceive,  
If old assertions can't prevail,  
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay  
On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,  
Death call'd aside the jocund groom  
With him into another room :  
And looking grave, You must, says he,  
Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.  
With you, and quit my Susan's side !  
With you ! the hapless husband cry'd :  
Young as I am ! 'tis monstrous hard !  
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd :  
My thoughts on other matters go,  
This is my wedding-night, you know.

What more he urg'd, I have not heard,  
His reasons could not well be stronger :

So Death the poor delinquent spar'd,  
And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look,  
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,  
Neighbour, he said, farewell : no more  
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour ;  
And farther, to avoid all blame  
Of cruelty upon my name,  
To give you time for preparation,  
And fit you for your future station,  
Three several warnings you shall have,  
Before you're summon'd to the grave :  
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,

And grant a kind reprieve ;  
 In hopes you'll have no more to say,  
 But when I call again this way,  
     Well pleas'd the world will leave.  
 To these conditions both consented,  
 And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befel,  
 How long he liv'd, how wisely, well.

How roundly he pursu'd his course,  
 And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,  
 The willing muse shall tell :

He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,  
 Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,

Nor thought of death as near ;  
 His friends not false, his wife no shrew,  
 Many his gains, his children few,

He pass'd his smiling hours in peace ;  
 And still he view'd his wealth increase,

While thus along life's dusty road  
 The beaten track content he trod,

Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,  
 Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,

    Brought on his eightieth year.

When lo ! one night in musing mood,  
 As all alone he sate,

Th' unwelcome messenger of fate,  
 Once more before him stood.

Half kill'd with anger and surprise,  
 So soon return'd ? old Dobson cries.

So soon, d'ye call it ? Death replies :

    Surely, my friend, you're but in jest ;  
 Since I was here before,

    'Tis six and thirty years at least,  
 And you are now fourscore.



So much the worse, the clown rejoin'd ;  
 To spare the aged would be kind ;  
 Besides, you promis'd me Three warnings,  
 Which I have look'd for nights and mornings :  
 And for that loss of time and ease,  
 I can recover damages.

I know, cries Death, that at the best,  
 I seldom am a welcome guest ;  
 But don't be captious, friend, at least ;  
 I little thought you'd still be able  
 To stump about your farm and stable ;  
 Your years have run to a great length,  
 I wish you joy tho' of your strength.

Hold, says the farmer, not so fast,  
 I have been lame these four years past.

And no great wonder, Death replies,  
 However, you still keep your eyes ;  
 And sure to see ones loves and friends,  
 For legs and arms would make amends.

Perhaps, says Dobson, so it might,  
 But latterly I've lost my sight.

This is a shocking story, faith,  
 Yet there's some comfort still, says Death ;  
 Each strives your sadness to amuse ;  
 I warrant you hear all the news.

There's none, cries he, and if there were,  
 I'm grown so deaf I could not hear.

Nay then, the spectre stern rejoin'd,

These are unjustifiable yearnings ;  
 If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,

You've had your three sufficient warnings,  
 So come along, no more we'll part :  
 He said, and touch'd him with his dart ;

And now old Dobson turning pale,  
 Yields to his fate——so ends my tale.



*The Rape of the Trap.*

'Twas in a land of learning,  
 The Muse's favourite station,  
 Such pranks, of late,  
 Were play'd by a rat,  
 As gave them consternation!

All in a college-study,  
 Where books were in great plenty,  
 This rat would devour  
 More sense, in an hour,  
 Than I could write—in twenty.

His breakfast, half the morning,  
 He constantly attended;  
 And, when the bell rung  
 For evening-song,  
 His dinner scarce was ended.

Huge tomes of geo—graphy,  
 And maps lay all in flutter;  
 A river or a sea  
 Was to him a dish of tea,  
 And a kingdom—bread and butter.

Such havoc, spoil, and rapine,  
 With grief my Muse rehearses;  
 How freely he would dine,  
 On some bulky school-divine,  
 And for dessert—eat verses.



He spar'd not ev'n heroics,  
 On which we poets pride us :  
 And would make no more  
 Of King Arthurs, by the score,  
 Than—all the world beside does.

But if the desperate potion,  
 Might chance to over-dose him ;  
 To check its rage,  
 He took a page  
 Of logic, to compose him.

A trap, in haste and anger,  
 Was brought, you need not doubt on't ;  
 And such was the gin,  
 Were a lion once in,  
 He could not, I think, get out on't.

With cheese, not books, 'twas baited ;  
 The fact, I'll not belye it ;  
 Since none, I tell ye that,  
 Whether scholar, or rat,  
 Minds books, when he has other diet.

But more of trap and bait, sir,  
 Why should I sing—or either ?  
 Since the rat, with mickle pride,  
 All their sophistry defy'd ;  
 And dragg'd them away together.

Both trap and bait were vanish'd,  
 Thro' a fracture in the flooring ;  
 Which, tho' so trim  
 It now may seem,  
 Had then a doz'n, or more in.

Then answer this, ye sages ;

(Nor think I mean to wrong ye)  
 Had the rat, who thus did seize on  
 The trap, less claim to reason,  
 Than many a sage among ye?

That England's topsy-turvy,  
 Is clear from these mishaps, sir,  
 Since traps, we may determine,  
 Will no longer take our vermin;  
 But vermin take our traps, sir.

Let sophs, by rats infested,  
 Then trust in cats to catch 'em;  
 Lest they prove the utter bane  
 Of our Studies, where, 'tis plain,  
 No mortal sits—to watch 'em.

### *Paper.*

Some wit of old—such wits of old there were,  
 Whose hints shewed meaning, whose allusions care;  
 By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,  
 Call'd clear blank paper every infant mind;  
 Where still as opening sense her dictates wrote,  
 Fair virtue put a seal, or vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true,  
 Methinks a genius might the plan pursue:  
 I, (can you pardon my presumption) I—  
 No wit, no genius, yet for once will try.

Various the papers, various wants produce,  
 The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.  
 Men are as various: and, if right I scan,  
 Each sort of paper represents some man.



Pray, note the fop—half powder and half lace :  
 Nice as a bandbox were his dwelling place.  
 He's the gilt paper which apart you store,  
 And lock from vulgar hands in the escritoire.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,  
 Are copy paper of inferior worth ;  
 Less priz'd, more useful, for your desk decreed,  
 Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

The wretch whom av'rice bids to pinch and spare,  
 Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,  
 Is coarse brown paper, such as pedlars choose  
 To wrap up wares, which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys  
 Health, fame, and fortune in a round of joys ;  
 Will any paper match him ?—yes throughout  
 He's a true sinking paper, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought,  
 Deems this side always right, and that stark naught ;  
 He foams with censure, with applause he raves—  
 A dupe to rumours, and a tool of knaves ;  
 He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,  
 While such a thing as foolscap has a name.

The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,  
 Who picks a quarrel if you step awry ;  
 Who can't a jest, a hint, or look endure.  
 What's he ? what ? touch-paper to be sure.

What are our poets ? take them as they fall,  
 Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all ;  
 Them and their works in the same class you'll find,  
 They are the mere waste-paper of mankind.

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet,  
 She's fair white paper, an unsullied sheet,

On which the happy man whom Fate ordains,  
 May write his name and take her for his pains.  
 One instance more, and only one I'll bring,  
 'Tis the great man who scorns a little thing ;  
 Whose thoughts, words, deeds, whose maxims are  
     his own,  
 Form'd on the feelings of his heart alone ;  
 True genuine royal paper is his breast—  
 Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

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The Hermit.

A hermit there was, and he liv'd in a grot,
 And the way to be happy they said he had got ;
 As I wanted to learn it, I went to his cell ;
 And when I came there, the old hermit said, well !
 Young man, by your looks you want something, I
 see,
 Come tell me the business which brings you to me.
 Why, hermit, I answer'd, you say very true,
 And I'll tell you the business which brings me to
 you.

The way to be happy they say you have got,
 As I wanted to learn it I came to your grot :
 Now I beg and I pray if you have such a plan
 That you'll write it down for me as plain as you can.
 Upon this the old hermit soon took up his pen,
 And he brought me these lines when he came back
 again.

It is being, and doing, and having, that make
 All the pleasures and pains of which mortals par-
 take :

Now to be what God pleases, to do a man's best,
And to have a good heart, is the way to be blest.

The Participle Preterite

O hear a passive *participle's* case !
And, if you can, restore me to my place.
Till just of late good English has thought fit
To call me *written* or to call me *writ* ;
But what is *writ* or *written*, by the vote
Of writers now, hereafter must be *wrote* :
And what is *spoken* too, hereafter *spoke*,
And measures never to be *broken*, *broke*.
I never could be *driven*, but in spite
Of grammar, they have *drove* me from my right.
None could have *risen* to become my foes,
But what a world of enemies have *rose*,
Who have not *gone*, but they have *went* about,
And, *torn* as I have been, have *tore* me out.
Passive I am and would be, and implore
That such abuse may be henceforth *forbore* ;
If not *forborn*, for by all spelling-book,
If not *mistaken* they are all *mistook* :
And in plain English it had been as well,
If what has *fall'n* upon me had not *fell*.
Since this attack upon me has *began*,
Who knows what lengths in-language may be *ran* ;
For if it once be *grew* into a law,
You'll see such work as never has been *saw* ;
Part of our speech, and sense, perhaps, beside,
Shakes when I'm *shook*, and dies when I'm *died*.

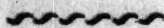
Then let the præter and imperfect tense
 Of my own words, to me remit the sense ;
 Or since we two are oft enough agreed,
 Let all the learned take some better heed,
 And leave the vulgar to confound the due
 Of præter tense and participle too.

The victorious Chimney-sweeper.

A chimney-sweeper in his course,
 Mounted upon an ass,
 Met with a regiment of horse,
 Whose leader, uttering a curse,
 Demanded room to pass.
 Blackey, affronted by a word
 So insolently given,
 Sat still and stiff as any lord :
 On which the captain drew his sword
 To send the dog to heav'n.
 But his auxiliary Jack,
 To yield his master aid,
 Instructed by a gentle thwack,
 Given by the rider on his back
 Most resolutely bray'd.
 On this the horse wheel'd to the right,
 Alarmed at the sound ;
 And galloping with all their might,
 Of curb and bridle in despite,
 They scamper'd o'er the ground.
 Sable and dapple in the rear
 Pursu'd the flying throng,
 Not one of whom would stay to hear

This new, this dreadful trumpeter,
Or listen to his song.

The sooty monarch satisfied
With having won the day,
Check'd his victorious ass's pride
By a fresh signal on his side,
And calmly rode away.



The Rarity.

Horatio's servant once, with bow and cringe,
Swinging the parlour-door upon its hinge,
Dreading a negative, and overaw'd
Lest he should trespass, begg'd to go abroad.
Go fellow ! whither ?—turning short about—
Nay. Stay at home ;—you're always going out,
'Tis but a step, sir, just at the street's end—
For what ? An' please you, sir, to see a friend.
A friend ? Horatio cried, and seem'd to start—
Yea, marry shalt thou, and with all my heart—
And fetch my cloak, for tho' the night be raw
I'll see him too, the first I ever saw.

I knew the man, and knew his nature mild,
And was his play-thing often, when a child ;
But somewhat at that moment pinch'd him close,
Else he was seldom bitter or morose :
Perhaps his confidence just then betray'd,
His grief might prompt him with the speech he
made ;
Perhaps 'twas mere good-humour gave it birth,
The harmless play of pleasantry and mirth.
Howe'er it was, his language, in my mind,

Bespoke at least the man that knew mankind,
 Once on a time, an emp'ror, a wise man,
 No matter where, in China, or Japan,
 Decreed, that whosoever should offend
 Against the well-known duties of a friend,
 Convicted once, should ever after wear
 But half a coat, and shew his bosom bare.
 The punishment importing this no doubt,
 That all was naught within, and all found out.

O happy Britain! we have not to fear
 Such hard and arbitrary measures here ;
 Else could a law like that which I relate
 Once have the sanction of our triple state,
 Some few that I have known in days of old,
 Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold ;
 While a true friend, whatever wind should blow,
 Might without danger travel England thro',—
 An honest man, close button'd to the chin,
 Broad-cloth without, and a warm heart within.

The Love of the World reproved.

Thus says the prophet of the Turk,
 Good mussulmen abstain from pork ;
 There is a part in ev'ry swine,
 No friend or follower of mine
 May taste, whate'er his inclination,
 On pain of excommunication.
 Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
 And thus he left the point at large.
 Had he the sinful part express'd
 They might with safety eat the rest ;

But for one piece they thought it hard
 From the whole hog to be debarr'd,
 And set their wit to work to find
 What joint the prophet had in mind.
 Much controversy straight arose,
 These chuse the back, the belly those ;
 By some 'tis confidently said
 He meant not to forbid the head,
 While others at that doctrine rail,
 And piously prefer the tail.
 Thus, conscience freed from ev'ry clog,
 Mahometans eat up the hog.
 You laugh—'tis well—the tale apply'd
 May make you laugh on t'other side.
 Renounce the world, the preacher cries—
 We do—a multitude replies.
 While one as innocent regards
 A snug and friendly game at cards ;
 And one, whatever you may say,
 Can see no evil in a play ;
 Some love a concert or a race,
 And others shooting and the chace.
 Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and follow'd,
 Thus bit by bit the world is swallow'd ;
 Each thinks his neighbour makes too free
 Yet likes a slice as well as he,
 With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
 Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

Peter and Betty.

P. Good morrow, Betty, where so far away,
Trust me, thou look'st exceeding pale to-day.

B. Pale! Peter hadst thou been with me last
night,

Thy coward heart had quaked yet with fright.

P. Mercy defend us all! what hast thou seen,
A troop of goblins with their fairy queen?

B. Goblins and fairies, oft I've seen them pass,
And mark'd their circle on the wither'd grass;
There the poor cattle never since have fed—
Our brinded Matty snuffs and turns her head:
I've oft been pinch'd in bed both black and blue,
Nay once I found a six-pence in my shoe.
I've cross'd the church-yard when the clock struck
one,

And from the charnel-house have snatch'd a bone,
And once at dark hour, coming from the fair,
Saw grazing in the croft a headless mare:
But such a fearful sight, till now—so awful—
Peter, I scarce can think their learning lawful.

P. Ah! how these college youngsters love to
joke,

And try their scholarship on simple folk.
Some are but downright reprobates, I fear,
At very fearful things I've heard them jeer;
They have no faith in charms nor sense of evil,
Nor fear before their eyes of witch or devil;
But they may rue such bold presumptuous play,
And raise ill spirits which they cannot lay:
Then trust me, Betty, they will wish to be
As simple as the harmless babe or me.

B. Nay, nay, of laying him there was no fear,
 The parson for that very end was there;
 But hadst thou seen like me the bolts of thunder,
 And lightning which might split a church asunder;
 And heard the wind which whistl'd round our head,
 Thy very heart within thee had been dead.
 I cross'd myself as I went up the stairs,
 Said Ave Mary and a few short prayers;
 Then trembling crept into a darksome nook,
 And laid my hand upon the bible book:
 Yet when the conjuror came I stood aghast,
 Tho' fearless Sally laugh'd at all that pass'd.
 Peter, didst ever see a conjuring man?

P. Never but once, and for my life I ran;—
 'Twas when my dearest grannam (rest her soul!)
 Had lost her silver spoon and maple bowl,—
 A present to the cunning man she sent,
 To learn which way her hoarded treasure went;
 He knew much more, I'm sure, than what was right,
 And put us all into a dreadful fright.

B. I'm sure he could not be compar'd with ours,
 For his strange figure, or his stranger powers.
 A gown as pitchy black as night he wore,
 And a tall wand, as white as snow he bore;
 Quite to his waist his grizzly beard hung down,
 A viper for a girdle tied his gown;
 And on his breast he wore a plate of brass,
 The seal of Solomon he said it was;
 Which made the spirits, Presto! enter soon,
 Or sent them, if he pleased, beyond the moon:
 They durst not but obey, and could not hurt one,
 He deals with something wicked I am certain.
 He had a pointed hat instead of cap,
 And on the top a poisonous asker sat:

The cap was figur'd o'er with frightful things,
Flames, witches, mermaids, gorgons, dragons, wings;
Besides outlandish scrawls and pot-hooks stuck on.

P. How couldst thou, Betty, have the heart to
look on.

B. In short, so strange a habit was he dress'd in,
The Devil himself look'd much more like a christian.

P. What! did he raise him then?

B. ————— He did, I quak'd,
And even Sally like an aspen shak'd.

Strange words he mutter'd longer than my arm,
And burnt some magic powder for a charm;
Then with his willow-wand a circle drew,
And thro' the window in the spirit flew:
He made him caper, talk by signs, and grin,
And Sally said, he danc'd like harlequin;
Yet bating but his saucer eyes and claw,
A prettier gentleman I never saw:—

Peter, he flew away with me.—

P. ————— What then?—

B. He bow'd, and civilly let me go again.

P. I'd not have been thee for a mine of gold,
And my flesh creeps to hear the story told.

B. He told our fortunes too—one thing he said—

P. What was't?—

B. ————— That thou and I should soon be wed.

P. Believe not, Betty, what that ill one saith,
For in him there is neither truth nor faith;
But hear what I am quite resolv'd to do,
I dare not live with such an heathenish crew;
And rather would I starve or beg my bread,
Than stay to see the house fall o'er my head.

Why what a fearful wind this moment roars,
 I'll never come again within these doors.
 You may stay here and boast what you have seen,
 I would not live this life to serve a queen ;
 I never wish to see such quality,
 For us poor folks 'tis making much too free :
 Once more farewell, it grieves me to the heart,
 Betty, to think that thou and I must part ;
 But I'll be *honest*, tho' I'm e'er so poor,
 And nail a horse-shoe on my cottage door.

~~~~~

Knowledge should be well conceived,  
 That its force may be perceived ;  
 Tell the truth to be believed,  
 None should ever be deceived.  
 Let none be of that bereaved  
 Which he justly hath received.  
 What has labour not atchieved.  
 Ever be the poor relieved.  
 Let the load from care be heaved,  
 And none needlessly be grieved.

~~~~~

Memorial Lines for the History of England.

When Julius Cæsar first to Britain came,
 He scarcely introduc'd the Roman name :
 Caractacus to stupid Claudius gave
 An answer worthy of a man so brave :
 Boadicea well aveng'd her woes,
 By slaughtering great numbers of her foes :

Agricola, a chief well known to fame,
 Extended far the Roman power and name.
 The Roman soldiers quitted Britain's strand
 In order to defend their native land;
 The Scots and Picts, at their departure bold,¹
 Were now no longer by their power controul'd,
 And the poor Britons, by their force dismay'd,
 Were forc'd at length to sue for foreign aid :
 The timid Vortigern for succour sent
 To Saxony, which soon its forces lent :
 Hengist and Horsa first from thence arriv'd,
 And the weak king of all his power depriv'd.
 The Saxons, from allies turn'd conquerors,
 And parcell'd England into seven great shares.
 Egbert by valour broke this heptarchy,
 And form'd it into one firm monarchy.
 Alfred as monarch, soldier, statesman, great,
 Both in a humble and exalted state.
 Canute the Dane, by wearing well the crown,
 Shew'd himself worthy of the prize he won.
 Harold usurp'd the throne, but in the strife
 At Hastings lost at once his crown and life.
 William the First by conquest gain'd the crown,
 But govern'd England with a tyrant's frown.
 William the Second, arrogant and vain,
 Was unlamented with an arrow slain.
 Henry the First by cunning rose to sway,
 But took an elder brother's right away ;
 After his death, the power he basely gain'd
 Stephen usurp'd, and long by force maintain'd ;
 Till Second Henry, generous and brave,
 Did from domestic wars this country save.
 Distinguish'd as his lion-hearted son,
 Richard the First, then mounted England's throne.

He was succeeded by the timid John,
 Who meanly yielded to the Pope his crown.
 Henry the Third's long reign of fifty years,
 Was fill'd with frequent broils and civil wars.
 But the First Edward, from the East return'd,
 On foreign foes his country's valour turn'd.
 By a false queen and favourites undone,
 Edward the Second lost his life and crown.
 Poitiers and Cressy ever shall proclaim
 Edward the Third's, and the Black Prince's fame.
 Richard the Second, to his rival's stain,
 Was cruelly at Pontefract castle slain.
 Henry the Fourth by this means got the crown,
 But ne'er enjoy'd what he so basely won.
 Henry the Fifth at Agincourt effac'd
 The memory of his youth by vice disgrac'd.
 Henry the Sixth, lord of two kingdoms born,
 Beheld them both by civil factions torn,
 Till all his queen's resources being spent,
 Edward the Fourth assum'd the government.
 Edward the Fifth, in sad and evil hour,
 Was kill'd by Gloucester's order in the tower.
 Deform'd in mind and frame, Richard the Third
 Receiv'd at Bosworth-field his just reward.
 Henry the Seventh then gain'd the important trust,
 A sordid prince, but to the people just.
 Henry the Eighth, that mean and worthless thing,
 A tyrant husband, and despotic king.
 Edward the Sixth liv'd only just to shew
 What monarchs have it in their power to do.
 Smithfield exhibited in Mary's reign
 The bloody spectacles of martyrs slain.
 Elizabeth, the glory of her age,

Weak as a woman, as a queen most sage.
 Then James the First, in useless learning great,
 More fit a school to govern than the state.
 Despotic notions Charles the First betray'd,
 To measures fatal to his crown and head.
 A cunning leader, but a statesman great,
 Cromwell first sav'd, then rais'd a sinking state.
 In Charles the Second's wild and giddy reign,
 London was burnt and stately built again.
 The Second James, by popery undone,
 Was forc'd at length to abdicate his crown.
 William the Third and Mary then obtain'd
 The crown their merit more than right had gain'd.
 Anne, by great Marlborough, taught the French to
 yield

At Ramilies and Blenheim's bloody field.
 George the First's wisdom and his gentle sway,
 Confirm'd the sceptre in his family.
 Then George the Second, like a summer's sun,
 Ended in glory what in clouds begun.
 May George the Third and Charlotte long remain,
 And bless their subjects with a happy reign.

HISTORICAL TABLES.

Outlines of the History of England.

The history of the first four centuries after Jesus Christ, gives an account of the invasion and conquest of Britain by the Romans. The principal Roman generals were, Julius Cæsar, Plautius, Agricola, and Septimius Severus. Amongst the Britains were, Casibelanus, Caractacus, Boadicea, and Galgacus. In the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries prevailed the Saxon heptarchy, which consisted of the kingdoms of Essex, Kent, Sussex, Wessex, Mercia, East Anglia, and Northumberland. In the ninth and tenth centuries was the Saxon monarchy. The chief kings were, Egbert, Alfred, Edward the Elder, Athelstan, and Edmund Ironside. In the eleventh century reigned Canute the Dane and his two sons; Edward the Confessor and Harold; and of the house of Normandy, William the First and Second. In the twelfth century reigned Henry the First, Stephen of the house of Blois; and of Aujou, Henry the Second, and Rich-

ard the First. In the thirteenth century reigned John, Henry the Third, and Edward the First. In the fourteenth century reigned Edward the Second and Third, and Richard the Second. In the fifteenth century were of the house of Lancaster, Henry the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth; of the house of York, Edward the Fourth and Fifth, and Richard the Third; and of the house of Tudor, Henry the Seventh. In the Sixteenth century reigned Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Mary, and Elizabeth. In the seventeenth century were of the house of Stewart, James the First, Charles the First and Second, James the Second, and William the Third and Mary. In the eighteenth century Anne; and of the house of Hanover, George the First, Second, and Third.

The Regal Table of England.

Before Christ.

Casibelanus chosen chief commander by the Britains against the invasion of Julius Cæsar 52

After Christ.

Queen Boadicea, the British heroine, being abused by the Romans, raises an army and kills 70,000. 67

Vortigern, who invited the Saxons to the assistance of the Britains against the Scots and Picts 446

Hengist the Saxon, who erected the kingdom of Kent, the first of the heptarchy 455

King Arthur, famous for his powerful resistance against the Saxons, and for his victories over them 514

Egbert, who reduced the heptarchy, and was first crowned sole monarch of England.	828
Alfred, who founded the university of Oxford	872
Canute the Dane	1016
Edward the Confessor	1042
William the Conqueror	1066
William Rufus	1087
Henry I.	1100
Stephen	1135
Henry II.	1154
Richard I.	1189
John	1199
Henry III.	1216
Edward I.	1272
Edward II.	1307
Edward III.	1326
Richard II.	1377
Henry IV.	1399
Henry V.	1412
Henry VI.	1422
Edward IV.	1460
Edward V.	1483
Richard III.	1483
Henry VII.	1485
Henry VIII.	1509
Edward VI.	1546
Mary	1553
Elizabeth	1558
James I.	1602
Charles I.	1625
Charles II.	1648
James II.	1684
William and Mary	1688

Anne.....	1701
George I.	1714
George II.	1727
George III.	1760

Technical Vowels and Consonants.

a	e	i	o	u	au	oi	ei	ou	y			
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0	100	1000	
b	d	t	f	l	s	p	k	n	z	g	th	

The Memorial Lines.

Casibel ud Boad aup Vortig fos Heng ful & Arth
ldf.

Egbe kek Alfne kpe Can bau Confes fe Wil-con sau.

Ruf koi & Henr ag.——

Steph bil & Hensec buf Ric bein J ann Heth das &
Ed dord.

Edse typ Edter tes Rise toip Hefo toun Hefi fadque.

Hensi fed Edquar fauz Efi-R okt Hensep feil Henoc
lyn.

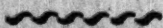
Edsex los Mary lut Els luk Jam syd Caroprim sel.

Carseck sok Jam seif Wil seik An pyb Geo bo—doi
—sy —

N. B. After Alfred, one thousand is to be added
to each.

Examination.

Who were the first invaders of Britain—Under whose command—Whom did the Britains elect to oppose them—Who were the principal Roman generals and British chiefs—Why did the Romans leave Britain—How long had it been in their possession—Who invaded it on their departure—To whom did the Britains apply for assistance—By whose advice—Who were the commanders of their allies—What was their conduct—What kingdoms were established by this people—How long did they continue separate states—By whom were they united into one—What nation disturbed the peace of this government—Who was the most celebrated Saxon king—How long did the Saxon monarchy continue—Under whom were the Danes successful—In whom was the Saxon line restored—What family was introduced by the conquest—What has been the order of families since that time—What the order of succession of each family—Where has the regular order of succession been broken—How many monarchs of each different name have there been—How many queens in their own right—What monarchs have died violent deaths—Who died under age—Who were minors when they came to the throne—In which centuries have the fewest and the greatest number of monarchs reigned, and why—In whose reigns were fought the battles of Hastings, Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt, Bosworth, Ramilies, and Blenheim—With whom were they fought—What was their issue—Where are those places—In whose reign was there a great persecution of the protestants—In whose reign was London burnt?



Examples of Derivation amongst Nouns, Adjectives, Adverbs, and Verbs.

The radical idea is printed in italics.

N. *act*, action, inaction, actor, actress, activity, enactor, exactness, exactor, exaction.—A. active, exact.—Ad. actively.—V. act, enact, exact.

N. *art*, artist, artizan, artifice, artificer, artfulness.—A. artful, artless, artificial, inartificial.—Ad. artfully.

N. *beau*, beauty.—A. beauish, beauteous, beautiful.—Ad. beauishly.—V. beautify.

N. *cession*, access, accession, precession, predecessor, process, procession, recess, recession, success, successor, succession.—A. successful.—Ad. successfully.—V. *cede*, accede, precede, proceed, recede, succeed.

N. *firmness*, confirmation, infirmity, infirmary.—A. *firm*, infirm.—Ad. firmly.—V. confirm, affirm.

N. *form*, formation, formality, conformation, conformity, conformist, deformity, non-conformity, performance, performer, reformer, reformation.—A. formal, conformable, deformed, performable, reformed.—Ad. conformably.—V. form, conform, deform, perform, reform.

N. *justness*, justice, injustice, judiciary, judge, judgment, judicature, juror, injury, injurer, adjudication, prejudice.—A. *just*, unjust, injurious, judicial, prejudicial.—Ad. justly.—V. judge, adjudge, pre-judge, rejudge.

N. *house*, household, householder, housekeeper, housewife, housewifery, house-dog, house-maid, house-room, housing, husband, husbandry, husbandman.—V. house.

N. *life*, living, livelihood, liveliness.—A. lively, lifeless.—Ad. *livelily*.—V. *live*.

N. *light*, day-light, moon-light, sky-light, twi-light, lightness, lightning.—A. *light*.—Ad. *lightly*.—V. *alight*, enlighten, light.

N. *man*, manhood, mankind, manfulness, manliness.—A. *manful*, *unmanful*, *manly*.—Ad. *manfully*.—V. *man*.

N. *mount*, mountain, amount.—A. *mountainous*.—Ad. *mountainously*.—V. *mount*, *amount*, *dismount*, *remount*, *surmount*.

N. *nature*, naturalist, naturalization, native, nativity, nation, nationality.—A. *natural*, *unnatural*, *connatural*, *natal*.—Ad. *naturally*.—V. *naturalize*.

N. *part*, apartment, compartment, department, departure, partaker, participation, particulars, particularity, partner, partnership, partition, party, partizan, reparation, separation.—A. *particular*, *separable*, *inseparable*, *reparable*, *irreparable*.—Ad. *particularly*, *apart*.—V. *part*, *partake*, *particularize*, *depart*, *impart*, *separate*, *repair*.

N. *press*, pressure, compression, depression, expression, inexpressibility, impression, oppressor, oppression, repression.—A. *compressible*, *expressive*, *expressible*, *inexpressible*, *impressive*, *oppressive*.—Ad. *expressively*.—V. *press*, *compress*, *depress*, *express*, *impress*, *oppress*, *repress*.

N. *scribe*, ascription, conscription, describer, description, inscriber, inscription, prescriber, prescription, proscriber, proscription, rescript, transcriber, transcript, transcription, *escritoir*, writer, writing, scribbler, scripture, scrivener, manuscript.—A. *conscript*, *description*, *describable*, *prescriptive*.—Ad.

descriptively.—V. ascribe, conscribe, describe, inscribe, prescribe, proscribe, subscribe, transcribe, scribble, write.

N. taker, undertaker, mistaker.—V. take, betake, mistake, overtake, partake, retake, undertake.



Specimens of Associations with Numbers.

I God, universe, sun, earth, moon, equator, first meridian, ecliptic, horizon, torrid zone, zodiac, Stephen, John, Elizabeth, Anne.

II tropics, polar circles, poles, interior planets, satellites round Georgium Sidus, natural divisions of the earth, continents, largest peninsulas, principal gulphs of the Black Sea, of the Baltic Sea, Americas, Indies, Britains, Carolinas, Greenlands, Floridas, Mexicos, Waleses, English counties not included in circuits, principal parts of speech, operations of arithmetic, kinds of nouns, of articles, of verbs, of conjunctions, numbers, cases of nouns, tenses of verbs, modifications of fire, eclipses, tides, universities in England, Jameses, Charleses, Marys.

III motions of the earth and moon, kinds of worlds in the solar system, divisions of eastern continent, principal oceans, singular capes, empires in Europe, inland countries in Europe, inland counties in Wales, four-pences in one shilling, 6s 8ds in a pound, 7s in a guinea, divisions of syntax, degrees of comparison, cases of pronouns, persons of verbs, miles in a league, feet in a yard, triangle, indestructible metals, kinds of government, branches of British legislature, principal religions, trinity, graces, furies, sons of Saturn, Williams, Richards, Georges.

IV exterior planets, satellites of Jupiter, quarters of the world, volcanoes in Europe, provinces in Ireland, English counties bordering on Wales, universities in Scotland, liquid letters, indeclinable parts of speech, modes of verbs, crowns in a pound, farthings in a penny, three-pences in a shilling, quarts in a gallon, bushels in a load, quarters in a yard, roods in an acre, square, quadruped, evangelists, reputed elements, seasons of the year, stages of life, cardinal points, cardinal virtues, suits of cards, conquerors of Britain.

V zones, counties in the home circuit, European possessors of the West India islands, 4s. in a pound, six-pences in half-a-crown, quarters in an ell English, vowels, declinable parts of speech, degrees of peerage, reputed books of Moses, orders of architecture.

VI hemispheres, English circuits, counties in the Western, Norfolk, and Northern circuits, counties towards the English channel, Welsh counties bordering on England, semi-vowels, feet in a fathom, quarters in a French ell, two-pences in a shilling, five-pences in two shillings and six-pence, cube, hexagon, bees' cells, classes of flowers, musical notes, Edwards.

VII planets, satellites of Saturn, European seas, counties in the midland circuit, counties divided by the Thames, days in a week, heptarchy, heptagon, British Parliament, Grecian Sages, wonders of the world. *Champion*

VIII counties in the Oxford circuit, towards the German Ocean, half-crowns in a pound, three-half-pences in a shilling, octagon, octave, metals, Henries, families of English kings.

IX maritime counties in Wales, muses, parts of speech.

X commandments, decimals, tythes, decades, decemvirs.

XII signs of the zodiac, counties in Wales, calendar months in a year, hours on the dial plate of a clock, ounces in a pound troy, inches in a foot, pence in a shilling, twenty-pences in a pound, dozen, Cæsars, English judges, English jury, sons of Jacob, tribes of Israel, apostles.

XIII lunar months, cards in a suit.

XIV pounds in a stone.

XV sixteen-pences in a pound, Scotch jury, degrees making an hours difference in time.

XVI peers for Scotland, three-farthings in a shilling, fifteen-pences in a pound, ounces in a pound avoirdupoise, nails in a yard.

XX shillings in a pound, hundreds in a ton, score.

XXI shillings in a guinea, persons of age.

XXIII $\frac{1}{2}$ degrees from the equator to the tropics, from the poles to the polar circles.

XXIV hours in a day, ten-pences in a pound, grand jury.

XXVI bishops and archbishops in England.

XXVII shillings in a moidore.

XXVIII days in a civil month, days in February, pounds in a quarter of a hundred weight.

XXIX days in February in leap year.

XXX days in April, June, September, November, eight-pences in a pound.

XXXI days in January, March, May, July, August, October, December.

XXXII seven-pence-halfpennies in a pound.

XL six-pences in a pound, shillings in land make a freeholder.

XLIII degrees between polar circles and the tropics, or width of each temperate zone.

XLIV members for Cornwall.

XLV members for Scotland.

XLVII degrees between the tropics, or the extent of the torrid zone.

XLVIII five-pences in a pound, farthings in a shilling.

LII counties in England and Wales, cards in a pack, weeks in a year.

LX four-pences in a pound, minutes in an hour or degree, seconds in a minute.

LXIII grand climacteric.

LXXX three-pences in a pound.

XC degrees of latitude from the equator to each pole, right angle.

XCVI two-pence-halfpennies in a pound.

C century, the maturity of an oak, cent.

CXII pounds a hundred weight.

CXX two-pences in a pound, great hundred.

CLX penny-halfpennies in a pound.

CLXXX degrees of longitude.

CXCII penny-farthings in a pound.

CCXL pence in a pound.

CCCXX three-farthings in a pound.

CCCLX degrees in a circle.

CCCLXV days in a year.

CCCLXVI days in a leap year.

CCCCLXXX halfpennies in a pound.

D what qualifies for a member of parliament.

DLVIII members of the house of commons.

DCCCCLX farthings in a pound.

MDCCCLX yards in a mile.

EXAMINATIONS.

Questions to Mrs. Barbauld's Lessons for Children.

Of what are books, paper, pens, ink, leather, and pins made? How many persons are employed in making one pin? What animals are called puss?—Which is the right way of stroking a cat? What animals does it catch? What name is given to the places where rabbits live? On what do they feed? Which part of them is most valuable? On what do pigeons feed? What other name is given to them? From what animals is milk obtained? Into what is it made? Of what are spoons, basons, and bread made? Where does corn grow? How is it gotten and prepared? What animals feed on grass and hay? Of what are aprons, canes, handkerchiefs, combs, frocks, and shoes made? Whence are coals? Of what are brushes, chairs, and tables made? Whence is slate brought? With what do we write upon it? Of what is sealing-wax made? What is its use and colour? Of what are watches and their cases made? How often are they wound up? What are the number and use of the fingers? Which moves fastest? From what do insects spring? Through how many states do they pass? What do bees get from flowers? On what do caterpillars feed? In what do snails dwell? Of what are ta-

ble-cloths, knives, forks, plates, and clocks made? How often are clocks wound up? Whence were potatoes brought? How are they raised? How spoiled? How prepared? From what do beans, carrots, and turnips spring? Whence were cherries brought? Where are great quantities grown? What are wines? Of what are they oftenest made? Where do these grow? Where are the eyes, ears, tongue, and teeth placed? What are their uses? Where do cattle and sheep feed? What is the colour of ink, paper, grass, sky, shoes, and cowslips? What are black and white colours? What are the prime colours? By what word are they expressed? To how many may they be reduced? What are raisins? What are the objects in winter? What is ice, snow, hail, hoar-frost? Of what are boots, saddles, bridles, and whips made? What is the colour of the leaves in spring, in autumn?—of daisies, violets, and roses? Whence is rain? What birds swim? Whence is tea brought? How is it made? With what ingredients? When is it pernicious? Of what are guns, swords, and hammers made?—where? Of what are guineas made?—where? How many shillings are there in a guinea?—in a pound?—in a crown? Of what are candles made? When does the moon give light? Of what are caps, pillows, sheets, blankets, quilts, curtains, and beds made?

What are the days of the week? How many days and weeks in a month?—in a year? What are the names of the months? How many months in a year? What do the names of the days and months mean? What appearances are there in January?—of the trees—of oil—of milk—of the rivers? What

amusements are common at this season? Of what
 are skates made? What is the length of the day
 in winter? What bird flies into the house then?
 What flowers appear in February? What tree is
 in blossom? What is the noise of rooks called?
 What is the employment of the farmer? Which is
 the windy month? What animals are then born in
 the fields? What flowers appear? What are the ap-
 pearances in April? What are the effects of spring
 on birds, trees, flowers, and insects? What bird re-
 turns which takes its name from its cry? What
 flowers bloom in May in the hedges and fields?
 What are nosegays? What birds then build their
 nests? What kind of heads and wings have gold-
 finches? For what is grass cut in June? What is
 the name of the operation?—what of the instru-
 ment? What other instruments are used in hay-
 making? What saying is there respecting it?—
 Whither is hay carried? What fruits are ripe in
 June? What flowers are in bloom? What is the
 weather in July? What is wanted in gardens?
 What refreshing amusement is then common?
 What productions are ripe in August? What is
 their colour? With what are they cut? What is
 a single seed called? What are they called when
 tied together? What are many of them called?
 How are they used?—and into what made? What
 feast is there at the close? Who pick up the re-
 mains? Which is the sporting month? What birds
 are called game? What fruit is in season? What
 liquor is made from it? What is marmalade? In
 what month do the leaves fall? What flowers re-
 main? What fruits are there at this season? What
 may be made of a walnut-shell? What are the co-

lours of the pheasant? What game is caught by hounds? What kind of month is November? What are the proper employments within doors in winter? In what month is Christmas? What pies are common at this season? Of what are they made?

How many fingers are there on the hand? What are four-footed animals called? How do birds travel? How do fish swim? How are sheep, horses, and other animals kept warm in winter? Where do birds build their nests? What are the dwellings of the wolf, dog, bees, and pigs, called? Why do cats climb trees? What is the noise of the dog, hog, pig, horse, cock, ass, cat, kitten, bull, cow, calf, sheep, lion, wolf, tiger, fox, mice, frog, sparrow, swallow, rook, bittern, pigeon, turkey, peacock, beetle, grasshopper, duck, geese, monkey, owl, snake, and men called? What birds feed on chickens? On what do spiders feed? How do they catch them? When do owls fly? What do carpenters make? What are their tools?—what those of shoemakers? What are used to assist the eyes? What instrument is used for shaving the beard? What tools has a gardener? What is the colour of a lady-bird?—of a beetle? Where do worms live?

Where is the sun at morning, noon, and evening? Which are the four points? What is the cause of wind?—of rain? What animal does the rain make glad? Where do birds take shelter from it? What is the green carpet of the earth? Where does the moon rise? How often is it new and full? What are its different shapes? Where is bread baked?—Of what is it made, and how? Where is flour ground? How is it threshed and winnowed? What

are silk-worms? What is found within the balls? What is the use of a sheepfold? Of what is it made? What is the colour of gold? Where is it gotten? What is made of it? In what are lead and copper ingredients? What is the colour of brass? How is it used? Whence arises the green in sauce-pans? What is it? What are the uses and properties of iron about the fire?—to the farmer? How is the fire blown in a smith's shop? How is the iron beaten? What does a blacksmith make? Of what is steel made? What are made of it? What are the properties of lead? How is it used in windows?—about houses?—and why? What messengers of death are made of it? What are the properties of tin? What is made of it? What metal moves about? How is it used? How many metals are there? Whence are they gotten? What polished stone is found in the ground? What are its colours? For what is it used? What proceeds from flints struck against steel? Whence is gravel dug?—what are its uses? What is white earth called?—how is it used? What earth is used to cleanse cloth? Of what are fires made?—where is it gotten?—by whom? What are the different names and colours of precious stones? Whence are pearls?—Of what is glass made? From what do trees spring?—what are their roots like? What may be called the body and the arms of a tree?—what spring from them? What are the roots of flowers like?—what are their other parts? What is the name of a she horse?—of a young horse?—of a very young horse?—of a she lion?—of a tyger? What are the different names of cattle, pigs, sheep, dogs, cats, fowls, geese, ducks, eagles, stags, and hares? Where do

lions live?—what is the clothing of their neck?—
what are their motions when angry?

What is the story of the cocks and of the three
boys? What is the nature and use of windmills?—
of bridges? What are heaths?—what grow or live
on them?—in woods? What are the nature and
properties of squirrels? How do men cross the sea?
Of what and how are ships made? What is the
nearest land to England?—what fruits grow there?
Which animals are hoofed, cloven hoofed, and digi-
tated? What kind of ears have asses?—what is
their food?—what do they yield? Where do hares
live?—what is their food and colour?—where and
when are they white?—which legs are longest?—
what is the consequence?—how do they sleep?—
What are the properties of water-fowl? What
kind of bills, legs, bodies, and necks have swans?—
what is their food?—where do they look best?—
where do they build their nests?—how long are
they in hatching their young?—what are they call-
ed? Where does the sun rise?—what is its crown?
—what does it yield?—what ripen?—how far is it
off?—what bird can look at it?—what flies to meet
it?—what crows at its appearing?—what fly from
it? Whither do wild beasts retire in the day?—
how are they then engaged? When does the moon
shine?—what is its colour?—how does it look a-
mong the stars? What worms shine in the night?
—what sweet bird sings by night?—why is she not
heard in the day?

Questions for Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns.

I. Why should we praise and bless God?—what gives light by day? by night?—what warble in the shade? murmur amongst pebbles?—what enable us to praise and love God?—what prevented us when we were very young?—when may we do it better?

II. What grow in the fields? on the trees? by the sides of hedges?—what run on the green?—with what are their bodies covered?—what are hatched upon straw? dropped in the fields? flutter from bush to bush? are glad to be alive?—how are we better than they?—what should we do then for them and for ourselves?—what use was made of animals formerly?—what is the proper sacrifice?

III. What does a shepherd provide for his sheep? a mother for her child? a king for his subjects?—when do sheep require assistance? a child peculiar care? subjects protection or punishment?—how is a king distinguished?—who is the shepherd? the parent? the sovereign of the world?—what are due to him on these accounts?

IV. What is beautiful, strong, glorious?—where does the rose appear beautiful, the lion strong, the sun glorious?—what is filled with the odour of the rose?—who are afraid of the roaring of the lion?—what kind of creature is the sun?—what must the maker of these creatures possess?

V. Where does the sun rise and set?—what change is made in the air?—how are chickens, birds, sheep, bees, children, people, smiths, and carpenters employed in the day?—where do they sleep at

night?—what is the advantage of sleep? of night?
—what give light?—to whom are they not necessary? why?—how does a mother prevent her child from being disturbed?—of whom does God take equal care? how?—why then may we sleep in safety?—how may flowers, birds, and people, express his praise?

VI. What grows in meadows?—what feed there?
—where do they repose?—what springs in the furrows?—grows amongst wheat?—whispers amongst trees?—falls from rocks?—leaps from boughs?—sings among branches?—rises behind trees?—appears in the sky?—in what direction do thunderclouds often come?—what stream from them?—where is God?—in what is he seen?—why should he be in all our thoughts?

VII. When is the shade pleasant?—what shut out the sun?—what do cattle do there?—what can we do better?—of what was God the maker?—why does not distance prevent God from hearing us?—why should not youth and inability prevent us from speaking to God?—when did he think of us and give us many blessings?—why should we praise him every day better than the former day?—what spread into leaves?—swell into fruit?—how do they smell and look?—for what were they made?—for what was man made?—why should we love to praise him?—why thank him for life?—why love God?—why love all beings?—in what can we rejoice?—when should we think of him?

VIII. In what do labourers live?—how are they covered?—how is the mother employed?—how the children?—how the father?—what are all these called?—who is the master?—when do they require

servants?—where do they sleep?—of what do they eat?—how dear are they to one another?—when do they mourn and rejoice together?—who live near one another? where do they meet? for what purpose?—what is this place called?—what if there be many houses?—by whom is it governed?—what make a kingdom?—how is it enclosed, divided, washed?—what are the inhabitants called?—what do they speak?—what do they do together?—who is the ruler?—what make up the world?—who governeth it?—what is the colour of its inhabitants? why?—with what are they covered?—what is their drink?—how well doth God know and understand them all?—what is he willing and able to do?—who then ought not to despair; to boast?—who should call upon him?

IX. What are innumerable?—in what do the fir; the willow; the thistle; the mallow; the hop; the oak; the daisy; the tulip; the iris; the reed; the grass; the purple heath; the water-lilies; and the wall-flower differ from one another?—what care does man take of plants?—where do they grow without that care?—how are they blown about, mixed, watered, cherished, fanned?—what are given to them?—what are spread out?—of what colours are the rose and lily?—what contains a plant? which adorn the spring, summer, and winter months?—what grow from an acorn? from a grape-stone?—what might seem to kill them in winter?—what rises in the spring?—what speak of God as if they were a book, a lesson, a tongue, or a voice?—why can we not see God?—what can we see?—who may praise God best?

X. What instances of mortality are given?—what are the characteristics of a rose, a tree, insects, and men?—where are rose leaves scattered?—what destroys the verdure, branches, and trunk of a tree?—of what colours are the wings and bodies of insects? how quick and numerous are they?—when and how are they destroyed?—how does man shew his activity?—where are beauty and activity displayed?—what must be destroyed and die?

XI. How does the flower recover its beauty?—where does the sun set?—what is the consequence?—where does he rise?—where is he first seen?—who is glad to see him?—what fly away?—in what does the insect shroud itself?—into what is it changed?—like what does man lie in the ground?—what change will take place?—who will be enabled to produce it?—what is his character?—who will accompany him?—who gives him this power?

XII. What lessens the sweetness of the rose, the fragrance of the lily, the pleasantness of spring, the brightness of summer, the glory of the rainbow, and the good of life?—of whom is heaven the country?—who must not enter it?—why is this earth pleasant?—why is heaven far better?—what will not wither and scorch us there?—what are abolished?—whom do we see here no more?—where shall we meet them again if we and they have been good?—with whom else shall we meet?—who is called the father of the faithful?—why?—how long did Moses wander in Arabia?—what kind of country is Arabia?—who escaped the lion's den?—how came he there?—who was the son of Jesse?—what is he called?—why?—who else is gone before us to that happy place?—what shall we behold there?—where must

we be now?—how long are we to remain here?—
how long there?—what is that happy land?



Questions for the Calendar of Nature.

JANUARY.

Whence is the first month called January?—with what season is it natural to begin the year?—which is the coldest month in Britain?—what are the common appearances in January?—what effect has the frost on the space which water takes?—on water-pipes?—on the hoops of barrels?—on the hard clods of ploughed fields?—what is snow?—of what is it composed?—why is it white?—how may ice be made to take the same colour?—what is the use of snow to plants?—what is hail?—what is hoar-frost?—where do larks shelter themselves in winter?—whither does the red-breast venture?—what places do fieldfares frequent?—what becomes of water and sea-fowl?—where are hares sometimes seen?—by what animals are hen-roosts pillaged?—where do wolves and bears abound?—why do they leave high grounds?—what places do they frequent?—for what purpose?—how are sheep often lost in the snow?—what is winter food for cows?—where are lambs and calves kept?—what becomes of herbaceous plants in autumn?—how are the tender parts of plants protected?—what leaves appear ready to expand before the end of the month?—what flowers seem on the point of blowing?—which begins to unfold?

—What is the employment of the farmer during the frost in the fields and barns?—for what do the poor call at this season?—what trades are at a stand?—what advantages have the English harbours?—what amusements are now common?—what other nations enjoy more of these diversions?—how do people travel in Holland during a frost?—by what are the sledges drawn in Lapland?

FEBRUARY.

What may the earlier part of this month be reckoned?—how are days altered?—with what wind does a thaw often come?—what descend from the hills during a thaw?—what sociable birds begin to appear?—what birds of game begin to couple?—what animal under ground begins its work?—of what is its nest made?—what is its food?—what flowers are fully opened in this month?—what tree discloses its flower-buds?—what is the employment of the farmer in the fallow grounds?—what does he set?—how does he improve wet land?—what does he plant in wet grounds?

MARCH.

What are the great operations of nature in March?—whether does an early or a late spring promise a fruitful year?—why?—what is the employment of the farmer?—what old proverb expresses the importance of a dry season?—what melodious bird is heard to sing from the beginning of the month?—what dove appears in the woods?—what sociable birds are in motion?—how are they employed?—what artifices do they use?—How are they injurious to the farmer?—how do they repay the mischief?—what are they seen to follow?—on what

fields do they settle?—what birds leave us in spring? where do they spend their summer?—what birds resort to the Scotch isles?—where do they lay their eggs?—in what state, and where do frogs lie during winter?—how are they changed in spring?—what is their noise called?—what fish swim up rivers? why?—what young animals are yeaned and sport abroad during this month?—what industrious insects venture abroad?—of what is their coming abroad in the morning a sign?—what flowers appear in gardens, on hedges, in dry pastures?—what fruit-trees come into full bud?—when is the equinox?—what is the length of the day and night?—what kind of weather is then common?

APRIL.

For what kind of weather is April proverbial?—what bird returns early in the month?—what may it hence be called?—what kind is first seen?—how does it fly in cold weather?—on what do these birds live?—what musical bird succeeds?—why is not its voice heard in the day?—what peculiar bird's notes are heard in the middle of April?—by what bird is its arrival preceded?—on what does this feed?—how does it extract them?—what animals are caught in the waters?—what trees and shrubs flower?—what fruits blossom the first?—how is the farmer busied in this month?

MAY.

Which is often deemed the fairest month?—what seasons does it unite in warmer climates?—what alteration in the calendar has rendered this month still more chill?—what day is still observed as a rural

festival? What blossoms appear in hedges and in orchards? How are they sometimes injured? What winds bring insects? Why is a cold and windy May favourable to corn? What is the general time for turning cattle into the pastures? What is [the effect of the grass on milk? What business is now begun in dairies? What flowers spring up in meadows? What are they falsely supposed to do, and why? Is the male or female bird the songster? What changes take place in bee-hives towards the end of this month? Of what do they consist? What is necessary to form every one? What habitation would they naturally chuse? With what does man provide them? Why are early swarms most valuable? What remains to be done in May by the farmer, in late years? What is done in forward ones? For what does the husbandman look?

JUNE.

In what month do summer's splendours deck the plain? What month's poetical descriptions are applicable to this? What is one of the earliest rural employments in this month? What country has for ages been famous for its sheep? What kind of fleeces have the sheep in the west? in Leicestershire and Lincolnshire? When does sheep-shearing commence? What previous operation do sheep undergo? What kind of grass yields fragrance at this time? What varieties are there? What leguminous plant yields a more delicious smell? What are the blossoms of such plants called? By what flower is the hawthorn succeeded in the hedges? What are the principal kinds of corn in Europe, Asia, Africa, and the West Indies? What are the

smaller grasses called, when cut down and dried? When are they fit to be cut? What would be the effect if they were suffered to grow? When does the hay harvest usually begin in the middle and southern parts of Britain? Which is the longest day? What is this period called? How long does the twilight last in the north? What delicate fish is taken in this month? What fruits begin to ripen towards the close of June? What entertainment is lost in the woods? What bird has been heard whistling at night? What bird's note ceases at this time?

JULY.

How does July rank among the months on account of its heat? What is the effect on flowers, leaves, stalks, and plants? What plants flower in July? Which is one of the principal ornaments of gardens in this month? What animals are peculiarly active in hot weather? What is the period of their lives? How many changes do they undergo? What fish appear off the coast of Cornwall? What amusement is common at this season? In what parts of the world do the greatest number learn to swim? How is the heat of this month often allayed? What is the cause? By what are they often accompanied? What is lightning? By what productions is the heat allayed? What are now ripe? What birds moult during this month? Before what time do all birds renew their plumage? What birds are found at this season in the corn? What is the employment of the farmer in this month? What productions are pulled? Where are these grown in England? where else in greater abundance?

Of what are the stalks composed? Into what are they spun? What is made of flax and hemp? What harvest begins in the south? Which is the principal harvest month?

AUGUST.

What weather is usual in August? What grain first ripens? How is it injured? Where is the harvest scene beheld in the greatest perfection? What feelings should it inspire? What is the taste of bread made of too sweet grain? With what does the harvest conclude? What plants are picked during this month? How are they used? Up what do they run? What part is used? What counties are noted for them? On what places do flowers still abound? To what are the rest turned? What are the supposed parts of fructification in ferns? What kinds of fruit are in season during this month? What bird first disappears in this month? Where do rooks now abide? What bird renews his music towards the end of the month? From whom did July and August take their names?

SEPTEMBER.

What are the names of the remaining months? What is the meaning of these names? What makes September agreeable? How are the days altered? How should persons be guarded who go out early and late? Where is corn at this season abroad in late years? After what day are people allowed to shoot partridges? Where do these birds make their nests? How are they taken? Where is saffron cultivated? To what species of plants does it belong? When is it planted and gathered? What

part is used? Into what is it pressed? What kind of medicine is it? What is the farmer's employment during this month and the next? What alteration is it necessary to make in bee-hives? why? What shoals of fish are found on our sea coasts in this month? Whence do they come? Where are they principally caught? What swallows disappear towards the end of this month? What opinions are entertained concerning their state in winter? What is the probable fact? How do they collect before their departure? How prepare themselves? What birds arrive to spend the winter here? What is their food? What fruits are ripening from July to October? What liquors are procured from them? What may be called the English vintage? Where are these liquors made? What fall from the oak and the beech at this season? What are they called? What animals feed upon them? When is the autumnal equinox? What kind of weather is there at this season? What is the appearance of the trees towards the end of September?

OCTOBER.

What is the great business of vegetable nature in this month? What are the progressive stages of plants? What change takes place with herbaceous plants? How are many seeds scattered? With what are some furnished for the purpose? How is the gloom of the year enlivened? What berries enrich the hedges? From what plants do hips, haws, sloes, and blackberries spring? Of what animals are they the food? When are they said to be most plentiful? What bird disappears in this month? What kind of crow returns? What bird

is seen on the eastern coasts? When does the great body arrive? What other kinds of fowl arrive at the same season? What birds quit the fens? Whither do they go? why? With what is the ground covered? Of what sports is this month the height? Why is little damage done? When is honey taken from bees? Why do they cease adding to their stores? What was the old method of taking the honey? How may the cruel necessity be prevented? How much must be left? When does the vintage take place? Which is the last fruit in ripening? Why is it not made into wine in England? What is old October? What is the employment of the farmer in the fields during this month?—when the weather is too wet? What trees are planted at this season? What flower blows a second time in this month? What kind of scent has it?

NOVEMBER.

What becomes of the leaves of trees in this month? What name is therefore given to the rest of the year? What kind of a month is this called? Are the spring or autumn months more temperate in this climate? What late birds of passage visit us in this month? What fish ascend the rivers? How do they shew their agility? How are they taken? How is the farmer employed in the fields? Where are cattle and horses kept? Why are hogs put up? Whither are sheep turned? With what are they frequently fed? What must then be done with bees and pigeons?

DECEMBER.

How are the days changed in this month? What become of wild quadrupeds? Which become quite torpid here? Whither do they retire? How are some found suspended? What do squirrels and field mice provide for winter? What vegetables flourish at this season? What kind support the rein deer? When is the shortest day? What is this period called? How many hours is the sun above the horizon in the southern parts of Britain? What afterwards sets in? What is the employment of the farmer in this month? What festival cheers this season?

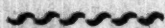
*Examination of "Evenings at Home."*

(Refer to the sixth volume.)

ELEMENTS.

What would be a state of chaos? Whose interposition would rectify the disorder? What are consumed by fire? What are particularly combustible? What proverb is applicable to it? Where was it worshipped? How were the priestesses sometimes treated? For what service is fire said to be destined?—upon what authority? Why does water seek the lowest place? What objects does it reflect?—when? What cause its regular and irregular motion? What evil arises from its superabundant quantity? What memorable event is there of this

kind? To what proverb has air given rise? What is it called when in motion? Which are the principal of these? What is the probable cause of earthquakes? What saying have the qualities of earth occasioned? For what is it cut up and ransacked? Of whom is it the receptacle? What are its features?



VEGETABLES.

What grass is sown for hay? What plants of this kind are most useful to man? Of what use are the stalks of corn? What sort of roots, stalks, and leaves have the grass tribe? How are their seeds ranged? How do the ears of wheat and barley differ from those of oats? What are the different kinds of corn? In what countries are they sown? What larger plants are of this kind? Where do they grow? Why is a country covered with the grass tribe more pleasant and useful than if it was covered with trees? What meats and drinks do we owe to the grass tribe? Which is the poorest kind of grass? What improves the quality of grass?

What are leguminous plants? What is the seed called when used as food? What are the flowers called?—why? What are the broad leaf, the two narrower leaves, and the underside of the flower called? Where is the pod found? What kind of grasses are of this tribe? How do pea plants support themselves? What prickly bush is of the same kind? What sweet root? What large spreading tree, and where is it found? What shrubs, which are culti-

vated for their flowers? What smaller plants, which serve for food in some countries? What proof is there that furze is more common in this country than broom?

Of what class of plants are kexes? What kind of stalks have they? What use do boys make of them? How are they divided? What spring from them? What are they like? What is their name? In what do they terminate? What do smaller stalks bear? How many leaves, chives, and styles have these flowers? What useful garden production is of this kind? How may it be distinguished from hemlock? What table roots are there of this kind? How are stalks of celery blanched? Of what use is angelica? What seeds of these plants are used, and how? What nauseous gums? Which is the most poisonous kind of hemlock? Which has leaves like celery? Which grows in dry places? Which part is poisonous? What are its effects? What are the best remedies? Where were criminals put to death by its juice? What sage thus died? What root is dug up with knives? Of what nature is it? How may most roots of this kind be made innocent? Of what use are poisonous plants? How are men and beasts preserved from their noxious effects? What kind of race are umbelliferous plants? How are they to be used?

Why are the cruciformed flowers so called? What other names are they called, and why? Into what do the pistils extend themselves? How are the seeds arranged? What is the taste and smell of these plants? What the smell of the flowers? Which are peculiarly so? Which of them are used for sal-

lads?—for sauce?—for medicine? Which yield oil?—are pungent? What are the effects of turnips as food for cattle? What is the use of the turnip husbandry? What county is famous for it—why? Which are the chief sorts of cabbage? What is sour krout? Which of these plants grow among corn? Which have been celebrated by Shakespeare?

What are compound flowers? Why are they so called? What is the structure of the dandelion, thistle and daisy? What are the number of their chives and pointals? What name have they received on that account? How are many of their seeds dispersed? What may we conclude from their abundance? To whom are they serviceable? Who consider them as weeds? Which grow in hedge banks, meadows, pastures, and corn-fields? What is the taste of these plants? Which only will cattle eat? Which are medicinal, aromatic, or serve for food? What garden flowers are there of this kind? Why are they valued? What is their shape and smell?

OAKS.

From what do oaks grow? What sometimes prevent their being planted? For what is the timber used? In what instances have some kinds of wood supplied its place? What is the use of the bark? What are galls and their uses? How may an oak be known in winter? What are the shape and colour of its leaves? What are the properties of its timber? What effect has a cannon ball upon it? What ancient city was advised to trust to its ship-

ping? Why is this advice proper for Great Britain? What are those plants called which fix themselves upon others? What famous one of this kind grows upon the crab or the oak? Who used it in religious rites? What is the use of its berries?

(Fourth volume, page 95.)

FIRS AND PINES.

To what class of trees do firs and pines belong? What trees are of this kind? Where do they mostly grow? What is the timber called? How are they brought to the sea? What juice is obtained by incisions made in the larch? What is distilled from the juice? What is the remainder called? Of what use is this oil? What is tar? For what is it used? What is pitch? Why are pitch and tar used about ships? What part of a ship is made of this wood? Why is it more fit for building than the oak? What peculiar use did the ancients make of this wood, and why?

ANIMALS.

What do rats and mice eat? How are they destroyed? Of what species is their enemy? What animals chiefly supply man with food? What else do they furnish? Where do squirrels live? On what do they subsist? What is the beaver? Where does it live? how does it resemble man in a civilized state? Where do monkeys live? What are their enemies? How are antelopes taken? For

what are they remarkable? How do dormice pass the winter? What is their food? Which is the largest quadruped? For what is it used? Of what are its teeth and tusks composed? Where is it found? How is it taken? Where are many kept? What wild beast will venture to attack it? What is its food? What is a warren? What are the chief enemies of rabbits? How do they shelter themselves? What follows them into their retreats? what qualities render dogs serviceable? Which is the strongest, swiftest, and most fawning dog? What animals are of the same species? Which is the most useless kind of horses? Where are they much used? How may they occasion the ruin of their owners? What benefit may be derived from an ass? To what are they entitled? By what name are they sometimes called, and why? For what are the horse, ox, cow, sheep, dog, and hog valued? What animals fly cultivation?

What birds move from one country to another? Where do wild geese live in summer and winter? What countries lie between Lapland and the banks of the Cayster? In what shape do flocks of wild geese fly? What are the chief enemies of geese? What bird appears more majestic in the water? Where do martins build their nests? On what do they feed? When do they leave a cold climate? In what manner and where do they assemble? Where are they supposed to go? How is it known that they return to the places where they were bred? How many species of swallows are there in this country? How do rooks and crows differ in their food and manner of living? What propensity unfriendly to society have rooks? Of what use are

they to the farmer? How do they assist one another? What stage of human society do they resemble? What are the chief domestic fowls and their enemies? Which fly with the greatest rapidity? On what do woodpeckers feed? What are green ones called from their colour and size? What is the colour and size of wheat-ears? What places do they frequent? Where do lapwings live? What peculiar cry and mode of flying have they—why? What fuel is procured from boggy ground? What venomous animals are found there? What plants grow near rivers and in marshy places? What is the colour and size of the kingfisher? What was its ancient name? What is its food? Where does it build its nest? Whence is the name of sandpipers? What species of swallows build in steep sand-banks? What is their colour? What is the method of spearing eels? To what may this instrument be compared? What is there peculiar in the legs, neck, body, wings, food, and place of residence of herons? For what were they formerly kept? What other names have starlings? What is their mode of flight? What mischief do they occasion, and where? What is their enemy? to what have they been compared? What is the great use of marle? What curiosities are sometimes found amongst it?

Which is the largest fish? With what instrument is it wounded? For what is it caught? What obliges it to come to the surface? What fish are its enemies? How is it known to be mortally wounded? What animal partakes of the nature of a fish and a bird? What are its enemies?

In what does the society of bees go beyond that of beavers? What is the principle of a society? By whom is the flight of young bees conducted? What parts of flowers furnish honey? Of what are combs made? What is the shape of the cells? On what days do bees work or stay at home? What are the three classes of bees in a hive? Of what good qualities are they the example? How and when are bees destroyed? Why are wasps less valued? What is the food of flies? What creatures feed upon them? In what numbers are they produced? When are they chiefly troublesome? For what were animals made? How are small animals rendered visible? What are the different states of flies? In what season do they die or disappear? On what do ants feed? What feed on them? By what stratagem are they caught?

EARTHS, STONES, AND METALS.

What are more valuable and common than metals? What is earth in common language? What stone? Of what is black mould composed? What are the three species of earths? Why is the first called calcareous? What is obtained from all of this kind? Which is the most ornamental stone? For what is it used, and why? Where is it found? What is much softer than marble? Where is it found? What difference is there between it and whiting? What has made calcareous earth be believed an animal production? What do the quantity and situation of these shells prove? What is marle? What

constitutes its richness?—how may it be discovered?—what medicines are used on this account?—from what is magnesia procured?—what is the difference between lime-stone and lime?—what property does lime acquire from fire?—Of what use is this quality?—when is it applied as manure?—to what lands?—what is the principal use of lime?—With what is it mixed for this purpose?—what effect has time upon it?—what renders some lime proper for bridge and water works?—what other earths harden with the addition of water?—how do they differ from other calcareous earths?—what are made from them?—for what are they used?—what is the second class of earths?—why is it so called?—what renders it proper for the potters and brick-makers' use?—what is the colour of the finest kind?—for what is it used?—to what do other kinds owe their colour?—by what mixture is clay hardened?—of what are the richest soils composed?—what has contributed to the superiority of our woollen manufacture?—where is this clay found?—what stones are there of this kind?—for what are they used?—what are the names of the third class of earths---why?—how do they differ from clay and lime?—what property do they possess when struck against steel?—which is most commonly used for this purpose?—where are many of these found?—of what advantage are they in corn fields?—what are quartz? how do they differ from crystals?—why has this term been given to salt?—to glass?—what is sand?—from what may it derive its colour---its size?—what is it called when joined by natural cement?—what is granite?—what streets are paved with it?—whence is it brought?—how are precious stones di-

vided?—to what do they owe their lustre?—what seems to distinguish diamonds from them?—to what do they owe their value?—of what is this a proof?—what may be made to exceed them in lustre?—what is the basis of the finest and commonest sorts of this substance?—how is it melted?—how is it fashioned?—in what parts of England is it made?—what gives it firmness?—how has glass contributed to comfort, splendor, and science?

What difference is there between metals, stones, glass, and crystals?—how much is the lightest metal heavier than the heaviest stone?—what is the effect of hammering stone?—whence the name of metals?—what is their property of spreading out under the hammer called?—what that of being drawn out into wire?—what that of melting?—where are metals got?—what are they called on this account?—what is their character?—what is the ore of metals?—how were their uses and qualities probably discovered?—what is the knowledge of them called?—why are gold and silver reckoned the most valuable metals?—in what class are they ranked?—into what are other metals changed by fire?—what collects on the surface of melting lead?—what separate from a poker by putting it into the fire?—which is the heaviest metal?—how much heavier than an equal bulk of lead—of water?—what advantage arises from this knowledge?—what proves gold to be the most malleable and ductile metal?—how is leaf-gold made?—to what surface may a grain be extended?—of what is gold-wire made?—how many feet of wire may a grain of gold be made to cover?—how much farther may it be extended by flattening?—how far might the gold of a guinea be drawn out?—to what

is this property owing?—what advantage has it from colour?—for what would it be useful if it was not so dear?—which are the softest metals?—with what is gold hardened?—what proportions are used in gold coin?—what qualities render it proper for coin?—what renders it beautiful?—what countries yield the most gold?—where is it found in Europe?—in what kind of places is it generally found?—who are the greatest gold finders in Europe?—by whom is it every where procured?—what does the abuse of it make men?

Where is silver found in England?—where are the richest silver mines?—which has been the most productive?—how is silver tarnished?—why is alloy mixed with it?—for what is silver valued?—what is the use of silver-leaf?—in what is it exceeded by gold?—what is a thin cover of gold—of silver called?—why are pans silvered?—what effect have acids on iron or copper pans?—what heat will melt silver or gold?—how much lighter is silver than gold?—how much heavier than water?—from what does quicksilver take its names?—how is it proved to be a metal?—what is meant by its being killed?—what is the mixture of it with gold or silver called?—for what is it used? how?—where is this manufacture carried on?—why does the quicksilver fly off when exposed to fire?—how much heavier is quicksilver than water?—what is it employed in measuring?—what are the effects of mercurial medicines?—in what state are they innocent?—how are they converted into medicines, poisons, or paint?—in what countries are the greatest quantities found?

What is the colour of copper?—how much is it

heavier than water?—how is its ductility shewn?—into what may it be rolled?—what heat does it require to melt it?—what is the effect of its long exposure to fire?—how is it dissolved or corroded?—what is the rust of copper called?—by what is it produced?—what colour is it?—what are its effects?—its taste?—what is the taste of the metal?—why are so many vessels made of copper?—what methods should be taken to render them safe?—with what are they generally lined?—what do sheets of copper sometimes cover?—how used in ships, and why?—what is this operation called?—why is money made of copper?—in what mixed metals is it an ingredient?—how is copper made into brass?—what is the colour of that metal?—what is the ore called?—how is it prepared?—what is placed between it and the copper?—what is the effect of heat?—what advantages has brass over copper?—how is it converted into any shape?—in what part of Britain is copper chiefly found?—where may there be said to be a mountain of copper?—how is the mine worked?

Which is the most useful and common of all metals?—where is it found?—what is its hardness, elasticity, tenacity, fusibility, and comparative weight with other metals and with water?—what is the reason of its different qualities?—what are its different kinds?—what are its properties when melted from the ore?—how are vessels and other implements made of it in this state?—how are they injured?—how does iron acquire toughness and malleability?—what is this process called?—how is iron made into steel?—how many different kinds of steel are there?—what are tempered brittle? what

flexible?---which are the most perfect springs?---
 how is steel for ornaments tempered? why?---for
 what is hammered iron used?---for what is cast iron
 chiefly used?---what observation proves the superi-
 ority of iron to gold?---by whom was it made?---
 what denotes the progress of the arts, and why?---
 why have many nations been long in discovering its
 use?---what other metals were anciently used for
 weapons?---what American nations were unac-
 quainted with this metal?---by whom were they
 conquered?---what is the worst property of iron?---
 what corrodes it?---what are the uses of the rust?---
 of {what use are steel medicines? why?---what is
 water impregnated with iron called?---what is its
 taste?---what does it deposit?---what is loadstone?
 --- what virtues does it communicate?---what is such
 a bar of iron called?---in what other way may it ac-
 quire the same properties?---whence comes the
 greatest quantity of iron? the best?---what are
 the properties of lead?---how much heavier is it
 than water?---what is its colour?---what property
 does it not possess?---who have been compared to
 it?---what degree of malleability, ductility, and
 fusibility does it possess?---into what may lead be
 converted by heat? by acids?---for what are they
 used?---with what is it mixed for this purpose?---
 to whom is lead pernicious?---what are its effects?
 ---what effect has the white lead manufacture on the
 workmen?---how are people then procured?---what
 alteration does lead make in sour liquors?---why is
 it then so dangerous?---what is sugar of lead?---why
 is it put into sour wines?---why are buildings cov-
 ered with lead?---into what is it cast?---what lead-
 en messengers of death are there?---how is shot

made?---in what part of England is lead found?---of what advantage is it to the country?---in what respects does tin resemble and differ from lead?---what noise does it make when bent?---what is the cause?---how is it melted and calcined?---what is its comparative weight with other metals and with water?---what is its ductility and malleability?---how is it generally employed? why?---how is it made to adhere to copper?---what is tinned ware?---how is it soldered?---how are pins silvered, and why?---what is pewter?---where was the best made?---what has superceded its use?---what are still made of it? what ancient nation traded to England for tin?---how far is it now exported?---where is it found in the East Indies?

In what class of metals is zinc?---why are they so called?---what are the names of metals in the order of their weight?---what did the chymists denominate from metals, and why?---what is the meaning of the words martial, lunar, mercurial, saturnine?---what branch of natural knowledge appears superior to mineralogy, and why?---what advantages result from general knowledge?

ON MANUFACTURES.

What are manufactures?---what are productions?---what is the process of vegetation in corn?---why is not bread called a manufacture?---what are the places called in which beer, sugar, and oil are made? why are not paintings said to be manufactured?---why cannot manufactures flourish in very poor nations?---why would they not flourish if all were

rich?—what are necessary for the inventing, procuring, and exporting the raw materials?—who were the first workers in brass and iron?—what is more necessary than manufactures? why?—with what do they furnish us?—what are the principal materials and tools?—in what do the French and Irish excel the English? why?—with what are mechanics concerned?—with what chemistry?—what did Arkwright say with respect to wool?—of what are soap and glass made?—what are made from flax?—what is the price of a pound of the best flax?—how much will a yard of lace weigh?—what is half an ounce of flax worth?—what is it worth when made into the finest lace?—where is this lace made?—how much is its value encreased?—what is the price of an hundred weight of pig iron?—what is the price of two ounces?—what is the price of the best steel chains? where are they made?—how much is the value of these encreased?—what is the staple manufacture of England?—what are manufactured at Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, and in Staffordshire?—where have magnificent services of earthen ware been sent?—who were the principal manufacturers?

What is the obligation of the rich towards the poor?—by what means may the poor maintain themselves?—what are the chief instruments of a weaver?—what are the two parts of his work called?

(Fifth volume, page 122.)

ON PAPER.

Of what is white paper made?—of what brown? how were rags formerly beaten?—what is the present method?—where is paper made of silk?—how are shape and consistency given to paper?—whence arises the blue cast of writing paper?—why is it sized?—how do the moulds for woven differ from those of common paper?—how long does the process of making paper take?—how may brown or coloured rags be bleached so as to form white paper?—of whom is paper bought in small quantities?—what does he do at it?—by what other art has literature been benefited?

ON SHIPS.

What kind of vessel was first used for sailing?—how were those of the Britons constructed?—what trades have most to do with ship-building?—what should a good ship be able to do?—what sciences are necessary to gunnery and fortification?—what is chemistry?—of what is gun-powder made?—by what had the ancients used to steer their vessels?—what science was necessary for this purpose?—what instrument has contributed most to the improvement of navigation? how?—what is latitude?—what is longitude?—how are they first learned?—how are they discovered at sea?—why are different modern languages necessary for a sailor?—what ancient language makes their acquisition more easy?

ON WINE AND SPIRITS.

From what are wines made?—in what countries do grapes grow?—what is the sweet juice of grapes called?—what makes this juice into wine?—what turns wine into vinegar?—what wines make the best vinegar?—of what grain are beer, ale, and porter made?—what is malt?—what is the water in which malt has been infused called?—how is it made bitter?—how do they give it spirit?—what is it called when sour?—from what are cyder, perry, and mead made?—how are brandy, rum, and geneva procured?—what are spirits of wine?—for what are they used?

ON CHEMISTRY.

What social meal displays many operations of chemistry?—how are infusion, solution, and diffusion exemplified?—what is decoction?—what maceration?—what is the most familiar instance of this kind?—what are the materials of this composition?—what is a saturated solution?—what is crystallization? evaporation? condensation?—what is the process called when these are united?—what may be obtained at sea by these means?—what process in nature is similar?

ATTRACTION.

To what discovery did the fall of an apple lead?—by whom was it made?—why does any thing fall?

with what force?—what instances of attraction are there?—if a ball of loadstone were rolled among iron filings what would be the consequence?—who are the antipodes?—why do they not fall off?—in what do they differ from one another?—what attracts the earth?—what else does it attract?—what are the stars in all probability?—what is the law by which the universe is kept in order?

EARTH AND SUN.

Why does not the earth fall to the sun?—what familiar instances are there of two forces acting at the same time?—what are they called?—in what direction does a body move acted upon by both?—what stops the motion of a ball?—why does not the air stop the earth?

GLOBE LECTURE.

What machines represent the solar system?—what resembles the earth?—by what line is it equally divided?—what points are equally distant from that line?—where are the sun's rays most direct and oblique?—to what may this be compared?—of what is heat the principle?—what is the space on each side the equator called?—what kind of trees, flowers, fruit, insects, reptiles, birds, quadrupeds, shells, and weather prevail there?—what divides the torrid and temperate zones?—which of the zones is most habitable?—what are the vegetable products,

useful animals, and kind of seasons in these zones?—what enclose the frigid zones?—what is the effect of cold on vegetables and animals?—which of them are found in the coldest regions?—what animals are abundant there? why?—where can man exist?—what is the food, clothing, lodging, amusements, colour, government, and religion of the inhabitants of the torrid zone?—what countries lie in this division of the earth?—how are women treated in a state of nature?—what are the chief divisions of the north temperate zone?—which are the most populous parts of Asia?—what kind of country is Arabia?—what the mode of living amongst the Tartars?—what is their common wish for their enemies?—of what is labour the price?—what will it remedy?—what will it prevent?—what has it rendered the Europeans?—what articles of food and dress come from hot and cold climates?—what may be called another Europe?—what was the character of its original inhabitants?—what religions are professed in the north temperate zone?—how does man subsist in the frigid zone?—to what is the mind liable there?—what are the inhabitants of all countries to one another?—how are each of them too apt to look upon themselves?—from what may contentment be derived?

ON THE ART OF DISTINGUISHING.

What is a creature?—how are creatures divided? what is an animal?—what a quadruped?—how are quadrupeds divided?—which are whole hoofed?—

how do the horse and ass differ?—what is a definition? a description?

MAN.

Amongst what animals does Linnæus rank man?—how is he distinguished from them?—what is reason?—if we found a bow, a hut, or a fire lately extinguished in an apparently uninhabited country, what should we conclude?—what is instinct?—how does Shakespeare define man?—how does man assist himself in providing food and clothing?—what advantage is derived from fire?—what are other animals unable to do with respect to fire?—what sharpens the minds of men?—what other animals are improved by the same means?—what arts preserve the knowledge of one set of men for the advantage of another?—what principle promotes improvement?—where are mankind most civilized and improved?

EMBLEMS.

What is an emblem?—what are the emblems of justice, love, death, time, ambition, foolhardiness, old age, instability, ignorance, deception, fear, instruction, truth, uprightness, prudence, charity, discretion?—what are worn by a sailor and soldier?—what is put over the shop of the grocer and apothecary?—why are agreeable qualities represented in the form of women?

MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS.

(*First volume.*) Where did Alfred shelter himself from the Danes? How was he employed? How did he perform this office? How did the courtiers of Canute flatter him? How did he reprove them for their falsehood?

What should be the measure of the indulgence of parents? What the end of education?

What are the most necessary parts of female education? which are ornamental? which depend upon genius?

What is the proper name for a battle?



(*Second volume.*) Where is the country of the Brachmans? What notion have they with respect to the soul? What is the mode of hunting in that country? Where does the sun appear to make a complete circle in the heavens? What entitle the aged poor to maintenance? How and where are they usually maintained? What is the situation of the sun at noon? What renders work and play pleasant? What powers does a goose possess? What exceed her in these powers? To what place is every good heart most strongly drawn? why? Upon whom does this principle equally act? Who are qualified to kill game in this country? To whom ought it to belong? why? What is the difference between a robber and a conqueror? How might each of them try to justify themselves?



(Third volume.) Who take farms? of whom? What should restrain young people from being rude? What are the first four operations in Arithmetic? How may half-a-crown a week be employed better than in furnishing a school-boy with tarts and trinkets? Upon what only ought a criminal to be convicted? Who ought to be judges of his guilt? What are the chief obstructions in passing through the streets, or through life? How may they be avoided? What ought we to do if the house were on fire? if a child had got up a ladder, or had a plumb in its mouth? if a reaper had divided an artery? if we were pursued by a bull? or in cases of distress or difficulty of any kind?—what quality should we acquire by these means? What may improve the worst or spoil the best capacity? What differences should never keep worthy people asunder? What animals are more useful than deer? What kind of horse should we not sell to a friend? What are the effects of philosophy or of money on our wants? What renders the art of flying next to impossible to men? What figures are therefore absurd? Who perceive this absurdity? What art is useful and easily learned? What had the Romans used to say of a blockhead? What does it enable us to do or avoid? How is it best learned? How may a female squander away or employ her time?

(Fourth volume.) How do the Algerines treat their prisoners? How do the English man their fleets? What situations are friendly or unfriendly

to health? What is the right conduct under misfortune? How do we too often celebrate a victory? What does it cost? Whose situation is truly deplorable? How are men trappanned into the army? What are the different meanings of the term good company? What are the consequences of keeping each of them? What knowledge might be improved by an acquaintance with a watch-maker or druggist? How might a starved kid be recovered? Where did nature design it to live? When is our supper a matter of no consequence? What renders a walk insipid or pleasant? In what have mankind a right to differ? In what ought they to agree? Which are the principal sects of Christians in this country?



(*Fifth vplume.*) How are slaves made to work in the West Indies? Of what are they deprived in South America? for what? What is the chief vegetable food in the East Indies? To what extremes is society here exposed? Where is water peculiarly valuable? What renders travelling dangerous in this country? What animal would be most likely to remember its master? Who are the pests of society? Who are the servile instruments of their false glory? On whom do the ravages of war chiefly fall? What instances of this kind disgraced the reign even of Louis xiv.? Which have been the principal commercial states in Italy? To what depredations have they been exposed? What kind of government has prevailed in them? What is the only proper revenge? Who have been falsely

imposed upon mankind as heroes? What was the principle of their conduct? What is the principle of true heroism? What examples are known of this kind? Who was the founder of Pensylvania? Of what profession was he? What is the right way of obtaining land for a colony? What trades are necessary in it? why? What unnecessary? why?



(*Sixth volume.*) What is a great man? Who are usually called great men? What is the test by which they may be distinguished? What engineer was a great man? How did he shew it? Who was a truly great king?---What proved him to be so? Who were only falsely so called? With whom did the greatness of his country rise and fall? Who were great bad men? What quality is preferable to greatness? why? To what, however, is, greatness entitled? Who is a wise man? What is the best end a man can pursue? Who is only the ape of a wise man? What is then included in wisdom? Who was the most celebrated sage in Greece? why? Why was Franklin esteemed wise? In what station did he begin life? To what rank did he rise? How did he acquire fortune and preserve health? What preparation must be made for the working of a flower? What is necessary for the drawing out of an account? What for the selection of letters? How should coins, casts, and colours be arranged? Of what do these circumstances shew the advantage? Which are the highest mountains in the world? Where are they? With what are they covered? What do people going up or down

them experience? Of what does this shew the power? What station of life seems to be liable to the fewest inconveniences? Which is the way to be happy in it? Which is the way to be prepared for any reverse of fortune? What is probably a disadvantageous way of venturing money? Which is a very unhealthy climate? What kind of characters are suspicious and envious? Which calm and placid? What animals resemble them? Where are great fortunes acquired? What promises should neither be made nor kept? What may landlords seize for rent? What is the probable way of getting a good night's sleep? What will a slave naturally try to do? What is the difference between right and power? What will be the probable conduct of slaves whenever they have the power? Like what kind of beasts have their masters wished to reduce them? Like what kind of beasts will they probably act? How is the waste of animals and vegetables repaired? To what additional miseries is man exposed? What advantages does he derive from them? When will the seeming evil of his situation be rectified? What is the principle of human life? Why would a sailor be most likely to escape from shipwreck? What would make him a brave man or a robber? What proves that hawks and little birds were made for one another? What injuries may arise from lightning? What benefits from the same cause? When have we no right to expect the interference of providence? What country has excelled in painting? What preparation would spoil painting? What is the difference between envy and emulation? What prize is superior to the prize of painting? By what means are

places generally lost or got at court? How is the money generally expended? What are superior to artificial light—to perfume—to French cookery—to hired servants? What is the object of clothes? What are the sources of happiness? From whom is the improvement of the species to be expected?



Questions for the History of Sandford and Merton.

Where was Tommy Merton born? Why was he brought to England? How was he treated by his parents? What was the consequence to his body and mind? How did he become acquainted with Harry Sandford? How had he been educated? What were his sentiments with respect to meat, drink, plate, and form? Who undertook the education of Tommy? What did the little boy think much beneath him? By what stories, and by what treatment was he convinced of its necessity? What else is to be learned from the story of the basket-maker? How might a shepherd's dog be rendered useful or good for nothing? Whom was Tommy in the habit of despising and commanding? What was the consequence of exercising this habit on a little boy? How did he afterwards properly and improperly serve that boy? How was the boy able to be serviceable to him? What story made him think of taming animals? What were the consequences of his attempting to tame a pig and a robin? What story shews the superiority of agriculture to mining? What would be the consequence if no one chose to

work? How is corn made to grow? How is it made into flour? Why is it of such importance that we should learn how to procure the necessities of life ourselves? Where is Spitsbergen? In what manner did four Russian sailors support themselves there, and how long? What animals can be got for food in this country? Why is it dark in some countries for several months together? Which is the largest land animal? What use does he make of his trunk? How are elephants tamed? What artificers are wanted to build a house? Why are not houses made flat at the top? What is the place called where trees are raised? How are trees transplanted? How is Egypt watered? By what animal is it infested? What is it at first? How many legs has it? what is its shape? To what class of animals does it belong? What is its length? How does it run? which is the best way of escaping from it? How is this animal killed? How is it tamed? What is the use of turf? Where is it procured? How is cyder made? What is fermentation? From what is wine made? Where are white bears found? In what countries are monkeys found? What animal do they resemble? What proof is given of their ingenuity and contrivance? What European states have been frequently at war with one another? How do they treat their prisoners? How did Hamet shew himself worthy to be ransomed? How did he shew his courage, filial piety, and gratitude? To what generosity was Tommy urged by this story?



(*Second volume.*) What is the food of robins, cats, hares, and larks? How may a cat be taught not to meddle with birds? Where is Lapland? What animal have the Laplanders most in use? Upon what food does it live? What substitute have they for bread in this country? What sort of houses have they? Upon what do the inhabitants live? How do they travel from place to place? What are their carriages called? To what beasts of prey does this country afford a retreat? How do the Laplanders defend themselves against them? Why are the rich more subject to the gout than the poor? What is generally the cause of the diseases of the poor?—what is most likely to prove a remedy? What is the best cure for the diseases of the rich? To what infirmity are the Laplanders subject? and what is supposed to be the cause of it? What is a constellation? How is Charleswain known? In what part of the heavens is Cassiopea's chair? How is Orion's belt distinguished? How is the pole star found? Of what advantage is it to know the place of the pole star? Of what nature is the light which ignorant people call Jack with a lantern? To what accidents from snow are people liable in mountainous countries? What wonderful preservation is mentioned of this kind? How do the inhabitants of that country shew their fondness for it? How might boys move a large snow-ball? How do they cleave large knotty pieces of timber? How do they move them? What is the instrument called which is so useful in moving great weights? What is the instrument called which is so useful in cleaving wood? What does its force consist in? What is the use of the wheel and axle? How much greater

weight do they enable people to move? What are the first four operations in arithmetic called? What proofs are there of the earth's motion? What was the character of the Spartans? How many kings had they at a time? With what Asiatic nation were they frequently at war? Which of their kings lost his life in opposing them?—where? Why do we suppose the stars larger than they appear? Where is the loadstone found? What powers does it possess? What is the consequence of rubbing iron with it? What are these pieces called? What property have they? Of what use was this discovery to navigation? Where is Greenland? What its productions? What animals are there in this country? What sort of huts have the Greenlanders? What is their chief food? What is the consequence of the extreme cold of this country? What sort of animal is the seal? What is its use? How is it taken? What large fish is found in these seas? What is the size of the largest whales? What is their food? How are they caught? For what purpose? Where is Kamtschatka? How do the people travel? What is the use of the telescope and magic lantern? What is the effect of pouring water into a bason upon a piece of silver? How did Tommy endeavour to imitate the Kamtschatdales? What were the effects of this adventure? How do the Greenlanders manage their contests? What made Tommy for some time forget Mr. Barlow's instructions? In what does politeness consist? What proof of generosity did Sidney discover to a dying soldier, when he himself was mortally wounded? What was Harry's behaviour at a concert, play, cards, dance, battle, and bull-bait?



(*Third volume.*) In what kind of countries are people generally free or enslaved? In what country is the camel found? How is he taught to obey man? What makes him particularly useful in travelling over burning deserts? In what do the Arabians differ from every nation on earth? What sort of climate do they inhabit? What is the prevailing object of the Arabs? What animal have they superior in its kind to the rest of the world? By whom have the Syrians been frequently subdued? How might a single man defeat a whole army? Whom did Tommy think resembled Sophron and Tigranis? How did he imitate the Arabian horsemen? What was the consequence? To what danger did he expose himself to save Harry's lamb? To whose acquaintance did this adventure introduce him? What is the climate, education, disposition, dress, and amusements in the Scotch Highlands? What are the food, habitations, boats, modes of making peace and war, song, dance, colour, and disposition of the North American Indians? Where is the rattlesnake found? What is peculiar to this animal? What would teach people to eat snakes? Where is their poison contained? What occasions the sudden burning of the vegetables on the ground in the wilds of America? How might a man save himself from such a conflagration? What are the food, arms, habitations, and destructive animals in Negroland? How might an hippopotamos be mortally wounded? How are wild bulls caught in Paraguay? What English county is famous for strong cart-horses?

The Farmer.

Why is the farmer's the most useful employment? How and why are his fields divided? How does he estimate their size? What does he raise? What are his grass fields called? What instruments are used in hay-making? For what cattle is hay made? What are his set of horses called? For what are they used? What do carpenters make for the farmer?—what do sadlers?—what do smiths? Why are cows kept? How is butter made? How is it preserved and sold? How is cheese made? How is it sold? What are dealers in cheese called? What cheese is most famous? Where are sheep kept?—why? What is a fleece? With what instrument is wool cut off? How does a farmer know his own sheep? To whom was English wool formerly sold? In whose reigns were the English taught to manufacture it? What is a dealer in wool called? What corn does a farmer raise?—how? What instruments are used about corn? Into what is it bound? Where is it carried? What are the stalks of corn and their use? Where and how does he sell his corn? What plants impoverish the soil?—why? What kind derive their chief sustenance from the air? What break the soil like a plough? What improves the quality of soils? What places must a farmer attend to buy and sell cattle? On what tenures does he take his farm? Who has a claim on the tenth part of his produce? What is the science of farming called? What privilege has a freeholder?



The Gardener.

What is a garden? How is it enclosed? How is it divided? How many kinds of gardens are there? What is the object of a kitchen-garden? How is it effected? What are the principal roots, herbs, pulse, sallad, and earth-fruits? How are they raised? What are the chief tools? How is soil improved? What is the object of a flower-garden? How is it effected? How are flowers classed? How are they cultivated? Where should a flower-garden be situated? What plants are cultivated for their fruit? What shrubs? What wall-fruit? What is an orchard? What is pruning? What is grafting? What is innoculating? How are the fruit trees of foreign countries cultivated here? What are cultivated on hot-beds? What in hot-houses? What is a green-house? Which is the best aspect for a garden? Which would be the best at the Cape of Good Hope? How does nature provide for the security of fruit? How is it preserved by art? What fruits are dried?—how? Where is the greatest quantity of fruit preserved in sugar?—why? Where in brandy? What are pickles? For what are they used?



Of Mills.

What is a mill? How is it moved? How is a fall of water procured? In how many ways is water applied to wheels? What answers the purpose of a wheel in windmills? Into what is wheat

ground?—how are they separated?—how are oats prepared for grinding?—into what are they ground? what is commonly given for grinding?—to what other purposes are mills applied?

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### *The Baker.*

What is a baker?—how is bread made of flour?—how of meal?—where is it baked?—into what is it baked?—how is it sold?—where is the price regulated?—what is sea-biscuit? why is it so made?

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The Brewer.

What liquors are prepared by brewing?—what are the principal ingredients?—what is malt?—how is it prepared for brewing?—what is sweet-wort?—with what is it boiled? why?—what counties are most famous for them?—how are they packed?—how and why is this liquor fermented?—what is it called when sour?—what may be distilled from sweet-wort?—how do they give it taste?—what place is most famous for porter?—how are these liquors sold?

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### *The Butcher.*

What is a butcher?—what beasts does he kill? where?—what is their flesh called?—where is it sold? how?—what instruments does he make use of?—to what office in civil society is he not admit-



ted? why?—what is a dealer in fish called?—what in fowls?

### *The Tanning and Dressing of Leather.*

To whom does the butcher sell the skins of animals?—what are they converted into? how?—of what use is the hair?—what is the effect of bark upon hides?—how is it prepared?—what is a leather dresser called?—how does he make it supple?—which side is generally coloured?—what is the other side called?—to whom is leather sold?

### *The Shoe-Maker.*

What does the shoe-maker make of leather?—what parts does a shoe consist of?—on what is it shaped?—how is it stitched together?—how is the heel fastened?—what is the difference between a shoe and a pump?—what soles best resist moisture? what are slippers?—how are they sold?—what are the chief tools of the shoe-maker?—of what colours are shoes made?—where does the best leather come from?—what ridiculous appendages belong to ladies' shoes.

### *Saddler.*

What do saddlers make for horses?—what are the different parts of a bridle called?—what are added if a horse be refractory?—how many kinds of sad-

dles are there?—on what are they shaped?—how are they ornamented?—how are they fastened on? with what is a pillion stuffed?—what is the cloth usually made of?—what does the saddler make for a cart-horse?—what for a carriage?—how are they ornamented?—how are whips rendered elastic?—with what are they covered?—what place is famous for this manufacture?—what charitable institution derives benefit from this manufacture?

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Glover.

What are worn on the hands?—of what are they made?—what places are remarkable for the best gloves?

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*Clothing.*

What materials for clothing are procured from animals?—what from vegetables?—where does the best of each of these materials come from?—what is the first process with flax and hemp?—with wool and cotton?—how are they formed into threads?—what machines are used for this purpose?—why are they not necessary for silk?—how are any of these threads strengthened?—how are they prepared for being woven?—what are the chief instruments for weaving?—what are all the threads called which run from end to end?—what those which go across? how is linen or cotton cloth made white?—how is cloth coloured?—with what instruments is it printed?—what are the principal materials?—which is the



warmest, coolest, finest, coarsest, and cleanest kinds of cloth?—what country is most famous for linen cloth?—what is the staple manufacture of England?—where is silk manufactured?—where on the continent of Europe?—where in Asia?—where is cotton manufactured in England?—what ornamental texture is made of flax or silk?—where is the finest made?—where is it made in England?—where is cloth made of the bark of a tree?—of whom is cloth bought in small quantities?—how is it sold?—by whom are garments made?—how are they made to fit?—what are the principal tools?—what is a set of men's clothes called?—how are they ornamented?—where are these made?—what colours are worn for mourning in different countries? why?—what are worn on the legs?—of what are they made?—how and where?—what is the manufacturer called?—how are they ornamented?—what trades are employed for dressing the head?—of what are men's hats made?—how are these materials united?—how do they give them consistency and shape?—what is their general colour?—why do they not colour the head?—with what are they ornamented?—what are chiefly made by milliners?—of what are they made?—how is their shape preserved?—how are they ornamented?—on what does their price peculiarly depend?—what is a dealer in the small articles of dress called?



### *Edifices.*

Of what are walls made?—of what are bricks made?—how is it prepared?—how are they shap-

ed?—how hardened?—what is the best bricks called?—how sold?—what encreases their price?

What is the place called where stone is procured?—how is it separated?—with what instruments is it worked?—how is it formed into a square or round shape?—how is it polished?—what are the properties of good stone?—where is the greatest quantity of this sort found?—what is a worker in stone called?—how are bricks or stones joined?—of what is it made?—what converts it into plaister?—for what other purpose is lime used about houses?—where is the greatest quantity found?—what are the properties of Sutton lime?—what must be particularly attended to in the first construction of a house?—how do the workmen raise themselves to the progressive height of the walls?—what are the builders with bricks called?—what is their chief instrument?—into what do walls divide houses?—into what do floors?—of what are they made?—how are beams and rafters joined?—who is employed in making them?—what are the chief tools?—what wood is commonly used? why?—what connects one story with another?—what are the tops of rooms called? why?—how are they sometimes ornamented?—of what is it made?—where is this found?—what is the top of a house called?—with what is it covered?—where do the best come from?—why does it slope?—how is water conducted to the ground?—who is employed for this purpose?—what secures a house from lightning?—how is light admitted into houses?—who makes them?—how many kinds are there?—how is glass cut?—of what is it made?—what are the two principal sorts?—for what is plate glass chiefly used?—what part of a



house is painted? why?---of what colours on the outside?---with what ingredients?---what parts of a room are painted?---how else are walls covered?---who is employed for this purpose?---what else does he furnish for houses?---where are the best carpets made?---of what are curtains made?---how are they hung?---what other parts of a bed are made or covered with the same materials?---what is bedding laid upon?---what is a mattress?---where do the best feathers come from?---where is the best sheeting made? what places are famous for blankets?---with what are beds covered?---how many kinds of sitting-rooms are there?---which should be the largest?---which the plainest?---which the most elegant?---what are sometimes hung on the walls?---what is a kitchen?---how is meat dressed?---what are necessary for this purpose?---how are copper vessels prevented from being pernicious?---on what is meat served?---where does the cheapest ware come from? what kind of plate has this superceded?---where does the most costly ware come from?---what still more expensive article is common in Spain? why? ---where are provisions kept?---what fits them for this purpose?---where are liquors kept?---what are the properties of good cellars?---in what is wine kept?---in what malt liquors?---what do they stand upon?---how is liquor bought?---what is necessary to the cleanliness of a house?---how is it procured or preserved?---for what is soft water peculiarly necessary?---what is used besides for this purpose?---what vessels are requisite?---what facilitates this labour?---what process succeeds to it?---in what part of the house is this done?---what is the person called who makes this a trade?---what articles of

furniture are purchased from the cabinet-maker?—of what wood are the best of these made?—what is the difference between breakfast, dinner, tea, and card tables?—how are the different pieces joined together?—of what is glue made?—how are rooms made warm?—who is employed for this purpose?—what else does he furnish?—how is this part of a room ornamented?—Where does marble come from?—what are the different kinds of fuel?—where are they found?—how are they sold?—what mode of conveyance lessens their price?—how are canals conveyed through hilly countries or across rivers? what vessels are used upon them?—what larger vessels are employed at sea?—how are they moved and directed?—to what dangers are they liable?—what is carried on by their means?—what convey articles from one town to another?—of what materials are roads made?—how is the expence provided for?—what are established for the accommodation of travellers?—how are these houses distinguished?—what controul have the magistrates over them?



### *Questions for Butler's Arithmetic.*

VEGETABLES, &c. FOR FOOD, CLOTHING,  
MEDICINE, &c.

What are the kinds of corn in different climates?—what countries have been most fruitful in ancient and modern times?—what is the principal use of corn?—how is the want supplied in the South Sea Islands?—what is the principal use of barley in



England?—what is pearl barley?—in what countries are there large plantations of hops? how are they used?—what is millet?—whence, when, by whom were potatoes brought over into Europe?—how are they grown?—which part is used?—how are fresh varieties produced?—where are most potatoes grown?—what are yams?—where are they cultivated?—who are fed upon them?—of what country is tea a native?—what is the difference between Green and Bohea?—by whom, when was it first brought over into Europe and England?—at what price was it first sold?—whence is cocoa brought?—within how many shells is the fruit inclosed?—what is found within the kernel?—what is the liquor called obtained by incisions made in the tree?—what is distilled from it?—from what fruit is chocolate made?—what other ingredients are used?—what are the various uses of this tree?—where is coffee cultivated?—which is reckoned the best?—from what is sugar obtained?—of what country was the cane originally a native?—who cultivate it in the West Indies?—what is white sugar?—where is it refined? how?—what is distilled from the sugar cane?—whence were the different fruits of the orchard and garden brought into Europe?—whence, according to Johnson, do currants derive their name?—whence are they now brought? how do they grow there?—of what is cyder made? what counties are famous for it?—what are the qualities, causes, and effects of the Devonshire?—from what apples is the best made?—what county affords them the best soil?—what is usually the stock of an apple-tree?—from what is Perry made? where chiefly?—where did cherries originally grow

spontaneously?—by whom and when were they brought to Rome?—whence are oranges and lemons usually brought?—what are citrons?—what American fruit is preferred to lemons?—what are raisins?—whence are they brought?—what fruit is mostly used for wine?—in what countries of Europe is wine made?—whence are Port wines brought? where are they shipped?—in what parts of Germany are wines made?—what are their peculiar properties?—what else have they been called? why?—what towns are remarkable for large tunns?—which are the principal French wines?—where are they made?—which are the Spanish? where are they made?—what wines are celebrated by the Grecian and Roman poets?—which are the sweetest and strongest in Europe?—what islands on the coast of Africa are noted for wine?—who is said to have been drowned in a butt of malmsey?—what city in Persia is noted for its wine?—whence are the best figs brought?—what did the antients make of the juice or sap of a fig?—what tree is the emblem of peace?—where does it abound?—how is the fruit eaten?—what is expressed from it?—how is this used?—how was it used among the Jews?—where does the Tamarind tree grow?—how is the fruit preserved?—where is liquorice cultivated?—how is it used?—whence are capers brought?—what have been substituted for them?—what is cinnamon?—whence is it brought? where else has it been cultivated?—what are mace and nutmeg?—whence are they brought?—how are they used?—which are the best?—what is pepper?—where does it grow?—what is the difference between black and white?—how are they sophisticated?—which is the hottest, strongest, and most com-



monly used?—what is long pepper?—what kind is esteemed by the Americans?—of what is it the basis?—what island in the West Indies has a kind of pepper peculiar to itself?—what is ginger?—where is it a native?—which is the best?—what are its uses?—whence did Tobacco receive its name?—when was it known in Europe, and in England?—what prince wrote against its use?—what poet has celebrated its praises?—how, and on what account?—whence is it imported?—which is the best?—into what is it made?—of what countries is rhubarb a native?—where does the best grow?—what are the properties of bark?—where is it procured?—by what names has it been called? why?—whence, when, by whom was the art of weaving cloth brought into England?—from what are fine and coarse linens made?—who established the linen manufacture in Ireland?—what other European nations trade in linen?—what is huckaback? where is it made?—whence did cambrick take its name?—why is damask linen so called?—what is the asbestos?—what may be made of it?—from what wonderful property does it derive its name?—where does cotton grow?—into what is it manufactured?—where does logwood grow?—how is it used?—whence is opium?—what are its effects?

#### ANIMALS.

What animals furnish mankind with milk?—what commodities are made of it? how?—what eastern countries and what district furnish London with butter?—how is milk made to coagulate?

what is this? What counties and districts in England are noted for cheese? What Italian cheese is much esteemed? How have oxen been used? What Egyptian deity was worshipped under the form of an ox? Why were Isis and Osiris so much honoured in Egypt? Who was Milo? What is said of his strength and appetite? What is made of the hides of oxen? What is the process? What are made of the horns? What use of them did Alfred invent? Of what is the blood the basis? What is the flesh of cows called? Which is reckoned the best part? Whence did it take its name? What is the flesh of sheep called? When, according to Bacon, is it the sweetest? Hence what places afford the best? What article for clothing do these animals afford? By what process is it made into apparel? Where and for whose use was there a manufacture of woollen cloth in the time of the Romans? Who taught the English the art of manufacturing their own wool? In whose reign were they invited over? By whose tyranny were greater numbers expelled? Who then was the Spanish governor in the Netherlands? By whom were the fugitives well received? Where did they establish the manufacture? In which parts of England are woollen goods manufactured? Where is flannel made? What is shalloon? Whence did it take its name? In what countries were shawls originally made? Of what materials? Where are they made in England? For what purposes are horses used? What writers have described the war horse and the hunter? What was the name of the horse which belonged to Alexander of Macedon? What particulars are related of him? How did his master hon-



our his memory? What horse is still preserved at Petersburg? What country supplied antient Greece with the most famous horses? What countries are now most famous for them? What have been the names of the fleetest English horses? How long has a tame goose lived? In what parts of England are large flocks kept? How often are they plucked? For what? What did the antients use for pens? Whence are many of the quills used in England brought? Of what country are Turkey's natives? In what part of England are the largest reared? By what insects is honey collected? What good properties are attributed to them? What are their different kinds? What is the shape of their cells? How is honey taken from them? What places were noted for honey among the antients? Which is the best in Europe? in England? What are anchovies? Where are they caught? how are they preserved?

#### MANUFACTURES.

Into what may the hollow trunk of an oak be formed? Into what may sand and ashes be made? What are the various kinds and uses of this substance? Where and how was the discovery made? What towns in antient times were noted for this manufacture? Where were the first glass windows? What people excelled in their looking glasses? By whom were they afterwards surpassed? Where is this manufacture in its various branches carried on in England? From the skins

of what animals are leathern gloves made? Where are they chiefly made in England? What coverings for the head were worn before hats? Where and by whom was the fashion of wearing hats introduced? Of what are men's hats made? What are beavers like? Where and how do they live? Of what different materials and forms have shoes been made? What is the custom of the Turks when they enter mosques? How were shoes adorned in England in the Reign of Edward iv.? What anecdote is related of the humility of a Persian peasant? Of what were stockings first made? Of what now?---where? What eastern country has been noted for carpets? Where are carpets made in England? On what different materials have mankind contrived to write their sentiments? Whence does paper take its name? Of what is it made?---how? What are the different names of books from their size? What discovery has emboldened modern navigators to venture into the main ocean? Of what does it consist? What is loadstone? When was the compass invented?---by whom? When were watches invented? To whom has the invention been ascribed? What optical instruments supply defects in the organs of sight, or are used to view small or distant objects? When and by whom are they supposed to have been invented? Who gave the first hint?



*Questions for Mental Improvement.*

What vegetables are mostly used for clothing? What lands yield the best flax? What is the operation of gathering it called? How do flax and hemp affect water? By what process are they wrought into cloth? Whence is the best cotton brought? Into what is it manufactured? Where is cloth made of the bark of a tree? What are the principal trees used for timber? Which is the most excellent? What are the uses of its timber, bark, and fruit? Where does the cork tree grow? Which part is used? For what purposes? How is the timber of the alder, beech, elm, elder, willow, walnut, and chesnut used? Where is the largest chesnut tree known? Of what is bird-lime made? Why do evergreens retain their leaves in winter? Of what kind of wood are the masts of ships made? What glutinous substances are extracted from trees of this kind? Where does mahogany grow? What temple was built of cedar? What antient priests venerated groves? To what heathen deities were the laurel, the myrtle, and the vine devoted? Where is the Upas tree found? What fables have been told of it? Of what is Indian-rubber the produce? What are the other uses of the tree? Where are nutmegs found? In what are they enclosed? What animals are said to be the instruments of propagating these trees? What are cinnamon and cloves? Where are they grown? What are their uses? What European nation has monopolized the spice trade? What is the fruit of the pimento called? Where is the bread fruit tree

found? Whence is tea brought? What is the difference between green and bohea? What artifice is said to be used to procure the leaves in steep places? How is tea dried? Whence are cocoa nuts brought? Within what coverings is the kernel found? What does it contain? What liquor is obtained from the tree? What are its other uses? Whence is chocolate obtained? What do the nuts resemble? Of what nature is the tree? How long is it in coming to perfection? What are its uses? Of what country was the coffee tree a native? Where is it now cultivated? Who gather the berries in the West Indies? What process is afterwards used? What people are remarkably fond of coffee? What are the uses of sugar? Where, how, is it cultivated, made, and refined? What is distilled from it? Where is ginger produced? What are its different kinds and uses? From what animals are materials for clothing obtained? How are sheep prepared for shearing? How are the African sheep distinguished? What sheep afford the finest and coarsest wool? By what process is wool wrought into cloth? What other goods are made of it?---where? Into what are the fleeces of the Thibet sheep wrought? What are the uses of sheep skins? Of what and how are hats made? Where are these animals found? What do they resemble? How do they live? On what do they feed? How are they caught? How are birds provided for flight? Which are most remarkable for their swiftness? Where do those with the most splendid colours abound? Of what talent common to many others are they destitute? What reason may be assigned for this apparent defect? Where



in the same countries do the weaker birds place their nests?---why? Of what are the nests of swallows, magpies, eagles, and other birds constructed? How are birds of prey furnished? Of what nature are the bills of crows?---of water-fowl?---of those which search the mire?---of the goose? What birds have wings too short for flight? How are small singing birds caught near London? What methods are used in the Scotch isles? For what were hawks formerly caught and used? Where are eagles and falcons found in Britain? How are water fowl distinguished? What birds are ensnared by decoys?---where and how are they caught? Where is the honey guide found? What is its cry? How is it used? What are the different kinds of bees in hives? What are they supposed to be? Which is the chief of every swarm? Whence are the honey and the wax collected? Which are not armed with stings? How is the pain of the sting encreased? What feats did Wildman perform? By what means? What effect has the crouding of bees on the colour of the combs? How do they defend themselves against larger insects, and prevent the effects of putrefaction? Of what is their coming abroad early in the morning or their speedy return, signs? What methods of collecting honey have been used in France and Egypt? How is the honey taken in common hives or in boxes? What should be left if they be not destroyed? From what animal is silk obtained? What are its changes? On what does it feed? What climate does it require? How are the balls prepared for being wound off? How is this operation performed? How is it wrought into clothing? Where was the art of manufacturing silk invented?

How was it sold among the Romans? What Roman emperor first wore a silk garment? Where has this manufacture been carried? What occasioned its establishment in London? Where was the first silk mill erected in England? By whom? By what means? At what hazards? Where else have they been erected? Into what have they been converted? By what trade has this been almost superseded? Where is there a plant found, which yields silk? What other insects have afforded it? Why cannot any great quantity be obtained from them? From what fish has a similar material been procured? Where are whales found? How and why are they caught? On what do they feed? To what hazards are the fishers exposed? How are these prevented? How do whales differ from most of the fishy tribe? To what size do they grow? To what uses are their oil and bones applied? Whose property does a whale stranded on the coast of Britain become? What has it therefore been called? Into what is the oil found in the head made? What kind of a fish is the cod? Where are great numbers caught? How is cod oil used? What shoals of fish appear on the coasts of Britain?---when? How are they caught? What animals pursue them? What saying intimates that they live not long after they have been caught? What bright appearances do they follow? What do they resemble? How are they preserved? What is the difference between white and red herrings? What places are remarkable for salmon fisheries in England, Scotland, and Ireland? When do they ascend rivers? How do they shew their agility? Where does their strength lie? What famous salmon-leaps are there? How are they



caught in their attempts? How far have they been known to ascend some rivers? Where is the greatest quantity salted? Where are pilchards caught? Where sturgeon? By what means do they ensnare their prey? Where are oysters found? What precious substances have been obtained from them? How do muscles stick to rocks? From what fish have men derived hints on the art of navigation? How does it rise or sink? Of what use are shells to fish? What two fish live in the same shell? How do they serve one another? Where are large beds of coral found? What are sponges supposed to be? What creatures link the vegetable and animal kingdoms? What substances float on the water? What may swim? What are the boats of uncivilized nations called? Of what are they formed? What antient nations excelled in navigation? How far did they extend their commerce? What modern states have been the most noted? What instrument has enabled persons to venture out into the main ocean? What nation discovered the passage to the East Indies by the Cape? Who projected a western passage? What discoveries did he make? What circumstances have encouraged British navigation? What are the colours in the British navy? Who invented their signals? What disease attends long voyages? How is it cured, or prevented? What navigator has been remarkably successful in the cure? In how many different ways is salt procured? Where are they found? How are they obtained? For what purposes are they used? What are the different kinds of glass? Where and how are they manufactured? What are the various uses of this substance? Where, of what, and how is porcelain

formed? Which ingredient prevails in the finest? How are the earths kneaded? Why is this operation performed with care? How is form given to the vessels? How are figures and ornaments formed and finished? How are pieces in relievo formed? Who excel the Europeans in this art? How are the different colours produced? How are painting and gilding made to adhere? Whence does the gold receive additional brightness? What precautions are used when the vessels are put into the oven? By how many persons is every piece handled before it is finished? What is enamel? Of what does it consist? How is it made? Where were vases first made? Who has revived the ancient art? What have been, what are the uses of medals? What do those of Tyre preserve? What emblem has been associated with Mercury's wand? —with the heads of poppies? How have hope, abundance, scarcity, national happiness, the conquest of Africa, and Britannia been represented? How may impressions of medals be taken? What coins are current in Britain? What are used for money in some asiatic islands? What other materials are used for this purpose? With what was the Jewish shekel stamped? What figures were there on the money of the Dardans, Athenians, and Romans? What did the Spartans use for money? When were guineas first coined? Whence had they their names? In whose reign was the first silver coinage? What discovery reduced the value of precious metals? Who alone in Britain has the privilege of coining? What may individuals do with the gold or silver which they wish to have coined? Where and how is the operation perform-



ed? What pieces are thick enough to bear inscriptions on the edges? For whom has the perfection of the art been reserved? What is the nature and method of this improvement? Which is the most valuable metal?—why? What other peculiar properties has it? Which is the heaviest? What is the different weight of metals compared with their bulk of water? Which are the perfect metals? Why are they so called? To what are others reduced by fire? How are gold and silver hardened? Where is gold found? How is it obtained from sand? To what inconvenience is silver liable? Where is it found particularly in England? Of what use was such a mine to Sir Hugh Middleton? What is the mixture of mercury with gold or silver called? How is it produced and used? Where are the most productive mines? What are their pernicious effects? What names have been given to the other metals?—why? What properties are common to all metals? How is copper shewn to be ductile and malleable? What colours does it impart to the flame? What mixed metals are formed of it?—how? Which is the hardest and most useful metal? What are its other properties and kinds? How are they produced? What are made of them? What is the worst property of iron? What property have springs impregnated with iron? What is the loadstone? What are its properties and powers? Where is iron found? What trees grow on the mountains which contain it? Of what use is their charcoal? What parts of England abound with tin? What antient people traded hither for it? What are its colour, properties, and uses? How is tinned ware made? How are the ends join-

ed? What are the properties and uses of lead? How is it prepared for windows? How is shot made of it? How are red and white lead made? What are their uses? What effect has lead on sour liquors? Into what does it convert them? What medicine is prepared from lead? How is it used? Where does lead abound? What pernicious effects has it on the neighbourhood? What is black lead? Where is it found? How is it prepared and used? What is the nature and uses of the telescope? By whom was it invented? Where was it first exhibited? What are their various kinds and several advantages? What is the size of Herschell's reflector? What have been discovered by its means? What is the nature and use of the microscope? What are the three classes of objects? What qualities do the materials of nature exercise in mankind? With what is the globe covered? With what does the ocean abound? What do the bowels of the earth conceal? What creatures fill the air and inhabit the earth? To whom are many of these gifts useless? What faculties are requisite to apply them well? What are the great means of mental improvent? What is the saying of Bacon concerning reading, conversation, and writing? How are ideas conveyed to the mind? What are the different operations of this faculty? For what end was man created? What are the best means of obtaining it? What are the chief arguments for the being and character of God? In what book are they most strikingly announced? What other doctrines are revealed in that volume? By what were they confirmed? By what have life and immortality been brought to light? What will be the destination of virtue and vice.



### *General Historical Questions.*

What two events were the most important in the early history of mankind? In what years before the christian æra did they occur? By whom was the eastern continent afterwards peopled? What nation was selected from the rest to retain the knowledge of God? Who were their three great patriarchs? When were the Jews enslaved? By whom were they delivered? In what land did they settle? How were they governed? Which of their kings were writers or compilers? Which builded the temple? How many tribes were there? Under whose reign were they divided?—how? Whither were they carried captive? Which have never returned? How were those governed which returned? What sects then prevailed? Whose tyranny did they resist with success? By whom were they subdued? How then were they governed? What great character appeared among them at this time? What was his history? What was the fate of the Jews?

Which were the four great empires in antient times? Which were the capital cities of the first? By whom were they built? For what were they noted? By whom were they subdued? What nations did he unite? What madness did his successor shew? What country did the Persians invade without success? Where were they defeated? By whom? Which were the most famous states of Greece? Who their most celebrated law-givers, philosophers, and orators? What divisions afflict-

ed the several states? Who took advantage of them? Against whom did he direct their united strength? What was the issue? What people in the west were extending their empire? Who was their founder? How were they at first governed? Who introduced their religious customs? What occasioned the change of their government? How then were they ruled? How were the people divided? Which had not any share in the government? How were they appeased? What republic did they overthrow in the north of Africa? Where then did they extend their dominion? Which of their commanders first landed in Britain? What country had he subdued? By whose ambition was the state torn with civil wars? What was the issue? What was the fate of their first Cæsar?—of his destroyers? What orator flourished at this period? What was his history and fate? What poets and historians succeeded him? Which wrote the lives of the twelve Cæsars? Which of them were monsters of cruelty? Which was called the darling of mankind? What was his complaint?—when? What great naturalist and historian lived at this period? How did the first die? By what Romans was Britain subdued? How were the incursions of the northern nations prevented? How often were the christians persecuted by the Roman emperors? What eminent men were put to death in the first persecution? What emperor first embraced christianity? Whither did he remove the seat of empire?—why? What nations attacked the Roman empire? What pretender to revelation lived in Arabia? What was his history? To what German nation did the Britons apply for protection



against the Scots and Picts? How did they divide England? Who became master of the whole? What nation invaded France? What sovereign became powerful in France, Germany, and Italy? Who was the most celebrated of the Saxon kings of England? What university did he found? What northern nation invaded England? Which of their leaders was established on the throne? Who were the next invaders? What eastern expeditions were undertaken about this time? With what success? Against what christians were similar expeditions undertaken? Where else were the encroachments of the church of Rome resisted? Who was the first British reformer? What useful inventions preceded a general reformation in religion? Who were the leaders in that reformation? By whom was Constantinople taken? How did this event promote the revival of learning? What Italian states became rich by commerce? Whence proceeded their decline? By whom were these discoveries made? What families contended for the English throne? By whom was the reformation introduced? On what account? In the reign of what German emperor was the system called the Balance of Power begun in Europe? What was the extent of his dominions? What was his employment towards the close of his life? What reflection did it lead him to make? How did his son transgress against the spirit of this reflection? What disappointments hence arose to himself and to his successors? What bloody tragedy was at this period acted in France? Who, and whose vessels first sailed round the world? What was their fate? What productions and commodities did they bring

into Europe and England? In which parts of America did the Spaniards and British establish colonies? In what manner? What discoveries and inventions were made to illustrate the system of the universe?—by whom? Under whom were England and Scotland united? What philosopher was his chancellor? Who engaged the Swedes to throw off the Danish yoke? Which of their kings put himself at the head of the protestants in Germany? What English king contended in arms for the royal prerogative? With what success? What offences were alledged against him? What two great men fell on each side? What was their history? Who usurped the sovereign power? By what means? Who was afterwards restored? What celebrated poet lived at this period? What acts were passed against non-conformists, or in favour of liberty, in this reign? Who was the French monarch at this time? By whom was his ambition controlled? What tolerating edict did he revoke? What was the effect of this repeal? What two sovereigns were at this period noted for their rivalship in the north of Europe? What was Peter's object and history? What was the history and fate of Charles? When were attempts made in Britain in favour of the Pretender? With what success? Who were the most celebrated writers in England and France during the reigns of Anne and George the First? What plan fatal to the happiness of communities was begun in William's reign? Who resisted the French in North America? On what plea did the Americans resist the claims of Britain? What was the issue? By whose means did they succeed? What philosopher shewed his genius in the struggle?



What useful discoveries did he make? Who pursued these discoveries in Europe? What large district in Europe has been shared among its neighbours? What have been the incidents of this change? What European revolution was occasioned by that in North America? What other causes were there? In what manner did it begin? What became of the members of the royal family? Of the first leaders in the revolution? For whose tyranny did they leave room? What countries were subdued by the French armies? What factions have been successively overturned? What form of government has been established?

*As the "Natural History of the Year," by Arthur Aikin, was published after the Questions to the Calendar of Nature were printed, the following additional questions become necessary.*

How is that portion of time called a year produced? Of what number of days, hours, &c. does it consist? Which are the two marked points? In what manner does the earth revolve in its orbit? Where only are the days and nights always equal? What other phenomena does the obliquity of the earth's axis occasion? Which are the coldest and warmest seasons?—why? In what zone and latitude is Great Britain situated?

## JANUARY.

From the observations of what phenomena must the imperfect year of ancient times have originated? With what month did the year formerly begin? What reasons may be offered for the present mode? What proverb intimates that January is the coldest month in Britain? What different opinions have been entertained respecting the nature of frost? Why does water deprived of its heat take more room than before? How does frost affect the height and bulk of lofty mountains? In what situation are plants most liable to be injured by snow?—how? In what season does hail often fall? What is the cause? What effect has a shower of ice on the branches of trees?—on roots? What class of animals are benumbed or sleep while in their winter quarters? In what state do some retire and return? What provision is made for the continuance and preservation of others? What difference is there in their pulsations during their torpid and their active state? Whence and how do fieldfares and other birds of that class procure their winter subsistence? What kind of snails appear at this season? What mischief do they occasion? Where do the Greenlanders and Samoiedes live in winter?

## FEBRUARY.

What mischief does a thaw occasion? What birds often renew their notes in the beginning of this month? What insects begin to appear? What mischief do moles? How are they fitted for swim-



ming? Where are they observed to exercise this faculty? What is the first vital function in trees when the frost is moderated? How is this formed? By what vessels is it taken up? What do these compose? How far do they extend? What trees are tapped for the sap? What is made of it? What is the first effect of the ascent of the sap? In what classes of vegetables is this the only process? What is the second process, and in what class does it take place? Where are the buds for the next year formed? What do these buds resemble? Upon what part of the tree do the roots of these buds spread themselves? What do they form the next year? How may the age of a tree be hence determined? What are the consequences if the sap be prevented from ascending? What occurrence may be given as a proof? Which of our native birds builds its nest the first? What anecdote illustrative of its attachment is related?

#### MARCH.

Wherefore do those birds, which spend only the winter in the British isles, migrate to their former haunts in the spring? In what substance is the embryo tadpole deposited? What are its various changes? What constitutes its food in its different states? When perfected, what becomes of the young brood? What has hence been fabled? What venomous reptiles are found in this country? How do they spend the winter? Where are they found? Where do they abound? Where is their poison? How is it inserted? What is the antidote? How

is it applied? In a wild state, where do honey bees form their nests? What ancient poets have described this curious community? What, and what proportion of bees does each hive contain?—early in the spring?—of a swarm? What become of the drones towards winter?



#### APRIL.

How many kinds of swallows visit Great Britain? How are they known and distinguished? Where do they build their nests? Which is the smallest of the genus? What is it called in Spain? Which is the largest? What is the singing of birds supposed to be? What is its nature and upon what may it depend? How are some birds made to sing when others do not? Which recommence their song in autumn? At which season is it more vigorous?—why? What domestic and water birds hatch in April? What flowers take their names from their appearance along with the cuckoo? Whence did this bird first obtain its name? To whom is a natural calendar most useful? What remarkable insect appears in this month? How is it distinguished? What quadrupeds does it resemble? What has hence been inferred? What places does it inhabit? Of what nature is its habitation? How many eggs does it deposit? What mischief does it commit in gardens? What tribe of insects now emerge from the water? What ant recommences its annual labours? What is its size? What places does it inhabit? What is the shape and construc-



tion of its nest? What other animals quit their winter retreats at this period?



#### MAY.

How many kinds of blights are there? What are their causes and effects? In what state do cows eat the yellow crow foot? What property has it then lost? What treatises on grasses deserve the attention of liberal farmers? What plants should be extirpated from meadows? What birds of passage arrive early in this month? What other kinds of insects appear? What insect is luminous in the night? What trees and shrubs flower in May? Which are the most remarkable of the humbler plants?



#### JUNE.

What flower is next to the rose in beauty? How is it distinguished? What fresh kinds of insects does the encreasing warmth call into active existence? Which is so formidable to cattle? Why? Which are the most observable plants now in flower?—where? What birds hunt for their prey at night? What is their mode? What short lived insect makes its appearance? What is the period of its existence?



#### JULY.

What power do insects bred in water lose in their last transformation? What agreeable article of luxury now appears above ground? What insect makes

it appearance? What form new colonies? How are these divided and distinguished? What is their dwelling called? Where is it situated? How is it constructed? How are these insects arranged? What are found in these chambers in winter? On what do they feed? How are they made to clear trees of caterpillars? Where do they occasion alarm to men? How have their mischievous designs been prevented? How do swallows escape from birds of prey? When are they in danger from them?

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AUGUST.

In what soil do hops flourish best?—why? How are they set? When do they appear above ground? What is the length of the poles? How are they prepared for use? Whence is their growth so precarious? What remedy might be used? How is its probable efficacy shewn? With what flowers are low moist lands now adorned? In what class are ferns ranked by botanists? To what height do some rise in America? How may they be distinguished? Which is the most common species in this country? The most beautiful? Where are they found? What properties do some of them acquire in green-houses? Of what use are these plants to other vegetables, animals, insects, men? What reptile brings forth its young in this month? What insects make their appearance? Which of the swallow tribe first migrates?

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## SEPTEMBER.

In what class of birds are partridges ranked?—what are the properties of the order? What is their food? How do they secure and protect their young? Whither do they resort in the day time, when the corn is cut? Whither do they retire at night?—why? How many roots of saffron are allowed to an acre? How long does a saffron ground last? How much does an acre yield of wet and dry at the first and second crop?—on the whole? What other flowers open in this month? What opinions have been held concerning the autumnal disappearing swallows? By what travellers and naturalists has the migration of swallows been observed? What internal migration takes place in Britain? What change does the snake undergo? How is it effected? Where are hogs fed on acorns, particularly in England? When is a shelter contrived for them? Of how many will one person take care? For what price? In what manner does he manage them?

## OCTOBER.

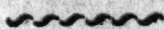
How are the seeds of the plants called impatient, or touch me not, and all the kinds called cardamine, or cuckoo flower, thrown out? Why is the autumnal season so interesting to the painter? How is the Royston or hooded crow distinguished? On what does it feed? Where is it therefore proscribed? What are the evening proceedings of rooks at this period of the year? What birds begin to congregate in fenny countries?—what mischief do they

occasion? How are these used? What are the webs called with which at this time spiders cover the ground? How are they formed? Who has described a remarkable shower of them? what was its effect on the dogs? How did they clear themselves from them? When are fogs the thickest and most frequent? When is vapour most perceptible? What day is appointed for the commencement of the decoy business? What tract in England is resorted to for this purpose? In what situation is a decoy generally made? How are the birds caught or driven into the decoy? How does the decoy bird escape? Where is the principal market for these birds? What number has been sent in a single season? Whence?



#### NOVEMBER.

In what order are trees stripped of their leaves? On what do stock doves feed? Wherefore are they less numerous now than formerly? Whence did they come? What on account of their numbers did they resemble



#### DECEMBER.

At what degree of heat are bats always stirring? What will revive gnats? Below what degree does a frog become torpid? What are the effects of cold on man? How is the Iceland licher used?—prepared for use? How is that used which is found in the Canary islands? How are they serviceable to other vegetables?—where?

FINIS.



single season? Answer, No.

5-NO72  
MUSEUM

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1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a review of the literature on the topic of the role of the state in the development of the economy. It is found that the state has played a significant role in the development of the economy in many countries, particularly in the case of developing countries. The state has been able to mobilize resources, provide infrastructure, and create a favorable environment for investment and growth.

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